Ameen Rihani Museum

متحف أمين الريحاني

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Chapter VI

THE Arabian REVOLUTION ~~IN ARABIA~~

I. INTERNAL CAUSES AND PURPOSES

~~BY AMEEN RIHANI~~

FOR four centuries the Arabs have been loyal to the Turks. They have been loyal because they are pre-eminently religious. To them the Ottoman Dynasty was more than a worldly power: it was an Islamic hierarchy. They cherished it, enriched it, fought for it, upheld its claims and ambitions, helped to promote its interests at home and abroad, submitted to its tyrannous rule, bore nobly, heroically, its iron yoke for no other reason than that the Sultan was the official representative and protector of Islam, the vicegerent of the Prophet.

For the sake of their religion they sacrificed their own national ambitions, their civil rights, their wealth and blood, and at times even their honour. For with the Mohammedan Arabs the Koran is the corner-stone of nationalism. It follows, therefore, that Islam, in its worldly aspect at least, must always depend more or less upon a powerful dynasty to represent it, a strong empire to uphold and promote its interests. Turkey was this empire up to the Revolution of 1908. Since then the Young Turks took the reins of power in their own hands, re-established the so-called liberal Constitution and proclaimed in pompous fashion, with alarums and excursions, the Reign of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

But it soon became a Reign of Terror unparalleled even in the days of Abd'ul-Hamid. The Constitution failed to give the nation the threefold blessing: it worked exclusively for the Turks, and only the Young Turks at that. Liberty with them was but a means to selfish ends, an instrument of criminal power, while Equality and Fraternity, even among them and non-Turkish Mohammedans, were but high-sounding words. The Revolution was a sham, indeed, a hollow mockery, and its leaders floundered from one wretched, criminal experiment into another, leaving in their blood-stained path the mark of their successive failures and crimes.

Nevertheless the Arabs, Christians and Mohammedans, in Egypt and Syria and the Peninsula, continued to support them and be loyal to them up to the very last stage of their unhappy adventure, still believing that they, the Young Turks, were eventually to succeed in regenerating the Empire and maintaining the integrity of Islam. They condoned their crimes, blinked at their mistakes, overlooked their broken pledges, tolerated their high-handed methods, took the loss of Tripoli and the Balkan possessions as a bitter fatality, poured their wealth into their coffers, gave their army its best officers and best fighting men, and with an infinite patience and fortitude awaited the time when the golden dream of equality and liberty, of union and progress, would be an accomplished fact.

But what happened? Instead of Turkey joining her steadfast and loyal friends, France and England, in the war, instead of remaining at least neutral and occupying herself with her own internal affairs, she cast her lot with Germany and thereby alienated from her the strongest and most intelligent element of her population. More than this and worse. The Young Turks deliberately sought to weaken Islam as a political and religious power. The basis of Arab nationalism, they said to themselves, is Islam: crush it and we crush the Arab movement.

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government in a way with the Vali and the Sherif, both appointed by the High Porte, exercising nominally separate authorities, but often, as circumstances favoured, usurping each other's power. The Vali was supposed to have exclusive control of the revenues and of the army stationed there, while the Sherif acted as supreme judge in matters concerning the life and strifes of the tribes. The Velayet of Hijaz, under the Turks, had a high tribunal presided over by the Chief Justice of Mecca, with the Treasurer of the Velayet, the Steward of the Kaaba, the Mufti and the Secretary of the Vali as Members. There was also established a special tribunal, wholly of a religious nature, which derived its authority from, and based its decisions upon, the Koran. But seldom if ever was either of them free from the insidious influence of Stamboul.

The Sherifate, however, was respected throughout its checkered history, but seldom did the Sherif enjoy the independence with which his office was originally invested. For the first Governor of Mecca was appointed by the Prophet Mohammed, who, in the Hadith, or Traditionary Sayings, enjoins that the Sherif shall always be of his own lineage and shall be responsible before Allah for the integrity and preservation of Islam.

At certain times, following this injunction, the Sherifate became hereditary; at others, as during the Fatemite dynasty of Egypt, it was maintained by appointment; while in the periods that marked the end of either form it was subject to the intriguing influences of ambitious chiefs, and more than once was won or lost by assassination. The Wahabis of Nejd, in 1787, waged a war for it; and they would have triumphed completely over Galeb, Sherif at that time, were it not for Mohammed Ali, first Khedive of Egypt, who, at the instigation of the Porte, sent an army under his son Teisoun, and another under his son Ibrahim, to check the advance of the Arabs of Nejd upon Hijaz, to save the Holy Cities, Mecca and Medina, from what was considered an alien power.

The Wahabis were defeated, and Mohammed Ali rewarded himself for the success of the expedition of his sons by acquiring the right of appointing the Sherif himself and holding Hijaz up to 1840 as a dependency of Egypt. But since then the prerogative reverted to the High Porte, who appointed the Grand Sherif, bestowing upon him, as upon a Vali, the title of Pasha. It will be seen from this that while the will of the Prophet was respected more or less by the Arab chiefs and the foreign rulers of parts of Arabia, the function of the Sherifate was seldom free from outside influences or from the plottings and intrigues of the Arabs themselves.

But the ascendency of the Sherif over the Vali of Hijaz, of the Arabs, in fact, over the Turks, may be said to have begun in 1881 when Awn ir-Rafik was in power. He was the first Sherif to justify and uphold the claims of his office, exercising almost absolute authority, overruling the Vali, at times and making his influence felt at Stamboul. A man of ability and power, of liberal views, accomplished and well informed, not unfamiliar with the trend of modern thought, he leaned toward Wahabism in his religious beliefs, but indulged nevertheless in the rare luxuries of both the Orient and the Occident. He was the first Sherif, we are told, who rode into the city of Mecca in an automobile; and his gardens were a marvel of Oriental magnificence and splendour much praised by Henry Doughty, who records in his excellent book, *Arabia Felix,* a very interesting conversation he had with him at his home in Taief. The successors of Awn ir-Rafik were imbued with his spirit of independence and his love of power. They chafed under the yoke of the Turks, often clashing with the representative authorities of the High Porte. Soon enough their attitude became irksome, intolerable to the Vali and untenable in a way to themselves. One of

sula suppressed or curtailed, and it has always been genuine. Abnormal world conditions, as I have remarked, may have helped to produce the new kingdom; but Ibn ir-Rashid of Shomar, Ibn Saoud of Riad, the Sultan of Oman, Sheikh Mobarak of Kweit, Imam Yahia of Yaman, El-Idrisi of Asir—they all have maintained their independence more or less of the Turks and of each other: which is the natural outcome and expression of an irrepressible feeling in the Arabs for freedom and of their unwillingness to acknowledge, even nominally, a foreign master.

There is a saying among them that Allah's blessings upon the Arabs are four; namely, that their turbans shall be their diadems; their tents, their castles; their swords, their fortresses; and their poems, their written laws. This is more than a saying with the Arab; it is a conviction. And in it lies the secret of his weakness and power; in it is an explanation of the fact that he has never accepted a foreign civilisation and that Arabia was never wholly conquered by any one of the great nations of the past. The Assyrian Empire never got a footing among the Arabs; the Persian monarchs, in spite of all their friendly advances, could never make them tributary; Trajan only subdued a part of the North down to Petras and contented himself with striking medals in memory of his expedition; Aelus Gallus, under Augustus Cæsar, after losing a part of his army in the desert, returned to Rome as a Young Turk general might return to Stamboul to-day; and of all the nations that stood in awe of Alexander the Great the Arabs alone did not send ambassadors to him. But the times have changed, it will be observed, and any one of the great powers of Europe to-day might succeed in the future where Rome and Assyria failed. Very likely this, if we are to consider as pyrotechnics of diplomacy the pledge of the Allies to the small nations of the world.

The danger of Arab solidarity, however, to the integrity of an Arab kingdom, would seem at present to be more from within than from without. As it is now, King Hussein rules only over Hijaz, which has a population of about two millions and a half, most of whom, except in Mecca and Jiddah and Medina, are Bedouins; and as King of Hijaz, not of Arabia, has he been recognised by England and France.

But in Yaman, the most fertile district of the Peninsula, Imam Yahia is still supreme; in Asir, the district adjacent to Hijaz, El-Idrisi, while maintaining friendly relations with the Grand Sherif, still maintains his own independence; in Nejd, the birthplace of Wahabism, which has always been proud of its spiritual heritage and can always boast of the greatest religious fanatics and the best fighting Arabs, Ibn ir-Rashid and Ibn Saoud are absolute masters of their own respective spheres; on the eastern littoral of the Peninsula Sultan Teimour ibn Faisal, sovereign of Oman, might at best send an envoy of peace to King Hussein; Abdallah ibn Kasim of El-Katr, might strike out against the Turks or the English, as he best sees fit, but not unlikely on his own account; so might Sheikh Isa of Behrein also and Jaber ibn Sabah of Kweit; while the Syrian desert in the north is inhabited by various tribes that never paid tribute to any master.

As Mohammedans, however, all these independent princes of Arabia have hailed with joy and thanksgiving the victories of the Grand Sherif and his valiant sons; for the victory over the Turks was their own in a way as well as their brothers of Hijaz. Even the Sultan of Morocco and the Bey of Tunis have sent delegations to him, offering their congratulations and their tribute as right Muslems. But as independent rulers it is a question yet whether they will recognise the new King except in matters pertaining to the Haj. And they may go a step further. They may join the majority of Mohammedans in recognising King Hussein as Khalif of Islam. On the other hand, there are those among the independent

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~~THE REVOLUTION IN ARABIA~~

III. SOCIAL FORCES: ITS DESTINY

~~BY AMEEN RIHANI~~

NEVER in the history of Europe have its Great Powers made such solemn pledges, such pompous declarations about the freedom of the small nations of the world and their inalienable right to govern themselves; but when the day of liberation comes, as we hope it will, the question will be asked, and with justice, Are these nations morally and socially and politically fit for the high task of self-government? I am now concerned with one of them, who, by the force of its arms, circumstances too favouring, has recovered its freedom and achieved its independence. But will the Arabs be able to maintain this independence and profit by it? Are they capable of establishing a government worth the name? Will they be able to defend it against foreign aggression? Are they willing to adopt modern methods for the improvement of their social conditions and the development of the resources of their land? Have they the men, the money, and the means? Without partiality or prejudice, I propose to answer these questions.

I wish to say at the outset that in treating of the Arabs, I do not include the Syrians, whom I shall consider apart. The Arabs themselves, it is well to recall, are not now making their first attempt at self-government. They had, as all the world knows, a glorious past; were supreme masters once of the world's most enlightened centres, their vast empire extending from Ind to Aragon; and they gave the world a religion which is professed to-day by three hundred million souls. The reign of the first four Khalifs of Islam was noted for its righteousness and justice; the Omayiad dynasty was marked for its brilliancy; the Abbassides of Bagdad, for its culture; while the Arab Empire of Andalusia, though short-lived, reflected the brilliancy and culture and justice of them all. Arabia in those days could boast of great generals, great statesmen, great poets; and its khalifs, whether in Damascus, or Bagdad, or Cordova, encouraged literature, the sciences, and the arts brilliant examples of which are furnished by the reign of Haroun-al-Raschid, Al-Mamoun and Al-Mo'tasam Billah Theirs was the golden age, indeed, of a civilisation that survived, in various incarnations, their many empires. But their language and their literature have continued to flourish in their own soil. The Arabic language is one of the richest in the world—poetic, musical, flexible, capable of development; and Arabic literature is a treasure-house of the knowledge and art and culture of the Orient and the Occident.

And though they themselves were not the founders of a civilisation that has the stamp of a pure nationality, a characteristic of its own, like the English and the French of to-day, were it not for them the lights of Greece and Rome would have been extinguished forever. They kept the torch burning and passed it to Europe, in its dazzling splendour, representing the living genius of converging worlds. And yet they were not a people without initiative and invention, without a distinct national spirit. If their country was the filter so to speak, of the civilisations of Greece and Rome and Persia—the one penetrating the Orient through Arbela, the other through Antioch, the last through Bagdad—they were the creators of a wonderful transmitting medium. Nay, more for a people without genius and enthusiasm cannot absorb and transmit a

ceed in establishing a strong government based upon justice and reason and the broader principles of humanity.

There is a possibility, of course, and a justification of such a government; but there is no fear to-day of an Islamic empire bent on conquest, as in the past. "Islam, or tribute, or the sword!" can never more become its cry to the world. But there are questions affecting the social conditions, the moral and political status of the individual in his relation to Islam and to the world, about which we would like to be assured.

The kingdom of Arabia, I have shown, is purely Islamic; and any polity to-day, whether based upon a religion and sanctioned by it or not, must conform to the elemental principles of equity, justice and freedom that are recognised by the civilised world. Now, in Islam, the written civil law, or *sunnah*, often clashes with the natural or what is called the common law, which is expounded in the secular or civil courts and which has on its side the executive power of the government. Is there no danger, therefore, in a purely Islamic polity, of the secular courts being abolished and the religious or Koranic tribunals re-established? In these, were the tenets of the Book of Allah to be strictly observed, slavery would be sanctioned; the adulteress would be stoned; theft would be punished by cutting off the hands of the thief; the cudgel, whose virtue and efficacy even the Arabs proclaim, would descend again from heaven; a witness to a contract or in a court of justice would have to be a Moslem; and wilful murder would be compounded by the payment of a fine—a man's blood is set in the *sunnah* at a hundred camels—to the family of the deceased, who have a right, however, of avenging their dead by insisting that the criminal be delivered to them to dispose of in such a manner as they see fit.

Most of these laws, however, are in desuetude to-day; but the civilised world would like to see them formally repealed, abolished legally forever. Will the Legislative Counsel of the new Kingdom of Arabia do this? Will King Hussein encourage or sanction such reforms? We learn that he has begun his constructive work by establishing public schools, encouraging journalism, appointing competent and able Syrians to high offices in the government, and signing a treaty of alliance on board of a French cruiser with France. This is promising, indeed. And the Moslem, Arab or otherwise, is not made of inferior clay. He can appreciate the blessings of self-government if they are not forced upon him with a sword, and he can also abuse them if they are showered upon him with a free hand. But is his sense of right and justice as highly developed as that of a European? I quote, as an answer to this question, a learned sheikh's definition of a Moslem, which is equally true in theory of a Christian and ofttimes in practice equally false: "A Moslem," says the sheikh, "is one who inflicts no injury with either tongue or hand upon anyone; who neither slanders nor abuses anyone; who helps his neighbour, whoever he may be; who succours the orphan, the weak and the oppressed; who is truthful in word and deed; who is loyal to his friends, true to his promise and honest in his measure." No higher principles of human conduct could be found in any ethical system or any religion.

Apart from this, however, and as showing the scope and limitations of a Moslem's mind, it is necessary to inquire how far will the Koran, which is the basis and support of the new government, encourage the pursuit of scientific knowledge. Let me give a few examples of how this book is regarded even by the most advanced of their thinkers and scholars. All human knowledge they claim can be found in the Koran; and they can find a few Orientalists, particularly Germans, to titillate in this their humour. One of these, a physician, pointed to certain passages in the Koran as foreshadowing the discoveries of Pasteur and Faraday and Kough, which led the ultra-zealous Moslems to declare that if the great astronomers also will

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TURKEY DESTINED GREAT COMMERCIAL CENTRE

Whether Cut Into Five or Ten Nations, Territory Possesses Great Natural Wealth.

May 10, 1919

By AMEEN RIHANI.

The Evening Post & Foreign

Whatever becomes of the Ottoman Empire, whether it be divided into five or fifteen independent nations, it is destined to be one of the world's great centres of trade. Its vast natural wealth is still untouched, its railway system is still in its infancy, its cities are awaking to the needs of the times, and its industries, hitherto primitive, are looking with eager hope to the scientific agencies of progress.

Even before the war certain projects had been undertaken to improve the means of communication and transportation in the Empire and to reclaim what was once the most fertile land in the world. To correct the defects of the Bagdad Railway, which was built by the Germans on strategic plans, to serve their military purposes, a branch line was built to Angora and was to be extended to Kaisariye, while others were proposed to Marash and to Urfa along the line that connects Kiliz with Nisibin. Here is an arc of green extending from Aleppo to Mosul and reaching to the foot of the Armenian hills which can be made as productive as it was before anarchy banished cultivation from the land. The railroad and security will help to bring it back.

In Upper Syria it will probably be the task of France to build a line from Alexandretta, connecting the Mediterranean, in the neighborhood of Antioch, with the Persian Gulf. In Lower Syria the Cairo-to-Bagdad line—the short cut to India—which has already reached Palestine, will one day, under British direction, be completely accomplished. Or another line perhaps will be built across the Syrian desert, which will connect Haifa with Basra direct.

Besides these extensive railway projects, which will give a great impetus to trade in the Near East, the valleys of the Tigris and the Euphrates are already in the process of regeneration. A British company, working for the Turkish Government before the war on a colossal scheme of irrigation to be gradually accomplished, had completed the construction of the Hindie Barrage on the Euphrates in 1913 and several escapes for the surplus water in the flood season.

The whole irrigation scheme is calculated to cost from three to four hundred million dollars; but it will ultimately reclaim six hundred million acres of land having a value of a billion and a half dollars. Mesopotamia, therefore, once the granary of the world, is destined to regain a great portion of its past prosperity.

South Mesopotamia the Arabs call *Sewad ul-Irak*, or the black country, from the color of its soil. It is an immense alluvial delta, which produces to-day two crops a year. Its cereals and its fruits are the best in the world. Experiments in cotton growing have shown excellent results. Its mineral treasures, such as petroleum, bitumen, coal, rock salt, and sulphur, await only the initiative of organized capital and the industry and technical skill of labor.

Labor sufficient for the work proposed, however, is not available there at present; and the problem of population has to be solved first. Many Syrians and Armenians, I think, will establish themselves there, though rather as merchants and small investors than as laborers. The British Government in Bagdad probably will encourage emigration from India of those who are fit for the work and willing to do it. In all events the population is bound to increase with the agricultural and economic development of the land. This will create an unprecedented demand in that country for machinery and agricultural implements and is bound to open up big markets for trade.

America is destined to hold a commanding position in these developed markets of the Near East. Before the war the American merchant had many rivals in Turkey, three of whom, however, the German, the Austrian, and the Russian, may be considered negligible for some time to come. But England and France, long intrenched there, will fight desperately before they yield to a rival whom they have every reason to fear. Even before the war they found it difficult in certain articles to compete with America. And now the way for a greater volume of trade has been paved for the American merchant by American philanthropy.

The American Committee for Syrian and Armenian Relief has done the preliminary work of the commercial traveller. The people America has saved from persecution, starvation, and disease will be tomorrow America's best customers. For while sentiment is not the autocratic ruler of commerce, it has the power now and then to deflect its channels.

Much of the material for railway construction will no doubt be bought in America. As far back as 1903 an American steel company sold to the Turkish Government many thousands of tons of rails for the Hejaz Railway. And the first steam threshing machine that was introduced in Syria in 1902 was made in America. Since then American manufacturers have sold more agricultural machinery and tools in Turkey than all European manufacturers combined. Even American cotton mills have given Manchester many a jolt. For instance, in Aiden, Djibuti, and in Egypt itself where England has long commanded the markets, the natives have been using cotton goods made in America for the past fifteen years or more. And when America began to invade these markets American goods, for lack of direct transportation, were sold to London or to Hamburg and then resold to Constantinople, Smyrna, or Cairo. But in Syria, Manchester continues to hold the monopoly on cotton goods for reasons which the American Consul, it is hoped, will explain.

While America held the monopoly on sewing machines all over Turkey, Germany alone was her competitor before the war. But what Syrian or Armenian woman who sends a prayer to heaven every day for the American Relief Committee is going to allow even a German trinket to ever enter her home? The Germans made a cheap sewing machine, a

[Continued on Page Thirteen.]

[T]HE [ne]ws despatches to-day bring sad news for all those who know the East and love its wild poesy. The Turkish machine guns and magazine rifles are mowing down the Bedouin of the desert in Yemen, and it would seem that [t]he wild tribes are doomed to annihilation.

Ameen Rihani, one of the most brilliant writers of the Far East, author of many books in the Arabic on the vital questions of the East, is now in America. No [m]an in the country is better qualified to write of the situation in Yemen, which means perhaps the passing of the picturesque figure shown in the cartoon. Mr. Rihani thus [t]ells of the situation:

By AMEEN RIHANI.

It was thought that the Ottoman Constitution would temper the enmity existing between the Arab and the Turk, and eventually overcome it. It did nothing of the kind. On the contrary—and this might be the better part—it has brought it to a head. In the past the effendi of Constantinople referred to the son of the desert as "that dog of an Arab." And the desert Arab, who will rhyme even on his way [t]o Gehenna, poured out his hatred and contempt in couplets like this:

> Three things naught but evil work—
> The locust, the vermin, and—the Turk.

Now both parties, away down in Yeman, where the sun is hot enough to melt [t]he brain of a lizard, are pouring their cordiality to each other in shot and shell. Yemen may or may not be the grave of the Turks, but it is certainly the saddest scene of the tragedy of the constitution.

Under the leadership of Al-Imam Yahia and Seiyed el-Adrisi, 30,000 Bedouins are now making a valorous stand against the disciplined battalions of the fraternity-equality regime. They are armed with modern weapons, the despatches say, in the handling of which they put the trained soldier in the shade—if there be any shade [i]n Yemen. And they have as their allies the desert heat, the sandstorm, and all [t]he other hardships of the arid waste.

The Young Turks may be attractive chaps, but they are faithless. And Arabia, [f]or one, will have nothing to do with them. If Al-Imam Yahia takes San'a—he is [w]ithin wind of it now—the arch stone of Turkish sovereignty, not only in Yemen, but [i]n the whole peninsula, will be fatally shaken.

And what are the causes of this rebellion? the American reader will ask. Do [th]ese Arabs reject the constitution, renounce the parliament, disdain the blessings [o]f a liberal government? Not so.

The causes of this uprising are not wholly politic. Mohammedanism, as you [k]now, is divided, like Christianity, into two principal opposing camps—the Sunnat [a]nd the Sheeat. Now, the Turks are of the former persuasion, or try to be, at least. [A]nd between us, they have a hard time in trying. On the other hand, the Arabs of [A]sir and Yemen—the scene of war to-day—are Zeidites, or followers of Zeid, son of Ali Ze[in] e[l-A]bedeen, which sect is nearer to the Shee[at] ... [w]ash... hate the Sunnite Turks. And more so because, while ...ing Mohammedanism in their view, they cannot read, and will not ... Koran, these Turks.

There are other causes, even more religiously fatal. The Ara[bs] ... not get enough of the pie. They did not even get a crumb of th[e] ... the Young Turks, to mollify the malcontents, persit in showin[g] ... cupboard.

"No; show good faith," say these Arabs. "You have another cup ... show us that. Fulfil but one of your promises and we will forget ... Allah! yes. Send us governors who can command at least our ... shall try to like you, and we will be loyal to your constitution."

It was of no use. Al-Imam Yahia had to send his ultimatum: ... fully a year, and we will wait no more." And the Young Turks h... army of 50,000 strong to make good at this late hour their pledg[e] ...

And what will be the outcome of this rebellion? It is dangerous ... One thing, however, is certain. If the Arabs are defeated, they will ... the Turks; if they are victorious, the Turks will continue to hate ... words, the problem will remain. And education alone must solve it ...

Some people are born to hate each other. It is a part of th[e] ... and the sooner we know it the better. Let the Arab get nearer ... will be inveigled into the cafes and music halls of Constantinople; ... with the chic beys and the oily pashas; and the son of the desert w... on, finally staggering to Gehenna in a lot of Turkish trappings and ... grave in the sand, billah! were better than such a jag.

But the Arab will not do this. His is the pride and magnanimity ... And in his fanatical love of self-government he is even stronger tha[n] ... To him the patriarchal rule of Ibn-Rachid in Nejd, or the theocratic ... Sherif Mecca, with all its open-air tyranny and justice, were a hund[red] ... than the statocratic abomination of Constantinople.

It is an ever-recurring problem which a government in transition ... How are we to force the blessings of our new regime upon a blind p...

Make sure first they are blessings, and even the blind people will s... out with an honest heart, a far-seeing eye, a clean hand, and with s... than the high-sounding inanities about fraternity and equality, and yo[u] ... to go about dispensing the blessings of your liberal government fr[om the mouth] of a cannon. But—and here is the sad part of it—the Young Turk[s] ... Turks are of a piece. For a constitution and parliament in incompeten[t] ... partisan hands, especially in a country like Turkey, which has just ... fetters, will produce revolutions everywhere—in Macedonia, in Crete ... Houran, in Yemen, and perhaps to-morrow in the very heart of Consta[ntinople] ...

[S]urely they are not so excessively well [pa]id that there is any call to impose ... the profession. If it ...

OBSERVATIONS

Dear Observer—Kindly recipe ...

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[T]URKEY DESTINED TO BE A [G]REAT COMMERCIAL CENTRE

(*Continued from Page Four.*)

substitute for which will be in great demand. And the American who supplies it will be able to set up in a little time a [t]riple-towered skyscraper to his own [g]enius.

As ubiquitous as the American sewing [m]achine in Turkey is the bent-wood [ch]air stained in ebony or yellow, of which [th]e province alone imported over $100,000 [wo]rth a year from Austria. The Austrian [ben]t-wood chair is no less doomed [th]an the German sewing machine, and some other country must supply the demand. The United States is in the best position to get this trade.

It must not be thought, however, that all is smooth sailing for America in the Near East markets. For in spite of her growing popularity there, she will have many difficulties to cope with and overcome. Europe in the first place enjoys the advantage of proximity and direct shipping lines. Moreover, France will maintain her prestige as the chief economic Power, at least in Syria; England will have control of the overland routes to the Orient; and Italy cherises the desire, already partly realized, of replacing in cheap goods Germany and Austria. And if the steamers of other countries are to continue to carry American goods to Turkey as they did before the war, the American manufacturer will suffer more than ever from adverse discrimination in freight rates and other matters essential to shipping. American tonnage, therefore, is of vital importance to the development of American trade in Turkey. America should have its own direct lines to Constantinople, Smyrna, Beirut, and other Near East ports. Without such lines, the serious impediments to its foreign trade could not be wholly overcome.

Consider also the extent of this country's imports from Turkey. American ships carrying American goods to Smyrna or to Beirut, for instance, will by no means have to return in ballast. We still want the wool and copper of Diarbekr, the skins and hides of Kharput, the mohair of Mamourat-ul-Aziz, the tobacco of Latakiye, the licorice of Smyrna, the figs and raisins of Aidin, the olive oil of Syria, the gum of Kishla, the dates of Basra, the carpets and embroderies of Stamboul. And perhaps the heart of Asia Minor will yield us hemp for the farmer's binder twine. Even before the war the United States imported more Turkish products than either France or England. Which emphasizes again the need of direct American lines to the seaports of the Near East.

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... just, ho...

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THE SYRIAN WORLD

millions and it is one of the most poverty-stricken velayets in the Ottoman Empire. Not only have the Turks not done anything to improve its agricultural and economic conditions, but they abandoned the country to a frightful rule of anarchy and rapine and extortion. The pashas bleeded the peasantry and the landowners alike, imposing upon them a dozen forms of taxation and persistently stifled in them any effort to grow or any hope of development. Revenues were often assessed at half the produce of the land; and many landowners were made to pay the arrears of revenues contracted by their predecessors, or sent as prisoners to Constantinople. And thus the cultivation of the land was further discouraged by a strangling system of taxation and extortion.

Indeed, after four hundred years of Turkish régime, the old Babylonian kingdom has become a pitiful spectacle of desolation: a land covered with ruins, a howling waste, the haunt of venomous reptiles, the breeder of contagious diseases. For the rain and flood waters, flowing in broken canals and ancient reservoirs, form stagnant ponds, which in the summer become pestilential marshes and miasmatic swamps. One can understand why the richest valley in the world, richer even than the valley of the Nile, has been depopulated. Whoever shall be its future master will be confronted with a most gigantic task of engineering equal to that which the English accomplished in Egypt. Now will the Arabs be able to reclaim this land and develop its agricultural and its mineral wealth? Will they, in other words, be capable of rebuilding what the Turks have destroyed? It is doubtful, unless they can obtain the aid of European experts and European capital; and this can be done without endangering the nation's independence and integrity, if the King of Arabia chooses his statesmen and advisors, not from the effete nobility of Hijaz, nor from the *ulema* class, nor from the chiefs of the tribes, but from the ranks of talent and ability. And these, it must be said, he can only find in Syria and Egypt, or at best among the Syrians. That King Hussein is well aware of this, and is desirous of surrounding himself with men of executive genius, is apparent from the fact that he has already chosen a Syrian, a Moslem, of course, to be Minister of Foreign Affairs.

In a previous article I said that Syria is the cradle of the Arab Revolution. True, the Arabs have achieved it by force of arms, but its greatest protagonists and its martyrs are the Syrian intellectuals, Moslems and Christians, most of whom were executed in Beirut and Damascus last year. But Syrian leaders, among them army officers, who escaped from Syria and went to Hijaz, have also fought with the Arabs against the Turks. It was they, I learn, who had planned to start the revolution in Irak; but it was thought wiser afterward to launch the first attack in Hijaz because of its geographical and religious position. Its remoteness from the Turkish base of operation and the fact that it is the Kaaba of all Islam, gave the revolutionists a great advantage over their adversaries. Yes, the Syrians were everywhere active and instrumental in the success of the movement. It was a Syrian Moslem who presided at the Arab Congress in Paris; it was a Syrian Moslem who went to India in 1909 to stir up the Mohammedans there and bespeak their support; it was a Syrian Christian who, in 1905, first published a book in French on the Awakening of Arabia; and the centre of the movement in Egypt was vitalised, electrified by the Syrian mind.

And this political and intellectual activity on the part of the Syrians is the natural outcome of the educational movement which for the last sixty years has been fostered by foreign and native institutions, foremost of which among the former are the American College and the Jesuit University in Beirut. In the first the Syrian youth imbibed the American spirit of freedom; in the second he obtained the key to its literary treasures in French. And whatever we may say

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supposed, given up wholly to idle speculations and poetic dreamings; they can be as practical and material as the Americans, and their aptitude in the mechanical and technical sciences is noteworthy. There are civil and agricultural engineers among them that can be trusted with the most important tasks. That is why I say that the King of Arabia must seek among them for competent advisors and experts in building his empire, in reconstructing what the Turks have destroyed.

And what is little known to the world is that most of the educated Syrians, the intellectuals, the scientists, and the poets, are born in Mt. Lebanon. In the shadow of the ancient cedars is the cradle of Syrian genius. And the people of these mountains, barely a million souls, have always constituted in themselves a separate nation—a state within a state. From their strongholds and fastnesses, rising from the valley of the Orontes and looking upon the Mediterranean, they have always, like the Arabs of the desert, defied all the conquerors of Syria—the Greeks, the Romans, the Byzantines, the Arabs themselves, and the Turks. A proud, brave, and liberty-loving people, they lived up to 1845 in absolute independence under the rule of their emirs and patriarchs. But at this epoch, because they supported Ibrahim Pasha in his Syrian expedition, the Turks tried to reduce them to submission; and true to its policy of "divide-and-rule," the High Porte succeeded in embroiling them with their neighbours, the Druses. The strife that ensued lasted till 1860 and culminated in the massacres of the Christians and the intervention of France. Mt. Lebanon was then constituted an autonomous province under the protection of six European Powers.

But the Turks are to-day wreaking their vengeance upon the Lebanonese. The Protocol of the Powers has been annulled; Mt. Lebanon has been declared a province of the empire; its able-bodied men have been drafted for the army; many of its leaders and their families have been exiled to Anatolia; and those that are left behind, the aged and the women and children, are being deliberately starved out. Well may we ask, Where is France now to protect these loyal friends of France, this human heritage of St. Louis?

It is idle to speculate at the present time on the future political destiny of Syria and Mt. Lebanon. If the Mohammedans of the country are looking toward Mecca more so than ever to-day, the Christians, it is certain, are no longer looking toward Europe. But still under the mercy of the Turk, who is bent upon their extermination, they have no voice but that of hunger and no desire but that of salvation. If any of them should survive the sanguinary rule of Djemal Pasha and were asked whether they would like to be ruled by a European Power or by the King of Arabia, their answer (particularly those of Mt. Lebanon) would no doubt be that of the half million of their brethren in America and Egypt: Neither the Arabs nor the Europeans give us a government that is exclusively Syrian and exclusively Christian.

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Cairo
Janu 22
1905 Queen
Sey Behair

A Creed

There is a destiny that makes us brothers:
None goes his way alone:
All that we send into the lives of others
Comes back into our own.

I care not what his temples or his creeds,
One thing holds firm and fast—
That into his fateful heap of days and deeds
The soul of a man is cast.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

☘ ☘ ☘

A Night in Cairo

Four hours of the night had flitted under the sheen of the cold full moon, rising over the minarets and eucalypts of Cairo. A train of carriages extending over a mile, and leading to Abdeen Palace, suggested to me the idea of dismissing my driver along with my professional dignity and walking instead of waiting in line. Everything on the way did not partake of the hustle and confusion that betrayed the importance of the night's affair. In the cafés, there were those who, calm and serene, smoked their cheechas and choboks, and showed as much indifference as the moon. An aroma of scented woods is in the air, and from the opium dens in the rear of the cafés there comes that laugh which makes and unmakes hasheesh kings. One going in earnest to a Khedivial Ball, and on foot, is not likely to arrive. There are many distractions on the way, and to leave these behind and skirt the borders of disenchantment elsewhere, is subversive in the extreme. One is likely to get into the mood which does not make for joy. These pleasures, rude and coarse and noisy,—how they grate on the finer sensibilities in the make-up of the ordinary man of society! Yet, the desert is not far from the city, and under the marshes and quagmires there is many a summer and winter resort.

In Abdeen Palace one looks in vain for Oriental art, and color, and glamor. There is European splendour, but not

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Arabesque or Eastern beauty. This Palace is one of the many extravagances of Ismail Pasha, and an Egyptian patriot is not likely to feel at home here. Nay, he is likely to feel offended. Except for the small number of sheiks and muftis, who, thanks to tradition, came in their native costumes, everything was tout a fait European. The Beys and Pashas swarmed as usual, and with their glaring and glittering decorations they were not as badly off alongside of the officers of the Army of Occupation as some disgruntled natives imagine. They go splendidly together, ye patriots. Shut up shop then, and no longer disturb the brotherly relations existing between the British and the Egyptian aristocracies. For see, my lord is wearing a fez and a frock a la turka, and his excellency the Pasha is strutting and swaggering about in his European dress-coat. The protest of muftis and sheiks does not abide with the centuries. The caftan and turban and red slippers may add picturesqueness to the scene, but they do not disturb the political equilibrium any more than do the hasheesh fiends in their reeky and dingy dens.

In the centre of the corridor leading to the Ball Room there is a large open dome through which the stars can be seen. But who cares for the stars here, and at this hour? The Khedive's Palace is not an observatory. And, besides, there are enough stars to go around beneath the refulgent beauty of the decorated ceilings. Here is also a veritable Babel of tongues. One dawdling about is likely to hear a Dutchman or a Swede apologizing or salamming in broken English; an American making havoc of the French, or an Englishman blaspheming the sacred beauty of the Arabic. Not everything, however, is out of place and incongruous. There is music in the Ball Room and the Khedive is leading the cotillion with Lady Cromer. The red of the Army officials is not inharmonious with the mass of white and blue and pink chiffon. But the badges and decorations of the Pasha are tearing the delicate stuff on the breast of the countess. And the young man,—ah, what does he conceal behind his shirt front, what flux and reflux behind that stiff bosom? And the young

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...ng of the
...ean Nights

Kahwaji, from the Kahwaji to the Smoker—Showki is a tolerably good companion in the absence of,—ah well,—yes, I will light my cigarette. Alas!

The poet-laureate has ta'en his leave;
He's gone to read his ode to the Khedive.

And so, like Dante coming out of Malebolge, here I am again with the stars, in the cool and bracing air of morning, whistling to the good old moon, now passing over the Pyramids in the desert as she did over the dome of Abdeen Palace—indifferent, majestic, serene. The hasheesh dens are as lively this early morn as they were four or five hours ago. The cabman is dozing on his seat, his nose toying with his whip. The watchmen in their long brown cloaks, resembling Capuchin friars, are sleeping on the curbs beneath the spreading foliage of the eucalypts. As I turned from the main street into another somewhat dark and deserted, and only lit by the rays of the full moon falling in patches through the eucalypt branches, I was suddenly aware of footsteps other than mine. I saw that some one was walking by my side. Who was he, and where did he come from, were questions which curiosity suggested. People meeting on the street at this hour of the night are not strangers to each other. Still, we did not speak. I quickened my step a little, and he did the same. I looked at him, but he did not look at me. I stopped and the old man stopped also. I wanted to speak to him, but something stifled the word. He looked American more than anything else. His full grown beard, the mass of grey hair flowing from beneath his sombrero, his broad linen color and cuffs, worn after the fashion of school boys, recalled in my mind a familiar picture. I made another attempt to speak to him, but as I turned this time I was confronted not by the man but by something vague, illusive, unearthly. Needless to speak of my fear, for the material man was suddenly transformed into a spectre, and there it stood stock-still,—grim, and terrible, and commanding. "Remember the Anarchist Ball, and read my 'Leaves' to

From My Note-Book of Travel

Please turn over to p 14

Feb. 1927

By AMEEN RIHANI

The Syrian World N.Y., U.S.A.

II

AT THE PARSI CLUB

Before I left Bombay I had lunch with a Parsi friend at his club, and we talked of Ghandi, Pan-Iranism, and Zoroaster. Dr. Nariman, a linguist and scholar, had invited a few others, among them Mr. Irani, a solicitor at law. The contact of mind seemed familiar — very little of the Oriental in a Bombay Parsi — and the atmosphere of the Club is quite European. A hat-rack for your helmet, and a couch for your mind. Here too are pool tables and Parsis in shirt-sleeves, cue in hand;—and the same lingo and gesture of those Patagonians of the N. Y. Press Club. Don Marquis and Abe Bearman and Charlie Somerville might be, for all I know, of Parsi descent. They will certainly find themselves at home in the Parsi Club of Bombay — and all the drink, O ye noble Soaks, ye can hold. But how would you like to have the birds feast upon you in the Tower of Silence?

They are lusty and noisy and cantankerous, the ravens and vultures of Bombay, — unlike the Parsis upon whom they feed. I cannot help feeling that there is a sort of British-Indian-Iranian complex in a Parsi. He sings hymns to the sun, and he keeps an eye on the main chance; he takes his bath regularly and keeps cool; he is quiet in his well-being, unostentatious in his prosperity; — very complacent, very reticent; — he smiles, he represses, and he forges ahead; and often, in the present struggle between Britania and Swaraj, he finds himself in both camps.

This complex, at the end of its sublunar struggle, is carried in a shroud to the Tower of Silence, where the vultures are always waiting. Do complexes come back to life in simplified, elemental forms? Is the vulture the Parsi's complex, jubilant and free? I wonder.

One thing in these good people I do not like. They are too proud as a race and too exclusive as a sect. They will not take an outsider into their religion, for they will then have to take him or her into their homes in marriage; and that, they maintain, will corrupt their blood. They are certainly pure as a

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also author of "the Book of Khaled" published by Dodd Mead & Co

Ameen Rihani was bo[r]n in Freikeh, Syria, in 1879. At the age of eight he was brought b[y] his father to New York. He entered the New York Law School [i]n 1898, but returned to Syria the following year and taught Engli[sh] in a clerical school. After translating some of the quatrains of [Ab]u'l Ala, he came back to New York, where he gave a series of l[ec]tures on the political, social and religious conditions in Syria. [O]nce more he returned to his native country, and for five years live[d] among the mountains, writing both in Arabic and in English. Whe[n] his health had been completely restored, he again came to America, [w]here he has continued his literary work.

The House in the Rue de Lille

P.13

The Forum N.Y.

1916 written from Paris & was circulated (?)

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THE HOUSE IN THE RUE DE LILLE

Ameen Rihani

Of sombre simplicity and uniform architecture, like all Paris buildings, with only this distinction--a coat of arms and two melancholy eagles over the entrance--it stands wrapt in desert silence. Its gates, its windows, its doors are all closed and no one is ever seen going into or coming out of it. No one passing ever lingers in its shade, no one ever looks in its direction. The sparrows have the freedom of its courtyard, the moss, of its walls, the spiders, of its ceilings, the moths, of its carpets, and over all reigns a tragic silence. No human voice, for the last thirty months, has ever been heard therein, no human hand has unlocked the portals behind which is buried the spirit of international amity and peace.

There is a lamp in front of the door, which is the only one lighted in the street, and in whose flickering beams a hooded policeman is seen pacing the sidewalk, giving the scene a ghostly reality. I wonder every time I pass by it whether the spirit that is buried therein will ever be resuscitated. I wonder whether in the near or the far future the hundred lights that shone in its ball room will shine again with renewed splendor over an assembly of official pomp and cosmoplitan magnificence.

Please turn over to p. 123 for the rest of the article

its m... trol of ... Government... And the... ...it is no longer just, however, perment

race, but not too pure — forgive me Dr. Nariman — to take in Don Marquis, for instance, or Ben De Casseres, if he chose to ride the Sacred Flame behind Zarathustra.

* *

THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA

Mr. D. J. Irani has done into English a few of the songs of Zoroaster and he had them published in Bombay in a handsome limp leather-binding. He came on the last day to say good-bye and brought me a copy with him. The Message, it is called, and in it is a declaration in song of the Divine Truth. No matter how orthodox you may be, you cannot in conscience reject this message.

Zarathustra was a monotheist, and his God Ahura Mazda is the Universal Soul. So is the God of Christ, for that matter, and so is the God of Mohammed. But Ahura Mazda has not so many attributes as Allah, and he is less, much less anthropomorphic. He is first the Spirit of the Good Mind — good deeds from good thoughts spring: he is the Fountain of the Good Mind. He is also the Spirit of Truth and Right — from the principle of truth and right proceed the harmony of universal law and order. But here is the rock around which clash the religions of the world. The Prophets can see through it, have seen through it; — have even stood together upon it: but their followers, or those who would guide them, prefer to the principle of truth and right that of fact and pelf. Hence the spiritual atrophy of the present state of the world.

Ahura Mazda is also the Spirit of Holy Sovereignty (Khashtra) and this refers both to the Spiritual Sovereignty as well as the Dominion of Heaven. Which is, indeed, a serious matter! for his claim conflicts with that of Allah and Jehovah; and their poor blind followers on this earth keep up the conflict. Who is the Ruler Supreme? Who can reconcile the words of Mohammed, for instance, with those of Zarathustra?

The fifth attribute of Ahura is Healthful Well-Being, or Perfection (Haurvatat). Hence, I think, the smug and self-sufficient attitude of the successful Parsi. He *is* successful, because he has attained the Ahura state. Follows the Spirit of Immortality (Ameratat), which is the companion of the fifth attribute. These twin blessings, healthful well-being and immortality, are bestowed upon men and women who are inspired with the Good Mind and whose actions are guided by the Truth.

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vement upon fetishism; the concept of divinity is in both false. Yet, conflict is perpetuated by conceit. "Our God is better than yours", is at the root of much of the suffering and woe and misery of the world.

The truth is not an exclusive possession of any people: the truth is not to be found whole and undivided anywhere: the truth is scattered among mankind, and every nation, even the Papuans, has a little of it. Let us collect it, collect the vital parts of it, put them together into a universal religious formula, and call it, say, Humanism. Aye, let us pool our creeds and call God by his right name, the Universal Spirit of Good, or the Fountain of the Good Mind. The Brahmin and the Parsi and the Christian and the Moslem will then become real brothers, and the world will be a little better.

PUNISHMENT TO FIT THE CRIME

A Persian king held a banquet for the dignitaries of the ate. When the table was set, and the guests had ranged themlves in their proper places around it, a slave who was bringnig ood in a plate was taken aback by the dignity and solemnity of he occasion, and as he approached the king a little of the sauce from the plate spilled on the edge of the king's robe. The king was much angered at the clumsiness of the servant and gave orders that he be beheaded.

When the servant realized the determination of the king he oured the whole contents of the plate over the king's head.

"Woe to thee," cried the king in rage, "why hast thou done his?"

The servant, in a tone of perfect nonchalance, replied: Your majesty, I did this to save thy face and dignity. For it would be a disgraceful thing indeed for people to say that thou didst cause my death for a small offense; therefore have I committed this grave one that thy punishment may be commensurate with the crime."

Hearing this, the king bowed his head in pensive thought, then, looking up, he said:

"We have forgiven thee in consideration of the ingenuity f thy excuse. Go, thou art free for the face of God."

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JANUARY, 1927

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VOL. I. No. 7. JANUARY, 1927

The Syrian World, N.Y.

From My Note-Book of Travel

By Ameen Rihani

THE SACRED COW

I first met her in Bombay, strolling down the street, taking the air, even like her biped contemporaries. Two or three cows sometimes walked together, without a chaperon, without anyone to say, Ho! and no one seemed to mind. The traffic, the police, the pedestrians moved along nonchalantly, somnolently. The taxis stopped to let her holiness pass; and now and then a man or a woman would approach her, touch her reverentially, for a blessing.

Noble-looking animals are the temple cows, and they would take the prize at any cattle show in America or Europe. Expansive, shapely, graceful of line; — the best rounded figures in the world — quite Oriental. And such complexion! Whether red or black or a shade between, the skin has an impeccable gloss; it bespeaks the harmony and peace within. For they do not live in eternal fear, these sacred cows; — the obsession of the shambles is not upon them.

On the contrary, they live in eternal bliss, which is ignorance and the daily feed. Moreover, they have the freedom of the city, and everywhere they find servants and friends. One of them I saw stop and shake her head in an irritated manner. Two or three Hindus came instantly to her assistance, and gently she turned her head as one of them pulled a big fly out of her

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his homage to the simple grace and unconscious charm of India. One thing, however, is deplorable — the utter European manner of some of the younger set, who speak English even among themselves, and lisp and put on airs like Arthur-Smith and Mary-Jane.

* *

A NOMADIC GOVERNMENT

Four months at Poona, which is 2,000 feet above the sea; two months, October and November, at Mahablashwar; and about December we go down to the lowlands, we return to Bombay for the winter season. We must avoid the heat, as well as the cold: we must be comfortable in order to be able to govern India. Indeed, we must keep cool, and we must keep fit, for thy sake, O India. That is why in April we pack up and, with our 'cloaks' and flunkeys, go up to the hills again; — back to Mahablashwar; for neither Bombay nor Poona are just right for our comfort and consequently for the good of government and country. About the end of May, or the beginning of June, however, Poona invites us to its spring and its soft, cool breezes, and for thy sake, for thy good, O India, we come.

This is the happy cycle of the three-capitaled Government of Bombay, which moves with the seasons, regardless of time or money. Thus, too, I am told, all over India. If a Resident or a Governor, with his staff and council, his military and civil departments, his flunkeys and A. D. Cs. and servants, lives in such extravagance on the revenues of India, what may be the higher state of His Excellency the Viceroy and Their Highnesses the Maharajahs?

* *

MAHATMA SASSOUN

Through the native quarter to the Museum. Not a trace of civilization, European or Oriental, modern or ancient, considered from the point of view of soap and social order. As if the English had not been in the country three hundred years; — as if 'the naked sages of India' had not been preaching cleanliness and manliness for many centuries before the coming of Clive. The houses are tumble-down; the streets are noisome, and the hand of decay is upon everything. Yet, here are human

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And your honost scribe, reader, in his prosaic European habit, squared this picturesque circle, but did not square with all its views. Hence our dispute before we started on our pilgrimage, not to the holy places of our fathers, but to a tomb which to us, except, of course sheikh Attar, was, indeed, sacred.

"Who inspired Enver," asked Izzuddin, "to send that famous Message to Abd'ul-Hamid,—Voltaire or Napoleon?"

"Neither the one nor the other," replied Abd'ur-Ruhman; "it was. ...deed, the Koran, the eternal truth ...

...lugubrious, funereal, only when he chants. My two friends, however, like neither the monks nor their chanting. And Abd'ur-Ruhman, on the spur of the moment, composed some verses in which he likened their vespers to a snake dragging its length slowly along. Theirs was a languid, flabby, earth-eating, death-breathing chant. Awful this; but his couplets on the factory girls was one worse. True, he said something therein about the souse of the eagle, the cooing of the dove, the twittering of the swallow; but not the faintest echo of such music could be heard in the verses.

"The filature at this instant," said Izzuddin, "is the real church In it the sweat of labor and the balm of faith are blended in a cup the cup of joy."

Which words, thought I, were better than the rhymes of Abd'ur-Ruhman. But I did not say that then, for never, if I could help it, would I close the day with a quarrel. "The evil of the morning," as the Arabic proverb goes, "were better than the good of the evening."

... Science and Constitutional Government? They are the sandals of Sufism. And if you would crown life, would you do it with a pair of sandals? Understand me, Abd'ur-Ruhman, the rabble must not peep behind the Veil. And those, like this French philosopher, who are trying to rend this veil, are criminals. Wallahi, we look upon Esau as a great Sufi, and the author of this book tries to prove make him of the rabble, or at least of the leaders of the rabble. In Allah be our refuge!"

"From the monster of ignorance," snapped up Abd'ur-Ruhman.

"In Science is our salvation," put in Izzuddin.

"Science and Ignorance," rejoined sheikh Attar, throwing away the tube of his narghilah and clutching nervously at his ebony beeds; "they are the pans of the Scale, and Life is the Scale-beam in the hands of Allah. When the two are balanced, like this," holding up his beeds by the tassel, "there will be order, peace, and happiness in the World; when they are not, the seven pests of Israel will become seven thoudand. Science and Ignorance,--"

And while sheikh Attar was pursuing his Sufic simile, Izzuddin was quarrelling with the waiter about his narghilah.

"You must have pounded the tambac with a hammer into this; try it, try it," handing the tube. "Mashaallah! when did you come out of school? Now, take this back, and soak the tambac in wine. Nothing but keif can balance the sufism of Sheikh Attar."

16

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"Neither the one nor the other," replied Abd'ur-Ruhman; "it was, ...eed, the Koran, the etrnal truth in the Koran. And it makes little ...erence whether Mohammed got it from his own heart or from the ...el."

And sheikh Attar, who had been turning over the pages of a book ...ch Izzuddin carried with him,--an Arabic translation of Rena's ...e of Jesus, this,--laid it down on the table, exclaiming, "But to ... rabble it is most essential; for once they see what is behind ... veil they are lost. To us, sheikh Abd'ur-Ruhman, to the Sufis, ...s Science which explains everything hath no dangers. But to the ...nstructed, uninitiated, it is worse than all the abominations of ...ael. Have a fear of Allah, my friends. If the sons of Yakut, the ...cendants of Othman, are going to copy everything from Europe, ... such infernal stuff as this," pointing to the book on the table, ...ey can not long continue to rule the Semetics. Sooner or later, ...s Tartaric byzantism, grafted with infidelity, must go. Aye, ...lani! The Semetic Arabs, O my friends, will only be ruled by divine ...ht. Science and Constitutional Government? They are the sandals of Sufism. And if you would crown life, would you do it with a pair of sandals? Understand me, Abd'ur-Ruhman, the rabble must not peep behind the Veil. And those, like this French philosopher, who are trying to rend this veil, are criminals. Wallahi, we look upon Esau as a great Sufi, and the author of this book tries to make him of the rabble, or at least of the leaders of the rabble. In Allah be our refuge!"

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And while sheikh Attar was pursuing his Sufic simile, Izzuddin was quarrelling with the waiter about his narghilah.

"You must have pounded the tambac with a hammer into this; try it, try it," handing the tube. "Mashaallah! when did you come out of school? Now, take this back, and soak the tambac in wine. Nothing but keif can balance the sufism of Sheikh Attar."

"And this," said I, offering a newpaper which I had bought from the newboy, and which contained an article from the pen of sheikh Abdaur-Ruhman on "Renan and the Jesuits."

Sheikh Attar read the article, and, clapping for the waiter, ordered an Amer Picon. When the drink came, he stood up, glass in hand, and said, "The health of the Jesuits." After which he casts on me a glance which has nothing mystical in it, and, approaching, whispers this; "Have a fear of Allah, man; cease to poison the minds of our people with such accursed rationalism." And without salaaming he strode away, his hands behind his back, and his ebony beeds clicking a rhythmic accompaniment to his steps.

"If the Constitution," said Abd'ur-Ruhman, after the Sufi had gone,"had in it but a few mystic tropes, sheikh Attar would not be opposed to it." And he clapped for the waiter.

"Bring me a whiskey and soda; I believe with Izzuddin that Sufism can only be balanced with keif."

"A Pernot for me," said Izzuddin.

"And an ark for one who is faithful to his country."

When the drinks were served, sheikh Abd'ur-Ruhaman, mixing truth with sarcasm, raised his glass. "I,too, drink to the health of these Jesuits who are doing more than any of us to spread the Idea. Were it not for them Renan would not have been so popular among us. They have taught us to love him. The health of the Jesuits, the enemies and promoters of the Idea."

Just then, the brass band in Place de l'Union, which had ceded the floor to the spouters of the revolution, took up the cue again, and helped to make the day hideous. Now, to flee this saturnalia of Liberty-Fraternity-Equality, we decided to go on a pilgrimage to Byblos and Amsheet. These you may not find mentioned in the guide Books of Palestine and Syria; but in the one is the tomb of a great nation of antiquity, in the other that of a great modern woman.

"My father," said Abd'ur-Ruhman, "only returned from last week from his pilgrimage to the two holy Cities(the Haramein), and I am now starting on a pilgrimage which might be called a continuation of his own. For has not the Mohammedan religion, even like the genius of Renan, been nourished by the spirit of a great woman.? Khedijah and Henriette, blessed be the loins that bore you, and blessed thrice blessed the children of your lofty and magnanimous spirit."

And thus rhapsodizing, while on our way to sheikh Attar's stable. For it was Izzuddin who suggested in ironic humor that we get our horses from our friend the Sufi.

Arrivingat the stable, we find the learned sheikh shoeing a horse. Which reminded me of the incident when an officer of the cavarly, seeing a Sufi hammering some nails into his sandal, took him by the sleeve saying, "Come along and shoe my horse."

And there was sheikh Attar on the job.

And here we are, on his a Christian, a Musselman, and a Druse, making

ge which to him is not worth a nail in a horse's hoof.

A Pilgrimage to Byblos.

'Let Urashlim and Mecca wait,
And China stew in her own juice;
This way the pilgrim staff, tho late,
Of Christian, Mussulman and Druse.

But before we took up the staff, we were quarreling about the road. Not the road of the pilgrimage, however, but that of the Young Turks of the New Era. In the café facing Al-Munsheiyah, which had just been baptized Place de l'Union,—the prosiness of the times is become even in the East a shibboleth of progress,—my friends were engaged in animated discussion as to whether the devil, who goes by many names, was not the one and only Sultan who could never be deposed.

Sheikh Abd'ur-Ruhman, a truth-seeker and distiller of es-

please turn over

sences, altho doffing the garment of his religion, continued to wear a black jubbah over his European trousers, and a white turban. A compromise this between the East and the West, as between Reason and Faith. For tho he was beginning to have some lively doubts about the inspiration of the Koran, he still clung to the spirit of Mohammed's message to the world. A fine Arabic scholar, which means that he is also a versifier; hating the Turks because, while professing the Mohammedan religion, they would not deign to learn Arabic. This crime against the classic beauty of the Book he could never forgive.

Sheikh Attar, a Sufi and horse dealer, is a descendant of the Nabi and he values his green turban more than he does the Dastur (Constitution). He has a supreme contempt for everything that does not bear upon its face the seal of mystery. Even a horse-shoe, to him, is a symbol of some sort,—a symbol which represents a divine idea in the life of mankind. And he hated the Turks, because, as he said, they were Europeanizing, vulgarizing Asia.

The third of my friends, Izzuddin, an Arab maniac and *flaneur,* was the most picturesque and riotous of the three, both in sentiment and dress. To assert the lofty Arabism of his spirit he wore an Arab costume of flaming red, red from his boots to the heavy cord pressed over the kufeyiah on his head. And this was the color of his hatred for the Turks. He served a week in gaol for repeating one day in the presence of some Turkish soldier the famous couplet of the desert Arabs:

> "Three things naught but evil work,—
> The vermin, the locust, and the Turk."

And Izzuddin is a Druse, who had burned the book of his esoteric creed on his way to Europe. "If there be any truth in this theory of transmigration," he would say, "I accept it only on condition that I be reborn in Paris, not in Pekin."

And your honest scribe, reader, in his prosaic European habit, squared this picturesque circle, but did not square with

all its views. Hence our dispute before we started on our pil-grimage, not to the holy places of our fathers, but to a tomb which to us,—except, of course, Sheikh Attar,—was indeed sacred.

It was in the season of the jasmines and Persian lilacs. The beautiful gardens of Beyrouth, hidden behind huge walls dun and gray, wafted to us their sweet and varied scents, as we passed through the dusty and crowded streets, to whose noise and traffic a Belgian Company has added a Tramway. On the bridge outside the city, a flower boy offered us some sprigs of blossoming Persian lilacs and bouquets of jasmines. Izzuddin bought enough for us all, and taking his large silk handker-chief from his pocket, asked the boy to soak it in water. Whereupon, he wraps the flowers in it, and places them in his saddle bag. A happy thought, I mused, for which he deserves to dress like an Arab Emir. If we were tourists the drago-man would have insisted on our visiting the Church of St. George hard by, where the valorous Saint, tradition has it, did the terrible Dragon to death. Nor did we tarry at Dog River, my friends being men of ideas and ideals, and paleology for such hath no charms. Nor, indeed, hath it for me, except when the poetry of the perennial spirit of Nature flowers around the sculptures and monuments. The tourists, on their way to or from Damascus, stopping at Beyrouth for a few days, never venture beyond this river. And what there is to see here, except the huge and imposing promontory, can be of interest only to archeologists. Yet they come, these gentle people of the cork-hat and Guide Book, and after hearing the dragoman garbling his Text and lisping of the triumphs and defeats of Assyrian and Egyptian Kings, they go back with a sense of having deciphered the palimpest and solved the riddle.

Beyond Dog River to the North are the verdant slopes which rise gently from the coast to hide Ghazir from view. There, on those sacred hills, crowned all around with convents and churches, Renan and his sister worked on the *Life of Jesus.* From those heights he could encompass not only the

fruitful plains of rationalism but the flowering gardens of piety as well. Here be a sky which can soften the hardest logic; here be an atmosphere which can mellow the bitterest thoughts. I do not think the rational spirit of the *Life of Jesus* would have been so sweetly pious and poetic had not Renan lived for a while among these hills. Here, as in the *Life of Jesus,* are whisperings divine, even among the barren cliffs, even beneath the inexorable logic of it all.

The terminal of the Lebanon Railway is at Maameltein, which is at the base of the hill. As we enter the town, the legend, "American School for Girls," dispelled the surprise which the tune of a piano did give us. And as we passed out of it, the echoes of a hymn which the girls were singing made in our ears delectable music. The coast here is desolate, but not dreary. To our right on the verdant hilltops are convents and terraced homes; to our left the cerulean blue of the Mediterranean is palpitating under the ardent rays of the Syrian sun. And yonder in that wide strip of shining shawl, through the little sand islands, so to speak, the sweet water of the hills makes its way to the sea. But more refreshing than these, is the fig grove which is hidden behind a knoll. We come to it, after trotting around the cape, and find the women with their reed baskets and long hooked staffs picking the fruits of the season. As we pass by, a sweet wild-eyed lass, her hair tied in a kerchief which suggested the bathing girl of the summer resorts of the civilized world, greeted us and offered her basket, saying, "Be so kind to eat of the figs." And Izzuddin, who is more chivalrous than any of us, dis-mounted anon, took out of the saddle bag a bouquet of jas-mines, and gave it to her saying, "May thy days be ever as white as these, and as sweet." She bounded with joy as she smelt the flowers, insisted on our taking the basket of figs with us, left it, billah, on the road-side, and, flourishing the bouquet of jasmines over her head, hied away like an antelope.

We cross the bridge beneath which the River Adonis of the ancients, now called Mahr Ibrahim, debouching from thick hedges of reeds and rushes, tumultuously races to the sea. And under a shed of pine boughs near the river, is a dingy

dukkan (store) and a resting place for travelers and muleteers. Here one can refresh himself with arak which the Syrians call the milk of the virgin, or even with German or American beer, or better still with the sweet cool water of the spring which rises in the grotto of Afka, among the high hills where the Romans had built a temple to Venus. Around the ruins of that temple to-day, are the habitations and fields of the Nuseyreyieh, or Ansaries, who still retain somewhat of the Nature-worship of their ancestors, the Greeks. Some scholars say the Arabs, but this is not the place to dispute the question.

We are not far now from Byblos; the coast is not so desolate. Here are villages, even silk factories, *or filatures.* And from one of these, before the red disc of the sun had sunk in the serene blue of the Mediterranean, rose a chant as delectable as the distant hidden voices of sirens. The factory girls were chanting the litany before the close of the day's labor. "Kyrie-eleison, Christe-eleison," rose the melodious voice of the leader through the whir of silk wheels, and a chorus of a hundred girls drowned the harsh voice of machinery, repeating the invocation. From the lips of the laboring children of Allah, at the close of their day's work, this was beautiful, inspiring to hear. And on a knoll, not far from the filature, is a monastery of one of the many Lebanon orders of monks, from the chapel of which rose the doleful Syriac strains of vespers. We could hear both and simultaneously as we entered into Byblos. "The harbinger of dusk," Abd'ur-Ruhman called the chant of monks. "A serenade to eternal night," said Izzuddin. And both chants, as they melted in the atmosphere around us, ebbing and flowing, suggested to me a struggle between a *Te Deum* and a *Miserere*. Indeed, the Lebanon peasant still labors in joy, raising from her heart a chant of contentment, of thankfulness, of triumph, while reeling the silk from the cocoons. And the Lebanon monk, let it here be said, labors in sorrow only at vespers. He is glum, lugubrious, funereal, only when he chants. XX

We are in ancient Byblos. The towering fortress near the sea makes the clutter of terraced homes look like a heap of

cliffs and boulders. Here, the sea-daring Phoenicians, who were as strenuous and practical as are the Americans to-day, hammered at the door of invention and thought, and, entering, discovered the alphabet, the numerals, the murex from which they obtained the famous Tyrian purple, and many other things not mentioned in Sanchoniathon or Baedeker.

In the citadel is the home and the court of the mudir, or District magistrate. It is also a sort of caravansery for his tenants and friends, as for those who come to him with letters of introduction. Thither we wend our way, ignorant of the fact that we were of neither of the classes mentioned. But my friends, Izzuddin in his gorgeous Arab costume, and Abd'ur-Ruhman in his black jubbah and white turban, commanded the respect of the zabty, or officer in zouave uniform, at the gate. We were shown up to the top loft, after mounting a high and winding flight of stairs, dark, dingy, cold, and in one of the loopholes of the citadel about thirty-five feet deep, which is used as a huge sitting room with divans, we were received by his Excellency as courteously as if we were spies from Yieldiz. One zabty was ordered to look after our horses; another to prepare the inevitable narghileh. And at table, Excellency made us understand that the chicken, an old raw-boned hen who no longer deserved her oats, I mused, was done in our honor, since he, being a right Maronite ate not on Friday but mujadderah, which is a mess of lentils cooked in olive oil. And the following day, he insisted on our remaining his guests. He showed us through the citadel himself, and graciously requested us to attend his court. Strange disputes are heard here, on which he delivers, Solomon-like, strange decisions.

In the afternoon we walk to Amschit, which is only a few miles from Byblos, up a gently sloping hill. In these diggings the antiquarian digs for his treasures. And the exquisite tear bottles which are found here, are sold on Fifth Avenue for what would buy in these mountains a mulberry patch and a beit (booth or one-room house) to boot. On entering the town, we stop before a fine white stone, pink gabled mansion to inquire about the tomb of Henriette Renan. The Khawaja

who was sitting on the porch invited us to a sherbet and inquired of sheikh Abd'ur-Ruhman, to whom he showed particular attention, even deference, (the turban and jubbah are responsible for this) as to how the Dastur (Constitution) is faring, and whether the equality principle would not affect the agricultural interests of the country. Abd'ur-Ruhman tried to prove to mine host that it would not, but luckily he was interrupted by the servant who came out with the sherbets. This servant, who was once a distinguished citizen of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, pointed me out to his master in a most amusing manner, as one who had been in America. And the master thereupon exclaimed, "That is the land of promise. Come in, and I will show you what I have in my house from that country."

We enter into a spacious marble-hall, in the centre of which is a mahogany roll-top desk, made I suppose in Buffalo. We pass to the dining room among the native furniture of which, two Morris chairs come all the way from Grand Rapids, obtrude their presence. And in the kitchen our host points out the American stove, "on which," said he, "we can prepare a banquet of twenty different dishes. But this is not all. The best must come last."

And so it did; for in the bath-room, not tiled, but marbled with choice slabs from Italy, we behold, O America, thine inimitable porcelain bath-tub.

"Allah's great!" exclaimed sheikh Abd'ur-Ruhman. And so did I.

Now, Madame, on seeing the strangers is curious to know who they are. So the erstwhile distinguished citizen of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, whispers into the ear of mine host. And accordingly we are invited into the salon, where Madame, with a company of friends, is smoking the ubiquitous narghileh. She rises in deference to sheikh Abd'ur-Ruhman (I myself was often tempted to put on a jubbah and a turban); but no sooner learns she of our pilgrimage than she sits down again, puffs at her narghileh, blows the aromatic smoke in the face of the sheikh, surveys us from top to toe, and inquires in a haughty tone, saying,

"And are you like those idiot Franje (Europeans) who come here and take with them a handful of dust or some pebbles from around the tomb? And is she so important, this woman, that people come from beyond the seas to visit her dust? No doubt she was like her brother, who did not know God, ~~who~~ He was, as Father Nahouche assures us, a rank infidel."

Saying which, she claps for the servant and orders him to "Take these people to the cemetery" and point out the vault of the Toubeyiahs where the remains of Henriette were laid.

Before this square vault, severely plain, the surroundings of which now hunger for a flower, a blade of grass, Ernest Renan shed his tears of love and hope. A large oak throws over the tomb in the morning an ample shadow, and in the afternoon the shade of the palms below tries in vain to kiss its sacred dust. They are planted too far, and the sun, even in the last interval of the setting, seems helpless. The shadow only reaches the door of the church, near which is the vault.

Here Henriette was laid amid the chanting of the Maronite priests. For Renan admired the service, lugubrious tho it be, of the Maronite Church. And he believed that these holy men in black robes were worthy of saying the last word for the dead.

The sprigs of Persian lilac flowers we laid at the door of the vault. And Izzuddin, taking up a handful of dust, presses therein his lips, and says, "When the people of my country can see the flowers that shall bloom in this handful of dust, what great women then we shall have and what noble sisters!"

And Abd'ur-Ruhman, with a tear in his eye: "And only when our harem is blessed with such sublime souls will the cradle give us a new generation, a new race. Khadijah and Henriette, blessed be the loins that bore you, and thrice blessed the children of your magnanimous spirit!"

It was, indeed, a touching scene. Abd'ur-Ruhman, the Mohammedan, waters with his tears the dust in which Izzuddin the Druse plants the seeds of his love. And a Christian kisses them both for making the pilgrimage.

"Noble sentiment is the mother of truth," said Abd'ur-Ruhman, as we walked back to Byblos.

"And a pious feeling of love for the princes and princesses of truth," said Izzuddin, "is the highest and noblest manifestation of the spirit."

And I, on our way back to Beyrouth,—

Let Urashlim and Mecca wait,
And China stew in her own juice;
This way the pilgrim staff, tho late,
Of Christian, Mussulman, and Druse.

AMEEN RIHANI.

Side Talks by the Editor.

THE END OF WAR.

A holy man in St. Paul, who wears the livery of the Prince of Peace and who has at divers times sought to add a Red Hat to the same, raises his voice for War. That is, while not precisely advocating War, he maintains that men and nations being as they are, War is sometimes inevitable and will be so for long to come. Hence he takes little stock in the efforts of universal peace societies, etc., and urges that the supreme national duty is to be in a state of preparedness for War.

It seems not to occur to the Holy Man of St. Paul, or to other jingoes lay and sacrosanct, who take the old traditional view of this matter, that there never would be a War if the people themselves, who are the chief sufferers thereby and who have to kill and be killed in it, were permitted to decide the question. Possibly there never has been a War to which the hearts of the people on both sides consented,—and if they did, be sure it was through ignorance and savagery. Commonly War has been the affair of kings, rulers and politicians; often it has been brought about by the whim of a royal prostitute such as the Pompadour; sometimes, and this the cruelest War of all, it has ben instigated by priestly or religious fanaticism. Think of the countless millions slain in the

The Death of the Lovers

(From the French of Baudelaire.)

Faint odors, suave as dreams, should swoon above
Our couches low, divans as deep as tombs;
And shelves, like shrines, should hold exotic blooms,
Full-flowered, neath perfect skies for fateful love.

Exhausting all their final glow, our hearts
Shall be two dying flambeaux that reflect
Their double lights in our two souls elect,
Twin mirrors hoarding each the flare that parts.

One twilight made of mystic rose and blue,
A farewell flash shall pass and leap no more,
As a long sob that grieves a last adieu;
And afterward, an angel through the door,
Faithful and glad, shall hasten to reclaim
Each tarnished mirror and extinguished flame.

JOHN MYERS O'HARA.

My Native Horizon

In Mt. Lebanon Nature is as beautiful as she is exacting. And the seasons are as regular and punctual as they are moderate and mild. Neither short nor long are they; neither too anxious to appear a little over-time, nor impatient to enter ere the curtain rises. Indeed one season follows another with the precision of marching regiments. They do not step on each other's heels, nor do they leave a vacancy between them for the imps of chaos. No, they neither borrow nor steal from each other in these climes. Winter, for instance, has as much respect for the calendar as the moon; he never makes his appearance before Autumn folds tent and silently steals away. Nor is Autumn ever so selfish and inconsiderate as to remain in the lap of Nature when Winter's steps are heard behind the gate of Mt. Sanneen. Spring is never shy and coquettish in taking up the cue. We do not have to go

a-searching for her when the time comes as we often have to in other parts of the world, and especially in the States. Winter has spoken his last speech,—he has made his exit through the portals of the Mediterranean with grand Thespian effect. Very well; here is Spring with her singing gardens and sighing zephyrs, with her verdant fields and dancing bowers. She is as punctual and refulgent in her appearance as is Venus or Jupiter in the Lebanon sky. Here is order and equilibrium for you. Here Nature beautifully performs the Master-Dramatist's masterpiece. And here also the weather prophets are safe in making their calculations and forecasts. The time and limits can be set with the utmost precision, and without offending either Dramatist or Actors. Between Nature and the learned folk who write the calendar there is the utmost mutual sympathy and respect.

But if the seasons come and go, the marks of their footsteps on my native horizon are ineffaceable. Here Time has erected eternal monuments to his parting children. In Mt. Sanneen, rising in the East over a dozen mountains slurred together, we behold Winter shrouded in snow. And in the tiger-spotted escarpments, in the grey cliffs, barren and amorphous, forming a huge northern wall to the deep gorge in which the river flows, we have a fitting monument to Autumn. While in the low-lands facing the Mediterranean, the orange orchards and the olive groves are beautiful monuments to Summer and Spring, wrapped in the light green of the fields and buried in the warm brown soil of life perennial. Indeed my native horizon is a cyclorama of all the seasons. And the sun rising in Summer over the snow-covered tomb of Winter, from behind the serrate and spotted peaks of Mt. Sanneen, presents a deeply suggestive contrast. It makes me think of the snow flakes of humanity melting under the sun of life, and flowing in the valley of hope and love, between the deep gorges of pain and joy, to reach the shore of the Eternal. (Now, this sentence seems pompous and overwrought, but the Mara of my Arabic was on me when I wrote it.)

The seasons of the year, however, are but a background to the seasons of my race; for at the bottom of things Nature

... may so by duress.

But in the evening, when the Pagan in me is awakened by Lythean Eastern breezes, I contemplate this fascinating village and my fancy wings itself in another direction. My fellow man and the destiny of my race no longer trouble me. The little lights behind the glass casements of the gabled houses, fixed and faint as the distant stars, are like so many diamonds in the crown of some sylvan goddess. And in places where the houses are crowded, piled above each other, so to speak, a cascade of light, in a frame of darkness foiliated by the bright pink gables, suggests itself. And that again renews my hope and anxiety. The weak races, I cry, the weak ...

a-searching for her when the time comes as we often have to in other parts of the world, and especially in the States. Winter has spoken his last speech,—he has made his exit through the portals of the Mediterranean with grand Thespian effect. Very well; here is Spring with her singing gardens and sighing zephyrs, with her verdant fields and dancing bowers. She is as punctual and refulgent in her appearance as is Venus or Jupiter in the Lebanon sky. Here is order and equilibrium for you. Here Nature beautifully performs the Master-Dramatist's masterpiece. And here also the weather prophets are safe in making their calculations and forecasts. The time and limits can be set with the utmost precision, and without offending either Dramatist or Actors. Between Nature and the learned folk who write the calendar there is the utmost mutual sympathy and respect.

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is the background of human life. My poor, harassed, little race, now in its autumn days—will it survive the approaching storms of the coming winter? Will it ever regain the glories of its ancient springs? Will its hardy children scattered in every continent, and chopping commerce, or rhetoric on their decayed hacklogs of life, ever become sensible of the Awakening! O, ye weak races of Man, what are you going to do with the few soul-Titans that are of you and with you? Ye little peoples of the land, ye disinherited and downtrodden children of the earth, the big, throbbing heart of the world is with you. But will ye ever rise to the summits of love and light and freedom and power?

Alas, the majestic beauty of my native horizon is only marred by the pitiable poverty and squalor of human life. Here is a broad verdant slope of a mountain the neck of which rises to the feet of Mt. Sanneen, studded with a heap of white stone, pink gable houses, which in the night is a sight for gods to behold. And no less beautiful is it in the day. Consider these homes, half hidden in the mulberries and the poplars and surrounded with thick pine forests, rising from terrace to terrace, like the steps of an altar, as it were, with its objects of decoration, its flowers and icons and wax figures. Indeed this makes a most beautiful altar to Nature. But the life, think on the life behind this outward show, under these trappings and decorations. At certain moments, I have likened this village on the breast of that gentle and hospitable mountain to the decorations on the breast of a successful Turkish diplomat. Ay, between the life that deifies a silk rag or a piece of copper and the life that soils its lips and forehead in the dust before them, there is but this difference: the first is wilfully and maliciously bad, the second is only so by duress. . . .

The weak races, I cry, the weak races! and the moon disappears in the clouds, as if she did not care to listen. I look with half shut eyes, and in the seen I see the unseen. Behind the clouds I behold the moon smiling mystically; within the darkness I see the potential spark of the eternal fire; and behind the faint lights of the village I see the moving darkness

And though our married pair laughed at the silly song, and the young wife looked with disapproval at the violent flirtations going on about them, there was something in the air or the words that drew their hands and hearts together and whispered to them of—Home!

. . . . . .

Here the middle-aged man's meditations were broken by the entrance of a laughing young woman who took the child from its nurse's arms, saying: "I'm sure you'll think I'm imposing on you, Mamma, with this baby of mine. But "—with an ecstatic hug—"she's *such* a darling!" Then flinging a glance at the silent man by the window,—

"Oh, you needn't look so glum, Papa. I know you're holding it against me because I've made you a grandfather, a little before your time, yes? But for such a perfect love of a darling" (series of hugs), "who wouldn't put up with a little thing like that!"

MICHAEL MONAHAN.

Church and Mosque

OF all the places of worship I know,—and I have lugged my unshrived soul and my weary limbs into many a foreign temple,—the Mosque has always impressed me as being by far the most democratic in its varied hospitalities. There is nothing in it or in its economy to flatter the rich, to offend the poor, to repel the weary, or to distract the devout. The welcome it extends is not of the two-by-two pew order; the solace it affords is no bread-and-cheese affair. And the Friday sermon, if you should care to hear it, is often taken bodily from the Koran and is, therefore, never extraneous;—a ringing and harmless bit of eloquence that charms the ear and lulls the senses in celestial revery.

The Mosque is always big enough to hold the declaiming preacher and the sleeping worshipper in an incommunicable vacuity; for the pulpit is never too near the enchanted corners which offer a shelter to the body of the Moslem as well as his soul. And here you often find a mumbling fakir, a blind beggar, a wayworn hammal, or a wayfaring Arab. In the

My ~~Mine Own~~ Country

IN my own country the flowers are the toys of our childhood; they are nature's precious presents which she never fails to bring us on every holiday. Even on Christmas she calls the children to her snow-crowned heights to surprise them with her wild violets. And these they bring to the altar of the local Saint, who promises to fulfill all their desires if they pray for them while picking the flowers in his name. Once, I remember, in a fit of envy and anger I prayed for the death of a boy who got ahead of me to a favorite spot under a sheltering rock, where the violets bloomed in abundance. A week later there was an epidemic of small-pox in our village, and the boy, my playmate, was carried off by the disease. I was so angry with the Saint for answering my prayer that never after would I pray to him or pick the violets in his name. For if he heard me when I offered the prayer, I argued, he must have heard me also when I took it back. Thus early did I waver in my religious devotion; but Nature, nevertheless, continued to bring me her presents, the flowers. Which made me love her the more. I even set up for myself a local Saint of her own,—St. Cyclamen I called him,—in a grove of pines, under the protection of the Cross. Why did I compromise with the Church? I knew not then—I know not now. But there it is, in the pine-grove, my Temple of the Flowers and the Christ. And whether a lover of nature be a poet or a philosopher or a child, he can at best only pretend to be indifferent to the call of the flowers of his own locality, which bloom every year on the altar of his faith. Perennially they call, and, altho we be in the farthermost parts of the world, they seldom fail in the summons. Else why should I—and I die a hundred deaths in a sea voyage—cross the ocean again and again to visit my native land?

America, too, is the land of my birth, my second birth, so to speak, ~~which is more significant, to myself at least, than the first.~~ And here have I often found myself in the bosom of nature, comforted and reassured. Here are daisies as lovely as the soil and sun and rain ever made; but such loveliness is

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~~Mine Own~~ My Country

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most informal spirit of devotion, they drop in for a rest or a snooze; and they prostrate themselves before a mihrab or stretch themselves on the cool marble under the arches, while a great sheikh or a prince of the blood in another corner is genuflecting on a precious Persian rug and swinging his torso to and fro in prayer. *Bism illah irrihman irrahim!* (In the name of Allah the most Merciful and Compassionate.) The fakir telling his beads chants himself into a state of coma. The beggar yawns out, Ya-Allah, ya-Karim! and drops off as he kneels. The Bedouin is stretched under the huge arch like a corpse. And no one is there ill-bred or impious enough to intrude upon any one in his holy occupation. The Mosque is a haven of rest to beggar and prince, a temple of democracy to the Faithful, a divine hostelry to the children of Allah. Here the outcast finds a stone, at least, on which to lay his head. And the calm flows from the vast dome above him and fills the airy spaces all around. Only now and then is it interrupted by a sigh of Ya-Allah, ya-Karim! For though the Mosque be in the tinkers' bazaar, seldom a sound from the outer world reaches even its court or violates its hallowed silence. And in this vastness of spiritual repose the soul may loaf and invite the body, and the mind may doze and invite the soul. Without cymbals and bells, without organ and choir, without icons and statues, but with the lamps of faith and devotion ever burning, the soul is left to itself to find its way through an infinity of unworldly calm and silence to the divine infinities of the One Supreme—Allah!

One day at noon, after a long tramp through the country, I went into the little Mosque of a village for a rest. I doffed my shoes at the door, realizing then the deep wisdom in the tradition. There are practical as well as spiritual reasons for it. If it is a sacrilege to come booted into the House of God, it is worse than a sacrilege to soil with the dust and mud of the road its precious rugs. Aside from these considerations, my shoes pinched, and I was only too glad to conform. Many others, I suppose, find in the custom a like relief. Inside the Mosque there were but two at prayer—a venerable old man in one corner and a wizened, half-naked beggar in another. I sat down on a straw mat under an arch, leaning

my back against the pillar, stretching my weary limbs,—feeling sweetly at home. Rest and relaxation, in these are the roots of the purest devotion: and these you will always find in a Mosque at any hour of the day, at any hour of the night. I prayed after my own fashion, and walked out with my two companions, my two brothers, praising Allah. The beggar happened to be a hammal who had left his burden at the door, and being too heavy for him to lift alone, the venerable Sheikh, tucking up his long silk sleeves, hastens to his assistance. Bismillah! and the hammal bowed in piety under his load, stiffens his neck to the rope around his head and, heavy but firm of step, walks away in the assurance of Allah.

"You are not a Moslem," said the distinguished Sheikh, detecting in me an alien manner.

"I too worship Allah," I replied, lacing my shoes, "and honor the Prophet."

Whereupon he invited me to his house for lunch. Strangers meeting in the Mosque become brothers. . . .

This reminds me of a visit to that American Mecca of fashion, Newport, where I went to pray in the Church of the Rich. A quaint, little wooden, barn-like building (outwardly a fitting symbol of the primitive spirit of Christianity) which was brought over, together with its first minister, from England. It was set up, not built, in Newport a century ago. But the stained glass windows, a distressing anomaly, with nothing in them to arrest the eye or tax the imagination, are absurdly new and whole. Not one of them is broken and cemented to give it the semblance of antiquity or to preserve a historic or pious legend. Made in America, I presume. And like everything indigenous to this wonderful country, their value is measured with a golden rod. One of them was pointed out to me as being "the thousand-dollar window" presented to the Church by Mrs. Overrich: another, even more costly, by Mr. Gotrox. It were uncharitable, indeed, to remember real names in such a blaze of munificence; but I wonder how it is that those who are responsible for disfiguring the wooden walls of this quaint and unpretentious Church, have not tried to conceal their identity. I say 'disfigure' advisedly. For I can not conceive of a stained glass window set in a

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the suffrage of the nobility of wealth. Snobbery this, indeed. But those who suffer from the disadvantage of riches, of whom even the Founder of Christianity has said a few harsh things,—shutting them out of heaven with a parable,—ought not be grudged the right of making a little quadrangular heaven for themselves in a little church on earth where they can commune with their God uninterrupted and undisturbed. Here the poor rich lock themselves up for a brief spell, and no one in all the world has a right to intrude upon them in their devout moments. And they sit down in their arm-chairs, smug and serene, and sing the 176th hymn or the 51st psalm in perfect assurance, imbibing religion at every pore and feeling at peace with themselves, with the world, and with God. Even with the minister, who hurls from his pulpit no Nazarene-parables of Dives and Lazarus or the Camel and the Needle's Eye. No; the reverend man respects the attitude and peace of mind of his congregation.

Allah forgive me for what I have here set down! I came to this Church to pray, not to cavil. And for those, distant and near, in present or past incarnation, who might have caused this unhappy turn of mind, I also invoke Allah's forgiveness and mercy. . . .

The service is over. But the essential part of it we still behold in the narrow street, in front of the Church, where a squad of police are directing the high-lackered traffic. Slowly, from many corners and by-ways invisible, it drags its length along, a train of sumptuous equipages, multicolored, multiform:—refulgent limousines driven by classic-faced chauffeurs; shimmering victorias drawn by high-stepping, full-blooded steeds; liveried and cockaded footmen leaping from their seats to open and close carriage doors;—a bustle of vanities, a flutter of conceits,—a dazzling array of outward splendor. . . .

Come, my Christian brother,—come with me to the Mosque!

AMEEN RIHANI.

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The fancy of Homer, the wisdom of Solomon, the passion of Shakespeare, the loving-kindness of Jesus—these things narrow the countless ages of humanity to a span.

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to surprise them with her wild violets. And these they bring to the altar of the local Saint, who promises to fulfill all their desires if they pray for them while picking the flowers in his name. Once, I remember, in a fit of envy and anger I prayed for the death of a boy who got ahead of me to a favorite spot under a sheltering rock, where the violets bloomed in abundance. A week later there was an epidemic of small-pox in our village, and the boy, my playmate, was carried off by the disease. I was so angry with the Saint for answering my prayer that never after would I pray to him or pick the violets in his name. For if he heard me when I offered the prayer, I argued, he must have heard me also when I took it back. Thus early did I waver in my religious devotion; but Nature, nevertheless, continued to bring me her presents, the flowers. Which made me love her the more. I even set up for myself a local Saint of her own,—St. Cyclamen I called him,—in a grove of pines, under the protection of the Cross. Why did I compromise with the Church? I knew not then—I know not now. But there it is, in the pine-grove, my Temple of the Flowers and the Christ. And whether a lover of nature be a poet or a philosopher or a child, he can at best only pretend to be indifferent to the call of the flowers of his own locality, which bloom every year on the altar of his faith. Perennially they call, and, altho we be in the farthermost parts of the world, they seldom fail in the summons. Else why should I—and I die a hundred deaths in a sea voyage—cross the ocean again and again to visit my native land?

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Lebanon

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thin wooden wall, without some outward device of architecture to subdue the effect of the sunlight upon it,—to shade the refulgence of its beauty. But philanthropy can not live in the shade: Philanthropy will blow its trumpet on the roof-tops in the noonday sun. Thou Brass Trumpet, never in those airy Mosques of the silent East have I heard the faintest echo of thy shrillings!

Remarkable, too, are the quadrangular pews, which are big enough to hold a few armchairs and a rocker, and which are so arranged that the worshippers can sit in them facing each other as in a drawing room. 'The vulgar rich,' the 'lazzaroni' of wealth as they are called in America by those, I suppose, who have failed to attain the 'lazzaronic' state, must feel at home and quite at ease in these little drawing rooms of their ... those who denounce

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Christmas she calls ...

And though our married ... the young wife looked with disapproval at the violent flirtations going on about them, there was something in the air or the words that drew their hands and hearts together and whispered to them of—Home!

. . . . .

Here the middle-aged man's meditations were broken by the entrance of a laughing young woman who took the child from its nurse's arms, saying: "I'm sure you'll think I'm imposing on you, Mamma, with this baby of mine. But "—with an ecstatic hug—"she's *such* a darling!" Then flinging a glance at the silent man by the window,—

"Oh, you needn't look so glum, Papa. I know you're holding it against me because I've made you a grandfather, a little before your time, yes? But for such a ... darling"

And though our married pair laughed at the silly song, and the young wife looked with disapproval at the violent flirtations going on about them, there was something in the air or the words that drew their hands and hearts together and whispered to them of—Home!

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MICHAEL MONAHAN.

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Church and Mosque

OF all the places of worship I know,—and I have lugged my unshrived soul and my weary limbs into many a foreign temple,—the Mosque has always impressed me as being by far the most democratic in its varied hospitalities. There is nothing in it or in its economy to flatter the rich, to offend the poor, to repel the weary, or to distract the devout. The welcome it extends is not of the two-by-two pew order; the solace it affords is no bread-and-cheese affair. And the Friday sermon, if you should care to hear it, is often taken bodily from the Koran and is, therefore, never extraneous;—a ringing and harmless bit of eloquence that charms the ear and lulls the senses in celestial revery.

The Mosque is always big enough to hold the declaiming preacher and the sleeping worshipper in an incommunicable vacuity; for the pulpit is never too near the enchanted corners which offer a shelter to the body of the Moslem as well as his soul. And here you often find a mumbling fakir, a blind beggar, a wayworn hammal, or a wayfaring Arab. In the

He was back in a moment with the liquor, and having figured out the bill, laid it face down on the table before me.

I tossed off the brandy, thinking that I had just had the strangest hallucination that ever sprang from a few glasses of old Bordeaux, and unable to account for it upon any theory of my previous experience, or temperament, or constitution.

Then I took up the dinner check and, surprised at the amount, called the waiter.

"Haven't you made a mistake?" I asked, indicating the charge

marred for me by a sad-sweet recollection: the daisies that have known the caresses of my infant love, that have heard the lispings of my superstitious heart, are sweeter of breath, stronger of appeal. Here are gardens where the resources and ingenuity of man would surpass the beauty of nature; but wherever I turn my eyes among the elegant variety of their flowers, I can see only the image of the homely sweet-basil, my mother's favorite plant. Here too are cultivated cyclamens hardier and more beautiful than the delicate creatures that peep out of the crannies and crevices of my native rocks and terrace-walls; but whenever I behold them I fain would run barefoot again in the Lebanon hills, ascending and descending the flower-covered terraces, to gather a sheaf on Good Friday of the April harvest and lay it at the foot of the Cross. And the hemlocks of the land of my second birth are as majestic and as generous as the Lebanon pines; but the fact that they have a claim upon my gratitude, having lived with them for a space and profited by their intimacy and healing influence, does not and can not alienate my first love for the trees of my boyhood,—of my childish joys,—and my child-faith. Alas, the wrath of my local Deity is upon me!

What is it, then, that would conquer the cosmic spirit in us and, overcoming all the faculties of reason, attach us in affection to certain spots and objects, which we call Home or Mother-Country? In my own case, it can not be patriotism, for I never had a chance to be a patriot—even in the Johnsonian sense of the word. Moreover, in a land where the freedom of the spirit, even the freedom of the citizen, has not yet been realized, one can better serve one's country from a safe distance. I have often given it absent treatment with little or no result. My subject and I are not *en rapport*. Enough said of patriotism. But whence comes it, this love for one's country? One's language? English to me is as dear, though not as explicable in some of its idiosyncrasies, as the Arabic. Domestic life? the customs and traditions of the hearth? I did not love my own home when I lived in it; I little appreciated the domestic peace and beauty of it; and I was glad to say good-bye to mine own people when I left it. Does it consist of one's national faith, of the religion

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of one's ancestors, this love for one's country? I would not be so irresistibly attracted by it, if it did. For my race, ever since the days of Antiochus the Great, nay, back to the times of my fellow-scrivener, Sanchoniathon the Phoenician, never had a real national faith; ~~and my father's religion was in the pocket of my native robe when I threw it overboard the first time I crossed the Atlantic.~~ Why then, I repeat, this chronic nostalgia? My local Deity calling? I might go there only to find the Temple in ruins. Nature's presents heaped at my door? The heart craves knowledge now, not affection; the torments of the understanding can not be wholly assuaged

imperishable, live, indeed, in the flowers we used to gather for our local Saint; in the woods where we were often lost or caught by the storm; in the tall grass through which we would wade, playing hide-and-seek; in the trees we used to climb, whose branches still murmur our songs of joy; in the roaring rivulets whose wintry wrath we defied; in the Summer vineyards whose gold and purple grapes we stole; in the April fields whose lotus and iris and daffodil we gathered for Palm Sunday. The love for the mother-country that does not consist essentially of these is not spiritually pure enough to engage our thought.

True, my country's history is that of a country without a flag or a national hymn; but her divine message once stirred the innermost heart of the world. True, her traditions are those of a nation without a king, a people without a voice, a soul without a temple; but her ancient spirit still lives and is still destined to conquer and redeem. And although her garden-walls crumble on one side into desert waste and on the other into barren strands, her heritage is the Cross and a sea of flowers. ~~Syria~~ the land of roses! ~~Syria~~ the cradle and the tomb of the gods! When Byblos adored Tammuz, when Baalbek worshipped Jupiter-~~Ammon~~, when Galilee conquered Judea, when Arabia overcame Galilee, thou wert then a Fountain of the Spirit toward which turned a thirsty world. Thy temple was the temple of the universe, thy voice was the voice of God! From the Tigris to the Red Sea, from the Taurus to the Hijaz, thou hast ever been the garden of revelation and the battlefield of the creeds. But if the Prophets no longer thunder on thy mountains, the bulbuls still sing in thy dells and dales, the roses still blow on thy rugged brow, and thy cedars, from their snowy heights, still cast their shadows over the golden sands. ~~Syria~~, land of roses, ~~Syria~~, cradle and tomb of the gods, if thou wert to become a howling desert to-morrow, thou wouldst still be the cherished of nations and the coveted of empires!

AMEEN RIHANI.

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God forgive those whose hatred takes away the savor of our work; for truly they know not what they do.

Please turn over

N, SUNDAY, JUNE 25, 1916.

IN YUCATAN

TIME TO PR
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subject of the new experiments; certainly never the experimentalist.

"It is the poor man who will show the imaginative eye of science all

Discussing the
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By AMEEN RIHANI.

IN one at least of the States of Mexico to-day the social revolution is no longer a theory, a vision, but a reality. It was peacefully launched, peacefully conducted and in some of its phases successfully accomplished. One man, coming from the war torn, bandit ridden north, has turned the social consciousness of a people inside out. His scheme of rejuvenation has a world workers' union on one side and a feminist movement on the other. And it begins at two important starting points—the hacienda and the school.

Merida, the capital of Yucatan, is the centre of this revolution. And Yucatan, which is one of the richest states of the republic as well as the most interesting country on the gulf, in that it witnessed the rise and fall of the Mayan civilization of yore and can still boast of some of its mysterious ruins, presents to the visitor these days the remarkable spectacle of a most ancient people and a government of the most modern type.

The Mayan Indians, or their descendants, the mestizos, who still speak their native tongue and cling to their ancient traditions in dress and manner—the peons of the hacienda, the slaves of the Spaniards—are beginning to lisp of liberty, free masonry and anti-clericalism; they are learning the gesture of revolt under the guidance and protection of the Governor of the State, Gen. Salvador Alvarado, who in his spare moments is found poring over the textbooks of German Socialists. And here we have the root of a rare, semi-tropic social phenomenon.

Whether at work or at play these days, this Mayan Indian, whose ancestors worshipped at the Temple of the Snail, is astoundingly, ofttimes amusingly, modern. I have seen him marching on Labor Day in Merida to the weird music of a Mexican band, brandishing the most anti-capitalistic and anti-clerical banners and placards that any I. W. W. parade could ever boast of, or any labor leader could conceive; I have seen him in his white linen and ornamental sandals, haranguing a mass meeting held at the cathedral, and I have seen him also at the baseball game, making a home run at a stretch, and clinching it with American slang, while the Governor and a crowd of Indian fans shouted their applause, American fashion.

Thus in the most modern, most sportive and most revolutionary manner, was Labor Day celebrated in Merida. And Merida, picturesque, quaint, somnolent, dreamy, colorful and cheerful and remarkably clean, without slums, without saloons and without a religion to-day, is the most ancient city in America, according to the best authorities on the subject. Here is a startling, a dramatic contrast.

When Gen. Alvarado entered it in triumph a little more than a year ago the hacienda, the cantina and the church were supreme; the peon soaked himself in habaneros (a pure alcohol made from the sugar cane), submissively served his senor and reverently kissed the hand of his priest. Now the cantina is closed, the church is closed and the hacienda and its master are virtually under the control of the Government. And the [illegible]—it is no longer just, however,

"And what are you going to do with this liquor?" I asked. I had seen thousands of cases deposited in a church which was turned into a warehouse.

"We export it," was the reply. Not to the United States, however, but to other States in Mexico, to Vera Cruz, Campeche, for instance, where prohibition is not likely to succeed.

Other reform measures which are being tried in Yucatan have utterly failed or have not been attempted at all in other States. For in this peninsula the social reformer has the advantage of a singular isolation and an almost virgin social soil; and favored by such geographical and ethnological features, a strong man like Alvarado can act as dictator without meeting with any opposition from either the people or the central Government.

The Yucatecans themselves, hitherto the lords of the land, have been the victims of an abundance of wealth and slaves, which robbed them of any moral stamina they may have had and rendered them indolent, voluptuous, sybaritic. They submit to any law their ruler lays down; they take any medicine he prescribes. Indeed, it might be said that they have inherited the principal characteristics of their own slaves. They themselves have become docile, submissive; they are a people that murmur their indignation, that whisper their discontent.

And here is one of the pitfalls for a dictator. A healthy, intelligent, vital opposition would have the tendency to check some of his extravagances, would save him, in certain instances, from himself. Yes, a dictator Alvarado is, a dictator of the benevolent type, and a reformer of the most radical and most uncompromising views.

He is regarded as honest and earnest and sincere, ruthless, too, and fanatical. A man of a studious nature and an austere simplicity, a man with a vision and a sword, a book too, a German textbook on socialism, he is now having the time of his life trying to establish a Utopia in the shadow of the ancient ruins of the Mayas.

Gen. Alvarado conceives the law, embodies it in a decree, puts it with unprecedented, unheard of rapidity, as far as laws are concerned, into force, and the people of Yucatan must willy-nilly submit and obey. But in a country like Mexico, particularly Yucatan, where the Catholic Church for centuries has been all powerful and supreme, it is difficult to institute any radical religious reforms that would prove in any way enduring. Reaction is sure to follow. I say this in spite of the fact that the Feminist Congress, the first of its kind, I think, in the history of Mexico, which convened in Merida and was attended by 3,000 women of both the mestiza and the vestida class, discussed among various other subjects of social reform the secularization of the schools and voted in one of its sessions for it. But it must be observed that Gen. Alvarado was sitting on the stage with the m[illegible] committee.

This is [illegible] periment[illegible]

the privileges of the haciendados and to give the laboring man a chance. But it must be said that he does not always succeed in striking a balance; his sense of justice, no matter how passionate and pure, would seem at times to work but one way. That he has the interests of the mestizos at heart cannot be doubted; that he is earnest and sincere in his desire to better their condition is beyond question; but in his ambition to emancipate and regenerate an enslaved class he has subordinated, fettered another. And this by no means makes for a free community in which every citizen is sovereign in his own right.

Indeed, the present government of Yucatan might be said to be a government of Alvarado, by Alvarado and for the mestizos, the laboring classes. It may gradually develop to be a government of the Lincoln type, and it may not. Though Gen. Alvarado is not a Lincoln, however he is not an ordinary man. To be sure, he is not a respecter of persons, nor is he a grafter. His friends and his enemies agree in this. And that is why perhaps he is not liked by the hacendados and the people of wealth, who not only mistake their lost privileges for rights suppressed but also resent the clamorous, defiant attitude of their former slaves.

Any people who have been long under the yoke of tyranny are likely to abuse their rights in the first stage of their freedom; they become, at least, more arrogant than the privileged classes. But though Gen. Alvarado himself has been a sufferer from such abuses—for the mestizos as government laborers exhibited an obnoxious and ungrateful spirit, demanding more pay, threatening to strike, snapping at their overseers, &c., he has been most patient and consistent in his conduct toward them; he has not changed his policy or swerved from his course. His labor reforms in this sense, though for the present affected by the monetary condition of the country, are a decided success.

But there is something in the mestizo laborer that can never be changed. He is lazy, stubborn, self-indulgent; has no idea of thrift, never dreams of husbanding his resources; will strike six days in a week if in one day he can earn enough to keep his blood in circulation for that time; while the eight hour law, high wages and a world workers' union are developing in him the latent, surly nature of one who has been for centuries a slave. Give him twenty hectares of land to cultivate and establish a rural credit system for his benefit and organize federal insurance agencies to take care of him, when, for tropical or temperamental reasons, he is unable or unwilling to work—what will the result be? Gen. Alvarado intends to do all these things for the mestizos, and it would not be his fault if he fails.

His proletariat tendencies are genu[illegible] He himself has sprung [illegible]

... for it. ... least as the liq[uor] problem is concerned. For here is a State that has gone dry and has not gone mad. The mestizo, who was the heaviest drinker, does not seem to miss his drink, and the owner of the cantina does not seem to miss his coin. Prohibition, imposed as a blessing, was accepted as such.

The cerveserias, where a thin stale beer is sold, are still open, but the mestizo, for economic and constitutional reasons, cannot get up a jag on beer. He takes it only for refreshment, as he would a glass of lemonade. In prohibition, therefore, Gen. Alvarado has accomplished one of his greatest reforms.

Of course there have been excesses connected with the enforcement of the law. All liquor on the day it was put in force became the property of the State, and not only the cantinas but even private houses were searched. The rich Yucatecans, who reluctantly surrendered their private stock, protested, murmured rather their indignation and discontent. As many as a hundred cases of wine were one day confiscated in one house; and an old professor had to give up his bottle of cognac, which he kept, he told me, for medicinal purposes.

But these inconveniences affecting mostly the rich and leisure class are offset by the benefits, in a general way, to the community. "Do you know," said Gen. Alvarado, who speaks English well, "that after prohibition had been established we were able to dispense with one-quarter of our police force?" Which fact is sufficient comment, I think, upon the efficiency of this reform.

... but one of a number of ex... in Gen. Alvarado's scheme ... which ... [in]deed, he loves to experiment. He has turned the State of Yucatan into a nursery, so to speak, of social and industrial reforms. His decrees are issued almost daily in the most persistent and most astonishing manner, often contradicting and sometimes nullifying one another; but this is a natural concomitant to experimentation.

He plants a seed, as it were, to-day and with some knowledge of its nature derived from books but hardly any experience about its growth and idiosyncrasies, he watches it patiently for a spell and then if it does not grow to his satisfaction he plucks it up by the roots and throws it away. This may be better than the method of the compromising and indolent reformer, who satisfies himself with a diseased, stunted growth, thus depriving the healthier plants from the greater sustenance which they would otherwise receive.

But in his labor and industrial reforms Gen. Alvarado is untiring, uncompromising, fanatically consistent. His Comision Agrario, which has its office in the chapel of a confiscated convent, is still working on the agrarian problem; his Comision Reguladora del Mercado de Henequen is firmly established and has had for a year now the absolute control of the hemp industry of the State; while his labor reforms have been in a way a decided success. These are three of the five principal problems which he discusses in a pamphlet entitled "Las Cinco Hermanas" (The Five Sisters), the two others being a free municipality and the survey of the land.

He has a double, underlying motive in all these reforms—to put an end to ...

...ple, having been a small trader in [the] State in the north before he joined ... of the revolution. In ... temperament he ... true demo[crat,] a social democrat, if this can be said of a dictator. He dispenses with the formalities of his office. He receives the mestizos who come to him with a petition of a grievance at his home or at the Palacio any hour of the day quicker than he would a haciendado, and he attends their fiestas, their games, their dances in the open air, and is often photographed with them.

Such a man, one would say, is either a charlatan or a genius. I cannot say he is the first, but he has the madness at least of the second. At his home, a humble dwelling, not in the best residential section of the city, he receives people in a back veranda, which is utilized as a dining room, a refectory rather, suggesting a monastery, furnished with a long rickety table and two tumbledown benches for himself and his staff.

And one evening at the Peon Contreres, which is the principal theatre of Merida, I saw him occupying a seat in one of the boxes. He was alone. But presently two mestizos in their attractive and immaculately white uipils with their escorts, also dressed in white linen, walked into the box and occupied the other seats. Their Governor bowed his welcome and moved his chair so as not to obstruct their view. An affectation, this democratic spirit, a theatricality? Whatever it be it is interesting to observe its immediate effect upon the different classes of society. One thing is evident—Merida society is seldom seen at the Peon Contreres these days.

On the other hand, he is not amiable and fraternal with those who come to him with grievances, nor is he lenient with those who disobey his decrees.

lose their sleep over it, eat ink haunted by it.

barber, to whom I paid five s for a shave one day, held out hands and arched his brows ously: "The cambio has gone up, r." So I handed him two pesos . But what is the value of seven ? About 14 cents in American

ue, the laborer is getting higher s, but under the existing mone- condition what does it amount to? he past, when the exchange was nal, he used to get, say, three s, equal to 75 cents gold. Now gets from ten to fifteen pesos, h under the present rate of ex- ge do not amount to more than cents. And with this sum, the e of things having gone up a hun- dfold, he cannot purchase a pair of dals. Hence his disaffection.

is immediate needs, which can- be satisfied, dampen his en- siasm about labor reforms. And would blame him? A laborer t cannot earn enough to secure the e necessaries of life cannot be ex- ted to go into ecstasies about the lennium. Nor can he be as far ted and as sanguine of hope as the land of Carranzista bills—bills—bills!

What an encumbrance, what a calamity! Soon they may not be worth the price of their printing. Two cents to-day—a cent and a half to-morrow—a cent apiece! Gone your fortune—gone your savings. Why then keep a pile of bills in your drawer—why choke your safe with them? Here, boys, go out among the brokers and see what bills of exchange on New York or any other city outside of Mexico for that matter, are in the market for sale, at whatever rate.

And so the corredores—brokers—are the only people that are profiting by the calamity; the financial crisis is making them rich. I have seen one of them going from one office to another in hectic haste, with nothing in his pocket but a small draft which might have come from Brazil, or Argentina, or New York, and having on its back a dozen indorsements. And yet that crumpled, oily, insignificant slip of a check will buy a pile of Carranzista bills—one such pile as I saw a half naked mestizo carrying one day on his arm and crying facetiously, "Mi mulo no los come. Que barbaridad!" (My mule will not eat them. It's awful)!

cere in his belief that the Government could regulate that most mercurial of hidden financial forces. And so he issued a decree.

Merchants should fix their prices according to this rate of exchange. His mestizos must be clothed, even in a country like Yucatan, and must be fed. And when Alvarado issues a decree he sees that it is obeyed, as I have said. When he lays down a law he sees that it is strictly and immediately enforced, although he has no military force to speak of. His garrison does not exceed, I think, a thousand men. But he is a man of resolution, a man of courage. He has mettle, and he has what Danton called "audace."

When he issued his decree to the merchants his police and secret detectives invaded the commercial section of the city, stood by the counters in the stores to see that it was observed, obeyed. Those who even dared to protest were arrested there and then. And there were the corredores, who were tampering with the exchange! The corredores, therefore, should be suppressed. More than fifty of them, together with a score of merchants, were hustled in one day to j

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He is kind without being weak. An oak tree at the entrance of the Paseo Montejo now stands as the emblem of his power. For immediately upon his entry into Merida two men, a mestizo and one of his own soldiers, were hanged by his order upon that tree for violating innocent girls. And that put an end to such outrages as were committed daily in the north by Villa and Carranza soldiers. That oak tree has become the protector of innocence, the patron saint of maidenly virtue.

A man from the Plancha, the workshop of the railroad, which is now under the control of the Government, came to him to report on certain conditions, and he started by telling him how he was treated by his workmen. "I don't want to know how you are treated," Gen. Alvarado snapped, "I want to know what's happening."

Not even the mestizos themselves, and for obvious reasons, are wholly satisfied with his regime; for its blessings are overshadowed, discounted, poisoned, by that terrible spectre that haunts Mexico to-day and under which reformer or labor leader who is not troubled with a domestic economic problem.

What does he care, indeed, about the blessings of secularized schools or a world workers' union to a future generation? He wants his daily bread for himself, his wife and children; and ten pesos in Yucatan to-day can barely buy him that.

The merchant's disaffection is greater than the laborer's, for with the exchange fluctuating every day, rising from 1,500 to 4,000 in a week—from 4,000 to 5,000 in a day—how can he fix his prices to conform to the regulations of a commission of trade or transact any business?

The merchant who has to pay for his goods in United States currency in New York or New Orleans makes a sale, let us say, of five thousand pesos when the rate of exchange was 2,000, that is 2,000 pesos of Mexican fiat money to $100 American gold; and he figures his profit in accordance with that rate. But when the bill is paid,

The Feminist Congress in the Peon Contreres, Merida, Yucatan.

[M]exicans of all classes are driven [to de]spair. I refer to the exchange, [the m]onetary problem, which neither [Alva]rado nor the Minister of Finance [nor] Senor Carranza himself has yet [been] able to solve.

[Ev]ery one in Yucatan these days, [from] the banker down to the boot[black], talks exchange; every one in[quires], before he enters into a business [tr]ansaction, no matter how small, [th]e exchange. Peo[ple] go to bed

say a few weeks later, the exchange might have risen to 4,000, and thus he will be getting but one-half of the cost of his goods.

This is not an exaggerated example, but one of the many everyday instances. No wonder then the merchants protest and threaten to close their stores, some of them often refusing to sell. No wonder the laborers protest and threaten to strike. And yet there is a great abundance in the ... phenomenon of the exchange one

And Gen. Alvarado, with his Comision Reguladora, his Trade Commission, his decrees, his police force and his eyes wide open cannot help the situation. One day, for some inscrutable reason, the exchange went down from 5,000 plump to 1,800, and the Government gave out that the fixed rate thenceforth will be 2,000—no more, no less. Gen. Alvarado might have had good reason to make this assurance—he might have been sin... reforms.

...of the situa[tion] ...tion of Yucatan in the matter. ...t that if Gen. ... dispose of the [R]eguladora and [w]ould have ac... of the mer... the financial ... the satisfac... the laboring ... one of the ...t now hinder ... and industrial

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may 7, 1911

NEW YORK AMERICAN, SUNDAY, MAY 7, 1911.

The Decadence in the East of the Art of Killing

By AMEEN RIHANI

THE Governments of the Orient to-day are buying Dreadnoughts in Europe. To-morrow they will e ordering electric chairs from merica. This is, indeed, progress. A apanese Prince, however, not long go sojourning in the West, pre-rred the gallows. And of these he ook a few with him to introduce in is country.

The Young Turks, to help bring bout the millennium, are now doing he same thing. But their gallows re home-made; that is to say, sec-nd-hand botch-works. It is too bad hey can not afford guillotines. But matters not which instrument they dopt, the Oriental art of sherbeting, o to speak, or coffeeing, or leguming he out of existence, is suffering by

The Old and Artistic Way.

he change. Indeed, it is rapidly be-oming a lost art.

Whether the constitutional idea ow undermining the autocracies and lespotisms of the East originated in Europe or not is an open question. But the gallows is beyond doubt of barbarous origin. It is not Oriental. Let the Parliamentary Governments and Governments "by the people" do what they like with the autocrat and his prerogatives. But it is really a shame to wrest from him that rare privilege of accomplishing now and then a miracle in the art of enchanting an enemy to death. For the autocrat is the Government and the Fifth Commandment was not intended for him.

No, not to the State was it said, "Thou shalt not kill." And whether in times of peace or in revolutionary periods, the ruling body will always assert and pracelse the "divine" right to murder the so-called enemies of society. But how this is done, not why it is done, is the more interesting question.

Not long ago a clique of anarchists were hanged in Japan. And recently, progress in the administration of justice.

Abdul-Hamid was more ingenious than the Empress of Japan. He produced some masterpieces in the art. Of course, bow-stringing is hack work; he had nothing to do with it. Bow-stringing was the pallid prose, as it were, which his spies and chief advisers perpetrated. But he, the poet, deftly and subtly accomplished his purpose.

The great chief of a certain tribe, or the leader in a certain province, is dissatisfied with the existing form of government, is sowing among his people the seeds of revolt? There is little danger in that. Abdul-Hamid turns the whole affair into an exquisite poem. One of his envoys is sent to study the situation, to investigate the causes of the unhappiness of his subjects. The envoy brings with him titles and decorations, and the uniforms to go with them.

The chiefs are allured by these royal favors. They don their gilded trappings and come to Constantinople to pay homage to their royal master to express the[illegible]ne. Upon their arrival they are given apartments at Yildiz Kiosk; they are presented with Circassian slaves from the Sultan's harem; they are banqueted and waited upon by the Ministers; and one fair morning, when they are sipping their coffee, they glide in a delicious swoon out of existence—they vanish on the wings of enchantment. Now, what criminal, political or otherwise, would not exclaim, A consummation devoutly to be wished!

But the Young Turks, in their "fraternity-equality mania" have done away with all that. The present Sultan must content himself with applying his seal to the death decree, even as the Emperor of Japan. The Far and the Near East have given one of the fine arts a fatal blow. The Middle East, I suppose, will follow suit. Dreadnoughts and gallows and electric chairs—this is progress!

But if the governments of the world must continue to assert and to practice their "divine" right to kill, why, at least, can it not be done beautifully, painlessly and with an eye to the artistic and poetic? Vulgarity, whether in an indi-

a gallows, the scientific way of dieting one to death in an asylum, the malicious way of leaving one headless on the guillotine—of all these, the Oriental conception must still appeal to every right-minded and cultured criminal.

Even poisoning in this scientific age is become prosaic. For prussic acid is as popular as other patent medicines, a henbane is as common as carrots.

But the Oriental way of devising d[illegible]cate entertainments for your enem[illegible] and the enemies of society, too, for th[illegible] matter, this is one of the fine arts [illegible] the East which is being replaced by [illegible] gallows! Alas, Helas, wah-asafah!

The Old and Artistic Way.

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Not long ago a clique of anarchists ere hanged in Japan. And recently, in the ancient city of Damascus, the cradle of good-breeding and courtesy and fine manners, a number of Druse rebels were vulgarly done to death on gibbets by the Government of the Young Turks. It's a pity the executioners did not rehearse before they appeared in public, for they were awkward and ill at ease—they did not even know how to make a proper noose.

And it is a fact that the gallows which stood in the court of the Mosque of St. Sophia in Constantinople during the last revolution were not strong enough to withstand much rough handling. Some of them seemed to revolt against the horriible business and would not serve for more than one hanging. Even as instruments of torture they were not an improvement on the ancient methods. Now the Ottoman Parliament is aware of this, and a school for hangmen has not yet been established. But meanwhile there is enough practice for the novices—the enemies of the "fraternity-equality" regime are as plenty as Summer flies. Let the condemned one, therefore, die a hundred deaths before he bites his tongue and gasps his last breath!

This is a rich experience. Let him stand there, his face uncovered, that he might behold his beholders. This is a privilege. Let him wait a whole mortal hour under that second-hand, rickety hree-legged horror, to hear the officer ad the royal decree. This is an honor, or that long parchment, interspersed ith quotations from the Constitution nd the Koran to show that they are not inimical to each other, and to show further that hanging is not contrary to the revealed word of Allah, that parchment is signed by the Sultan and Sheikh-ul-Islam. To hear it read is a consolation, a relief, It works better than the ill-tied noose of the rotten, second-hand gibbet. But this is the modern way of killing by due—slow—process of law. It is one of the blessings of the Constitution!

The subtle and ingenious way, however, which only the sensitive souls, the refined and well-bred, can conceive, is falling into disuse. Alas, even in the East, poetry is becoming a lost art.

The Empress of Japan, to remove two of the royal princes who were in her way, sends them one day a tray of confections prepared with delicate care, kneaded, as it were, with her affections and sweetened with her good wishes. A few days later a pompous funeral added to the gayety of the Flower Kingdom. Now, the Emperor must surrender his enemies to the Parliament, to the courts, to the people! and he must wait the pleasure of the law, which by its proverbial process of delay accomplishes finally in a vulgar manner what he, the Emperor, would have accomplished beautifully, poetically, and in a trice. Trial by jury, long imprisonment, a ghastly death on a gallows, this is so

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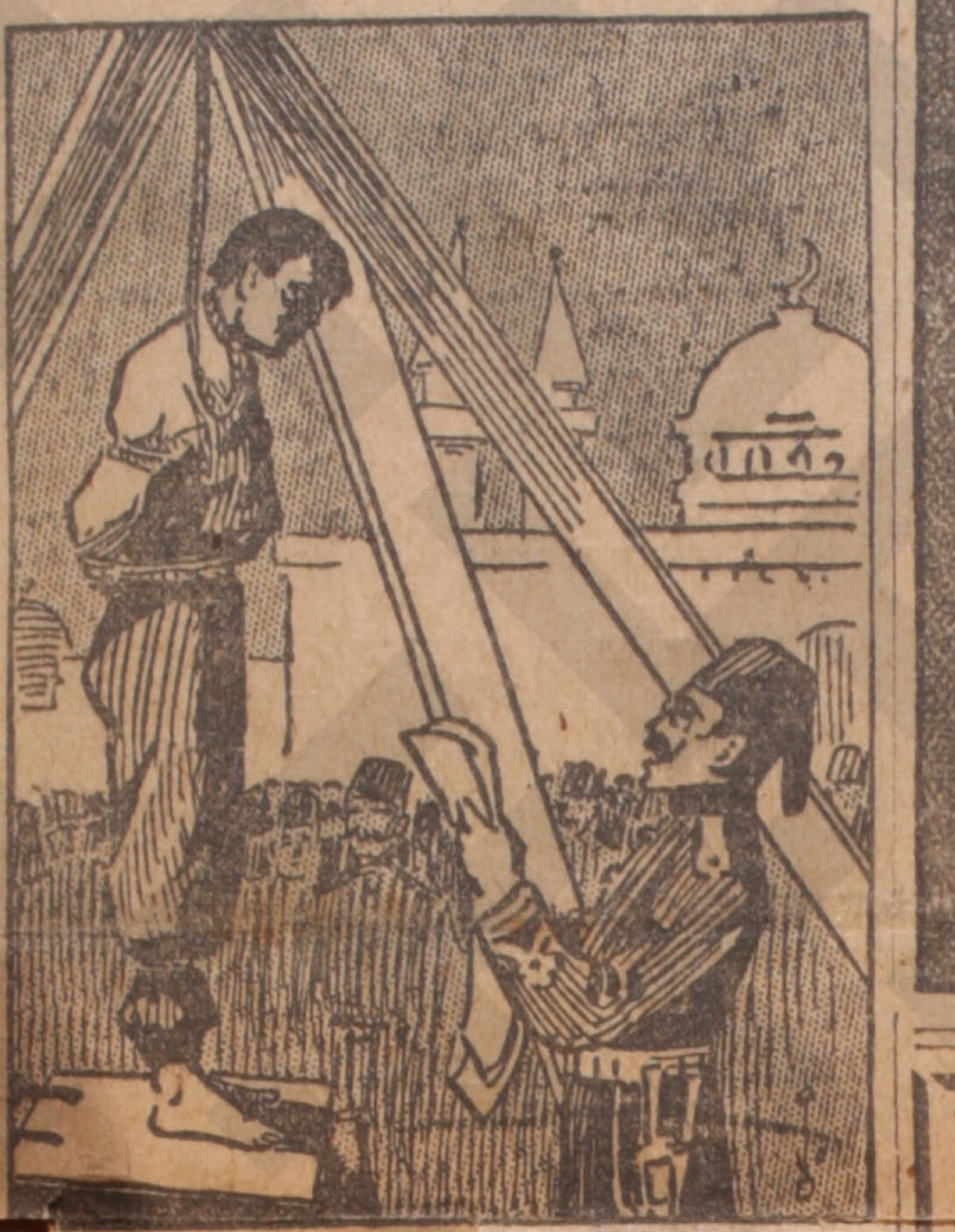

The Crude Modern Style.

vidual or in a State, is a crime in itself. We know that in the past, before the bard "twanged his bloomin' lyre" and the prophet thundered his warnings and his curses, the Oriental rulers were as barbarous, that is to say, as vulgar, in the execution of their criminal wishes as are some of the governments of the present day.

Even after the Prophet of Islam came, some of the Khalifs persisted in salting their enemies and laying them between strips of split reeds, which were fastened around their bodies and drawn out afterward one by one to produce a hundred exquisite sensations of a hundred deaths. But, gradually, with the spread of learning and culture, the ruler became humane, even kind and magnanimous. He convoked his viziers for the purpose of devising delicate entertainments for his enemies.

Now, of all the present legal methods of killing—the democratic way of shocking one to death in a chair, the barbarous way of torturing one to death on

THE COAL PASSERS WORK LIKE BEAVERS WHEN

IS TURK TO BE THE REAL

Founded Upon Theocracy, the Osmanli Empire Faces Extinction Through Fight for Liberty

By AMEEN RIHANI.

THAT a liberal Constitution, borrowed from Europe, should threaten to precipitate the downfall not only of an empire but of a whole race is one of the most curious political phenomena in the recent history of Turkey. It shatters the fallacy cherished by the ultra-Europeanized Orientals that the autocracies of the East, which are also more or less theocratic, can be reformed and democratized by political revolutions of European origin and design.

And why cannot this be done? Why should the Turks, for instance, be doomed to utter failure and ruin in their struggle for freedom? It does seem contrary to our ideas of progress, though not perhaps to the laws of evolution.

The Turks tried to free themselves politically before they attained the higher freedom of the mind and the soul. For the first revolution in Europe, we must remember, was neither French nor English; it was German. Not in the studies of the encyclopædists was it hatched but in the cell of a monastery; the human conscience shook off its fetters long before the political consciousness of the people was awake. Indeed, it was Luther, and not Voltaire or Rousseau, who first lighted the torch of revolt; the Reformation preceded the Revolution.

The Turks, therefore, whose Government is essentially a theocracy, should have sought inspiration in Wittenberg, not in Paris; but this deep truth escaped their comprehension, and they could not see the corroding acids in the cup of scepticism with which they tried to revive their "sick man." A conscience enslaved has no right to clamor for political freedom, has no right to it. On the other hand, indifference in matters of religion, which the Young Turks mistake for intellectual distinction, is worse than blind bigotry; for while the latter may conserve a state the former can only destroy it.

Another point which cannot be too well emphasized is that Islam, the warrant and sanction of the Osmanli dynasty, has in it more of the truth of equality and fraternity—to its own people, of course—than the so-called liberal Constitution. It is a legacy of peace and solace and love free alike to every Mohammedan, while that borrowed Constitution, whatever in it there might be of good, was exclusively for the Turks, and only the Young Turks at that.

Moreover, it was mainly by virtue of Islam, their sultan being the Caliph, that the integrity of the empire was so long preserved. But now Potsdam, after many centuries, is unwittingly avenging Wittenberg; the instrument of suicide in the hand of the Turk is of the Iron Cross order; his own Crescent is fast waning away, and even Islam is alienated from him. But, having lost his home in Europe, will he find a welcome home in Asia Minor?

It is well known that the Arabs of the peninsula have never been conquered by the Turks. Swayed by two opposing sentiments, religious and racial, they paid homage to the throne of the Osmanli occupied by the Primate of Islam, the Caliph, while maintaining themselves at the same time in a state of semi-independence checkered at intervals by the futile efforts of the Porte to bring them into absolute submission. But where the sword of Osman failed the Surrah of Yildiz succeeded; for many of the tribes, especially the roving Bedouins, have often been bribed into obedience. They bowed before the religious authority of the Dowla (empire), took its money with a sneer and always rejected its political yoke.

Even in Nejed and Riadh and Muscat, which are ruled by princes absolutely independent of the Porte and of each other, they continue, like their brothers of Yemen and Hedjaz, to look upon the Dowla as the bulwark of Islam. That is why, outside of the independent States mentioned, there has never been a revolt that was carried out to its logical conclusion, to the bitter end. For unlike the Albanians, who were the cause of the Turks' downfall in Europe, the Arabs always accepted the gold and the makeshifts of the Porte solely because the Porte to them represented the authority of the Prophet. Their racial pride has paid the tax to their religion; their allegiance is virtually to the Caliph, not to the Sultan.

And with the exception of the city Arabs along the littoral and on the Hedjaz railway line the mass of the population, especially in the interior, do not recognize the imperial representatives or submit to the civil authorities. The Turks, however, understanding the nature of this allegiance, accepted it for what it is worth and never concerned themselves with the consequences. Hence the Governors of the Porte in Yemen and Hedjaz have never had the prestige and the influence of the Sherif of Mecca, who is virtually the military chief as well as the religious primate, and whose authority alone the sheiks and emirs respect and obey.

And now that the religious supremacy as an Islamic state is slipping from the hands of the Turks, that the Dowla is passing away, the aspirations of the Sherif of Mecca to the Caliphate will probably be realized and the last and only bond of Arab allegiance to the throne of Osman will be severed. It is evident then that the Turk did not feel at home in Arabia even at the height of his power. Is it possible that he will feel at home there in its decline?

Aside from other considerations, it should be remembered that in all these countries there is not a single Turkish colony. The Turk could only live in them as a functionary, and as a functionary he must go. Not in Syria, therefore, nor in any part south of Mesopotamia is his home. Where then is it?

Where can it be said that he is in the majority, ascendent, indisputably established? On the shores of the Black Sea or the Ægean? on the Persian frontier? in the vast central plateaus of Asia Minor? anywhere north of Mesopotamia? But in the very heart of this land and along the eastern borders, as in the Anatolian coast towns, he still has the Armenians to deal with.

And this second Asiatic problem, the Armenian, is not confined to the vilayets of Erzerum, Diarbekr, Van, Karput and Mamuret ul-Aziz, but has manifested itself in Adana, Cilicia and other parts of Anatolia, where there are important Armenian colonies long established. Indeed, the Armenian has penetrated through the Taurus and planted himself on the Gulf of Adalia, and he has maintained his ascendency in Van and Mamuret ul-Aziz and Karput, where in rude force and political craft he is equal to both his neighbors, the Kurd and the Turk. There he is at home.

And from there he thrust out his tentacles in every direction—into Diarbekr, Erzerum, Sivas, Trebizond, Samsoun, Angora, Kastamuni, Adana, where the Turk really rules, where he predominates. But the Armenian none the less persists, plods and plots and undermines; as a source of danger to Turkish authority he continues to grow. And where he is in the minority, as in the last named vilayets, for instance, he looks about for a Christian alliance of some sort. In Adana the Greeks and the Armenians together are equal, if not superior, in number and strength to the Mohammedan population. They are decidedly so from the viewpoint of wealth and social prestige.

Whatever becomes of Armenia, therefore, whether she is dismembered as a nation by the allied Powers or agglomerated into an independent State, the Armenian problem will remain with the Turk. It has been intimately involved in all his failures and it will continue with him to the end as a potent and active element of disintegration. For although these people have been more favored in Government appointments than were the Arabs, they also have been the victims of the worst atrocities of modern times.

Even the Young Turks drove them to revolt and exposed them to the savage fury of the Kurds; so that the last glimmer of hope they saw in the revolution of 1908 was extinguished forever by the Adana massacres. Attribute it to whom we will, the Old Turks out of power or the Young Usurpers, the fact that the disturbances in eastern Anatolia continued as in the past, and that the barbarism of the tribesmen of the hills was fanned by the local authorities, is one of the distinct and deplorable failures of the liberal constitution.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if the Armenians remain unchanged, implacable in their enmity to the Turks. On the contrary, no

MAN WITHO

onger having to dissemble it as in he past, it has become more intense, ore active, more uncompromising. ndeed, of all the hatreds the Turks ave sown among their subject peoples that of the Armenians is the ost deep rooted. It has been watered with blood. It is also the most dynamic.

Moreover, these people are the more capable of spreading the seeds of rebellion because they are scattered in different parts of Asia Minor. Thus it might be said that the Arabs in mass formations and the Armenians deployed are working in different directions for the same end. But while the Arab, content with severing his connections, may go his way in peace, the Armenian, with the past ever in his memory, will not rest until he is avenged.

It is believed that the new party which will doubtless come into power after the fall of Constantinople will establish the Government in Asia Minor on a new basis. It will carry out its long cherished, long promised programme of radical reforms, the essential feature of which is decentralization. Of course decentralization in a country like Turkey means disintegration. It is evident, therefore, that, whether in the vilayets where the Armenian element prdominates, as in the Diarbekr, Van, Karput and Mamuret ul-Aziz, or in the others where it has penetrated and continued to grow, the Turk cannot really feel at home. For this part of east Anatolia, at present only nominally held by him, has in it the most disintegrating element of his Asiatic empire. And even with his capital at Brusa or Konieh he is less capable of coping with the situation than formerly when he was supreme on the shores of the Bosporus.

What part of this country, then, can be properly called his home? Is it that vast stretch of land, plateau and hill and plain which is bounded east by a line running from Trebizond to Adana and north and west by the Mediterranean, the Ægean and the Black Sea? Will this country, hedged in by the Taurus and the Pontine Mountains, with Konieh as its centre, become again his fortified and impregnable home, as it was that of the Seljuks of old?

Those who think so have overlooked another growing element of complication, of disintegration, hitherto little known. I mean Hellenism, which, though of recent growth in Asia Minor, is as menacing to Turkish sovereignty as young Arabia or pro-Armenia.

It might be said that there is a new and ever growing Greece outside of Greece itself. To say nothing of those of Egypt and the Ægean islands there are over 3,000,000 Greek Ottomans and Hellenes in the Turkish Empire who are prosperously established not only in all the Syrian and Anatolian coast towns but also in the interior provinces beyond the Taurus and the Tuz Gul Lake. In the vilayet of Smyrna alone, which is the richest and most prosperous of the empire, there is a Greek population of over 1,500,000.

And everywhere, with only one e ception, upon which I shall dwell, th have jealously preserved their natio ality and their customs, their langua and their religion. And everywhe with not a single exception, they sta in the first rank as merchants, sh pers, bankers and financiers. Th have also attained some eminence the liberal professions.

But whatever the Greek may be, is first and foremost a patriot; a he has become more so since Balkan War. That he is intellige active, enterprising and thrifty is w known; that the national sentim and the spirit of Hellenic solidarity thoroughly alive in his breast and seldom subserved to any commer or political interest no one who travelled in the Levant will deny. what is little known, even among th who are following the progres career of neo-Hellenism, is that in interior of Anatolia, in the vast co tries of ancient Cappadocia Cilicia, the Greek communities, wh have been more or less assimilated the Turks, are recovering again t national consciousness. Here we h an example of Turkish assimila which turned out after all to be external.

Favored by the geographical and questered condition of the country Turks in this part of Anatolia succeeded in imposing their wa life and even their language a foreign community. The Greek Cappadocia and Cilicia—and th the exception I mentioned—were deed lost to the mother country; forgot their own language; adopted the customs and traditio the ruling class and at most clung only to their religious fait

Into this centre plateau of tolia the Hellenism that flour in the days of St. Basil, Bish Cæsarea, to all appearances be extinct. The Hellenic propagan it amounted to much in the pas not get beyond the coast com ties, so that these Greeks in th terior, deprived of their own sc spoke only the Turkish lang Even in their churches the ser the religious instructions, the cutions, the service itself were bastard tongue, and many o priests could not read their breviaries.

The Turkish conquest extende to their cemeteries, where the generations will stand baffled the epitaphs of their grandsire some extent their customs as their dress are still those of th hammedans. The women, whil do not veil themselves as their sisters, wear the red fez of the boul harem; and their social co especially in the country distr not much different. It is cur see these Greek women in cert lages wearing striped Turkish sers of glowing colors and, w and turban, jealously concealir hair. Some of them even ad veil. And nothing seems to guish them, outwardly at leas the Turkish women, their ne Even the mentality of the Ch of Cappadocia, who are intellig hardworking, is not as foreig

under the wagon seat.

"Come on, boys!" he said.

"Listen! Listen!" The Sheriff shou dered forward. "Men! Neighbors Old friends! For God's sake listen You have no right to fight."

"What?" The Sheriff's young brother, sturdy, handsome, suddenly ferocious, brought his face close to him. "No right to defend our coun try? Are you crazy, Jim?"

The patient man shook his head again. "It is against the rules o war."

"Then curse the rules of war!" shouted the younger. "Are you a coward?"

The Sheriff reached out and touched his brother's arm. It was a secret almost a timid act. The brother threw off the appealing hand.

"Don't touch me!" he spoke through set teeth. "If you are a coward and traitor may you be damned through all eternity! Again! For the last time! Will you fight?"

The Sheriff raised his hands dumbly The men went to their wagons and returned with arms.

"To that stone wall yonder!" said one.

He pointed into a field with a rough stone wall dividing its centre three or four hundred yards from the road. This man was an old hunter, and the others had followed him often. He took command now as a matter of course.

The Sheriff watched them flounder through the ploughed field. He stood still for a minute. Then he hurried to his house, emerged with a gun and joined the party.

Two miles away a squad of ten cavalrymen cantered over a ridge and examined the country through their field glasses. They studied the ground foot by foot, almost inch by inch. Satisfied, they trotted toward the village.

Around a turn they came on a little knot of women and children, who scurried, screaming, into the ditch. A rider headed off a woman who was carrying a child. He stooped to her from his tall black horse. Laughing, he nodded and said something to her in a foreign language.

Stooping still lower he snatched the child suddenly and swung it out of the trembling woman's arm. He lifted it and danced it up and down.

He fumbled in his saddlebag and brought out some chocolate, which he fed to the baby. Then he handed it back to the mother, roaring again with laughter at her frightened face. The other riders, laughing also, waved their hands at the group and cantered on.

They entered the village, swiftly examined it, riding through gardens and into alleys, assuring themselves that there was nothing there to mask danger for the troops that were behind them. They passed out of the other end and into the road leading past the ploughed field with the stone wall.

It was still and very lonely. There was not a living being in sight throughout all the softly tinted land. On a tree branch that hung over the stone wall a bluebird began to sing with all the power of its little throat.

It brought a hot choking to the throat of a farmer who was lying behind the stone wall, just under the bird. Its song had welled out just as he was raising his rifle. But his gray Yankee eye sought the sights,

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The International Studio Dec. 1918

Artist in War Time
ameen by Rihani

sent to Charles Corm 1935
upon his request for translation into French
Albert

July 1919

Artist in War-Time - continued - also sent to Charles Corm 1935 upon his request for translation into French

Albert

2.5

THE HOLY MAN AND HIS DISCIPLE

An Oriental Tale

By AMEEN RIHANI

THERE once lived in Stamboul a man named Al-Beidawi, who ate of the fruits of piety from the hand of Allah and received the gift of wisdom from the hand of Time. He was verily one of the wisest men in the land, the Chronicles assert, and of a spirituality withal that was rare and wonder-working. His names, and his deeds were blazoned throughout the Empire and far beyond the fastnesses of Bokhara and Samarkand. His ascetic habits, his ingenious mind, his pleasing wit and his loyalty to his Master, the Sultan Abdul-Hamid, were the steps in the ladder on which he rose from the mud of porterdom to the chief stewardship in Yieldiz.

In spite of the load of years he carried on his back, the sap of youth was still in his heart. He was an example in the Palace of physical energy and strength. And of all his virtues, the pious interest he took in the inmates of the Seraglio of Abdul-Hamid was the most sublime. For the Dervish Al-Beidawi, the mercy of Allah ensue and enfold him, was the keeper, not only of the conscience of the Sultan, but also of his cast-off wives and concubines. When the royal favor was withheld from one of them, who was not good enough to be presented to a *vizir* or bad enough to be bowstrung and cast into the Bosphorus, she was placed under the protecting and bounteous shadow of this holy man, who had in Prinkipo his own private palace, which was one of the dazzling jewels of the Princes' Islands in the Sea of Marmora.

To speak in the speech of that age, the palace of Al-Beidawi was a rest-billet, as it were, and a redistributing station for the harem of Abdul-Hamid. There the outcasts found a refuge for a while and the wounded of heart found a healing balm. In sooth, the wilted flowers were gathered and preserved and doled out at times to the poor and deserving. And sometimes Al-Beidawi, who accepted humbly and piously his lot, would blink at an elopement even with a Greek pirate or a Bulgarian buccaneer. He accepted and cherished all the precious gifts of his Master and praised Allah —when they were lost.

And it came to pass that one day, as he was going by the Seraglio, on his way to the royal Mosque in the Palace, the lattice window of one of the apartments was suddenly opened, perchance by Eblis himself, who had a fierce undying grudge against the holy man. And on beholding the unveiled beauty of Zahia, whom the Sultan proposed to add to his legal wives, his tongue was tied even in the praise of the Most High. Verily, a choice rose, Al-Beidawi perceived. But he curbed immediately his wilful eye and went his way, seeking refuge in Allah.

It was not a safe refuge that day, alas! For during his devotion, he had a disturbing, a terrible vision. Straightway from the Mosque, therefore, he went to the Sultan, who was then preoccupied with the recent reports of his trusted spies. And without circumlocution, he spoke thus:

"O Majesty, your life is in danger. The girl who came into the Palace recently is an evil instrument in the hands of your enemies. Her brother is one of the leaders of the Revolutionary Party; and she was brought here to consummate a most fiendish and criminal purpose. The plot was revealed to me in a vision I had this day, this very hour. Beware of Zahia, my august Lord, withhold from her the royal favor. Allah shield the Padishah!"

"Your solicitude is praiseworthy, O Beidawi," vouchsafed Abdul-Hamid.

And Al-Beidawi understood the silence that ensued and shuffled backwards from the royal presence, repeating, "Allah shield the Padishah!"

The Sultan then rummaged through the documents before him and took one out, in which he read:

"The brother of Zahia served three years in the army of his Majesty and died in Yemen fighting against the infidel Arabs. Zahia has no relatives living, except a mother, who is a charwoman in Trebizond."

And verily, the gloomy countenance of Abdul-Hamid was lighted with a smile while reading the report. But soon again the clouds of care and perplexity were heavy upon his brow. For when he first saw Zahia and heard her speak, he was sadly disenchanted. From her ruby lips, instead of pearls of music, fell the scabrous stones of cacophony. Moreover, the fair and blue-eyed Circassian had a thick, a very thick ankle. And Abdul-Hamid, maugre his much advertised vices, was a man of refined and æsthetic taste. The marriage ceremony, therefore, was indefinitely postponed.

Whereupon a multitude of tongues in the harem wagged with gossip and slander, which robbed Zahia of her appetite and her sleep and of a goodly portion, too, of her avoirdupois. And Abdul-Hamid, who has something of pity in his heart, according to a statement of his German biographer, Profes-

THE NOBLEST ASPIRATION OF MAN

THE evolution of human society began when the individual no longer insisted on shaping his conduct toward his fellows according to his own choice. When, in his relations with others, each man ceased to be a law unto himself, the amenities of life must have begun to appear, and progress became possible. The history of all civilization is a record of the surrender of personal caprice to the welfare of the community; of the subordination of the will of the individual to that of the society of which he was a member; of the substitution of the reign of collective law and order for that of unbridled personal license. The emergence of tribes ignorant of any common interest into well-ordered States began in those parts of the earth where nature was most genial and the means of sustaining life were most easily acquired. These became centers of enlightenment, whence radiated the influence of arts and letters. For centuries the process of human education went on, though developing at times aberrations so monstrous that primeval savagery appeared noble by contrast. But these antique civilizations were condemned to a sterile round of conquest, organization and dissolution, because one and all of them failed to recognize that no lasting progress was possible till the individual State stood ready to forego the exercise of the untrammelled sovereignty of its own will that there might be a law binding on all nations alike.

Through all the ages of recorded history the greatest and best of men have yearned for the coming of an age of universal justice and concord. Twenty-six hundred years ago Hebrew seers predicted its coming and denounced those who would hold it back. Isaiah and Micah, apparently quoting a still older oracle, use almost identical language in declaring that Yahweh would be the world's arbiter—"He will judge between many peoples and will arbitrate for strong nations; and they will hammer their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks. They will not lift up the sword, nation against nation. Nor will they any longer learn war." The aspiration at least survives, even if the query of Seneca has stood unanswered for 1900 years: "We punish murder and massacres committed among private persons. What do we respecting wars, and the glorious crime of murdering whole nations?" It suddenly became manifest to a heedless world that the question could be shirked no longer when the prophets of Pan-Germanism were proclaiming from the housetops sentiments like these: "War is the noblest and holiest expression of human activity. . . . Let us ridicule to the utmost the old women in breeches who fear war and deplore it as cruel."

Thus, in the fulness of time, the issue was joined between the peoples who had for a generation been laboriously preparing for a war that was to secure for them the mastery of the world and the peoples whose ideal was that of a world at peace. It was the counsel of desperation that prompted Germany to throw down a challenge to all mankind in her unrestricted submarine warfare, and so to render no longer possible the neutrality of the United States, "armed" or otherwise. The reasons why we accepted the gage of battle, and the objects which we hoped to accomplish by playing our part in the fight "for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples," have been set forth in State papers whose cogent impressiveness, closeness of reasoning and convincing eloquence are universally recognized, at home and abroad. But now, after having put our hands to the plough, we are being shrilly adjured to look back by men who, actuated by the pettiest motives, are endangering the attainment of that supreme end for which "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."

It is strange that there should be any expectation of partisan advantage in the defeat of the "great design" to whose furtherance both candidates for the presidency stood pledged. Mr. Wilson's requirement that the nations unite in joint guarantees to insure the peace of the world against wilful disturbance was not more emphatic than the demand of Mr. Hughes that there must be the coöperation of the nations to prevent resort to hostilities before the appropriate agencies of peaceful settlement have been utilized. In the national platforms of the two great parties in 1916, no less than in the speeches of acceptance of the candidates, it seemed as if mercy and truth were met together, and that righteousness and peace had kissed each other. There appeared to be every reason to assume that when the project was fairly launched for whose fruition the heart of humanity awaits with agonized longing it would be received with the harmonious acclaim of the Congress and people of the United States, without distinction of party. The sequel has been perhaps the sorriest exhibition of "peanut politics" that the records of the United States Senate can show, and the most maladroit effort in all the annals of American partisanship to snatch from the President the fair fame he has earned by addressing himself to the greatest enterprise of our time in the spirit and temper best calculated to assure its success. Meanwhile, time presses, and the penalty of halting between two opinions is likely to be found no less costly than humiliating.

JOHN FOORD.

sor Glozenhoff, was very sorry indeed that the girl should be so fatally burdened with an ankle and a voice. But what was to be done with her? What was to be done for her? She had not yet committed aught to deserve poison or bowstringing, and she was too young and fresh to be presented to a *vizir* or a *vali* loyal. Nor would he deliberately cast her out of the harem, where the teeth of slander were nibbling at her heart. Innocence must be protected. An unshapely ankle and a lascerating voice, these were not of her choosing. We must bow to the decree of Allah.

While the Sultan was rolling these matters in his mind a few days after, Allah, the all-merciful, revealed to him the way. He called one of his body-guards.

"Bid Al-Beidawi come to us at once."

The body-guard soon returned accompanied by the holy man, to whom the Sultan spoke thus:

"Your vision has troubled our head. But nothing has yet been discovered of the murderous intent of Zahia. It is our wish, nevertheless, that she be removed to Prinkipo. She must not be sent there by our order; she must be taken there in the usual way."

And Al-Beidawi, his hands respectfully joined over his stomach, replied: "To hear is to obey. Allah shield the Padishah!"

And he went back to his quarters on the wings of desire accomplished. Allah, he mused, will reward soon or late all human virtues. Allah has been kind to him in his declining years. One fresh-blown rose at least once in the course of life for every honest and pious man.

And straightway he called his Scribe, Rajab Effendi, who was his trusted assistant in the execution of the wishes of the Sovereign. Now, Rajab Effendi was a comely youth of a scholarly bent and a pious disposition withal. He was, in the judgment of mortals, a seeker of truth and wisdom. And Al-Beidawi often said of him: Rajab Effendi will be my successor one day.

And this is the conversation that took place between the holy man and his Scribe, as recorded in the Chronicles of that time:

"The life of our august Sovereign is in danger," quoth Al-Beidawi.

"Allah forfend," exclaimed Rajab.

"He suspects Zahia of treachery—that is why the marriage ceremony was postponed."

"Of a truth," quoth Rajab, "I have heard that her brother is a leader of the Revolutionary Party."

"Even so," quoth the Master, smiling in his bosom at the success of his invention. "But the Padishah does not wish to treat her severely. It is his pleasure that she be removed to Prinkipo."

Rajab held his breath and bowed.

"But it must be done secretly, without her knowing wherefore her going and whence. You have accomplished such feats before, O Rajab, and you will do so again for our august Sovereign. Allah shield the Padishah!"

"Allah shield the Padishah," repeated Rajab.

"With the assistance of your sister, who will take Zahia out for a walk in the garden. . . ."

"To hear is to obey," quoth Rajab, nodding profusely his understanding.

The comely young Scribe, whose sister was an odalisque in the harem, had already heard, in sooth, much that pertained to the beauty and charm of Zahia as well as to her headaches and heartaches and such like. Moreover, Rajab was an adept in divination—a worthy disciple of his Master.

Hence the agility with which he set forth to accomplish his task. Early the following day he sent a missive to his sister with one of the eunuchs of the Palace and went down to Galata, where anchored the ships from many seas and climes, on a mission of importance.

And it came to pass that on the evening of that day, when Al-Beidawi was waiting in his palace in Prinkipo, Rajab was standing at the appointed hour near the gate in Yieldiz Park. The carriage was waiting outside. The guard was counting his *bakshish* and dozing. Soon the fall of footsteps was heard among the trees and two veiled figures were seen approaching down the jasmine lane. But on hearing a voice from the Palace, one of the women, verily none other than the sister of Rajab, hied her back, leaving her companion alone.

And before Zahia could turn to see what had chanced, she was seized by one of wondrous strength, who never, under like circumstances and in the light of the moon, would be suspected of being a man of piety or a seeker of truth and wisdom. Like the jinn of old, he carried his precious bundle to the closed carriage and in a trice they were on the quai of Galata, where the steamer was waiting.

And the holy man Al-Beidawi, who was also waiting in his palace in Prinkipo, continued to nurse his patience till the break of dawn, when lo, a boatman arrived with this message:

"My most reverend Master:

"I kiss your hand and bring you the truth, which I have discovered. The brother of Zahia is of a certainty one of the leaders of the Revolutionary Party. But the criminal purpose of Zahia is directed, not only against the life of the Sultan, but also against your own life. I am therefore taking her out of the country for your sake. Allah prolong your days, my most reverend Master. And Allah shield the Padishah.

"The Humble Slave of your Virtue,

"RAJAB."

And to offer them protection on a plan that is ~~not~~ designed to

The American Commission in Syria

The American Commission whose business is to investigate the Syrian situation and report to the Peace Conference at Paris is now sojourning in Syria and conducting what seems to be a plebiscite based on the principle of self-determination. It will have no trouble in finding out what the people really want; but, having found out, will it prevail upon the Allies to act upon its report?

Much has been written about the historic claims, the vested interests, the treaty rights of this or that European Power in Syria; but little or no consideration has been given to the claims, the interests, and the rights of the people themselves. True, they are various and conflicting. But hitherto no attempt has been made to discover a possibility at least of reconciliation, even though Syria has always been the object of the solicitude, the protection—or the subtle exploitation—of one or more of the European Powers. It is even more so to-day.

For though it be religiously a maze of cross-currents, politically, inchoate and nebulous, it is economically a land of promise. As it was in the past, before the Suez Canal was built, Syria is to become again the gate to the East. In recent years, subject alike to Turkefying and modernizing influences, it was the backyard, so to speak, of Oriental civilization and the vestibule of the civilization of Europe. And it is destined to be the melting pot of both. But can it become a self-governing state? Can the people, Mohammedans and Christians and Jews and Druses, coöperate in a common cause, strive to achieve nationality? Or are they to be kept apart from each other under separate autonomies and to remain divided politically as well as religiously?

The findings of the American Commission will have a bearing upon these questions. But will they have any influence on the action of the two Governments that are most interested in Syria to-day? The Turk, who was the principal agent of division, is gone. But are the Allies, who have freed the country of his crim- [illegible] going to divide it into principalities and states independent of each other—into different protectorates, rather, or various spheres of influence and control? Instead of one government, the country to-day has three. They are military and provisional, of course. But the fact that the English are now occupying Palestine; the Arabs, Damascus; the French, Beirut and the coast, foreshadows an international project for the creation of a number of small weak states on what is called "the sphere of influence" plan, ~~which will offer them protection and~~ encourage their growth and development.

How do the people of the land feel about this? To answer this question, it is necessary to know who the people are. Approximately, two-thirds of the population are Mohammedans; about five per cent. of the other third are Jews; the rest are Christians of various sects and prejudices—and complaints. Racially, they are one people, speaking one language—Arabic. Politically, they are a dozen peoples, speaking a dozen languages. The minorities, whether Christians, Druses, or Jews, are the crux of the problem. But under the rule of the Turk, the minorities did not suffer, as is generally believed, from religious persecution. The Turk is tolerant by nature as by policy. But they did suffer from a religious idea translated into political supremacy; and so, in self-defense, they wrought political weapons of their respective creeds. Every sect rallied under the banner of its patron saint and placed itself under the protection of one of the European Powers. The Maronites looked to France; the Orthodox, to Russia; the Protestants and the Druses, to England; begging, crying at times aloud for deliverance, not from Mohammedan oppression, but from a Turkish administration that acquired its power and worked its will through a Mohammedan majority. Thus, while religious toleration was the rule and practice, religious sentiment and sectarianism, zealous and blind in the Christians and the Mohammedans alike, were at the bottom of every grievance, every political issue or combination, every concession or compromise. And the European Powers, although aware of these conditions, made no attempt to change them.

But there is a dominant national note to-day in most of the political parties and factions, no matter how colored they may be by religious sentiment or prejudice. For though the people are still divided on many questions of minor importance, they are, with one exception, all agreed upon four fundamental political principles: First, that Syria, Palestine, and Mt. Lebanon, included, shall remain one and undivided; secondly, that there should be but one central govern- 1

namely, that Syria shall remain one + undivided and that it should have but one ~~Power~~ Central Government to be established under the temporary protection of one Power.

ment; thirdly, that Arabic shall remain the principal language of the land; and fourthly, that the Jews shall not be permitted to establish a Zionist state in Palestine. The exception referred to is Mt. Lebanon. But even the Maronites, who are the majority Christians of Mt. Lebanon, are divided into three parties, one desiring independence from the rest of Syria under French protection, another desiring absolute independence without any mandatory at all, the third favoring a union with the other Syrian principalities which stand for the four cardinal principles of the national programme. The American Commission will find this out in a single day and would find nothing else if it remained in Syria for a year.

Now, having determined upon these political principles as a foundation, the Syrians are entitled to the right—they ought to be given the opportunity—of choosing and establishing a government of their own. But for the peace of the world and their own future welfare, it should be a government free from the exclusive domination of any one people or creed—absolutely free, in other words, from any domination based upon a religious claim, a religious sentiment, or a religious concession. There is ~~small~~ no doubt that such a government, if placed under the protection of one Power only, to be designated by the League of Nations, would gradually achieve self-dependence and strength, and would prove itself capable of administering justice and maintaining peace and security in the land. I said one Power only, because a trusteeship of nations or more than one mandatory in the country, would prove fatal to the four cardinal principles mentioned. Indeed, two or more mandatories in Syria would have a tendency to engender the international jealousies and rivalries of the old "sphere of influence" plan, and would hinder, even defeat the new movement of what may be called de-religionized nationalism.

The autonomous government of Mt. Lebanon, guaranteed and protected by six Powers before the war, is a case in point. Nominally, it had but one governor, a Christian; virtually, it had six. For the Consular representatives of these Powers, who were to act as advisors, often became dictators. And in the capital, they encouraged and supported local factions, political and religious, and thus perpetuated and accentuated the sectarian divisions that kept the people denationalized and retarded the country's progress. Egypt, under the protection of six Powers, would have been, in this sense, another Mt. Lebanon.

Lord Cromer, who is a competent judge in such matters, speaks of international control, or administrative internationalism, as tending "towards the creation of administrative impotence." In other words, it results in less control, more friction, and no protection at all. For if those who are to guide a nation coming into being disagree among themselves or side with this political faction or that religious sect, what chance is there for any real guidance and protection? During the elections in Mt. Lebanon the Consular representatives of the so-called protecting Powers were so many political bosses, each one supporting the candidate of his choice.

There is no doubt that the American Commission will dwell in its report on these matters, emphasizing the essential principles on which almost all the Syrians are agreed; And it is to be hoped that the Allies, true to the lofty principles of racial integrity and national freedom for which the war was fought and won, will consider the report of the Commission favorably and will not experiment again in Syria with any project based on the religious differences of the people in order to justify the designation of two or more mandatories in the land.

AMEEN RIHANI

The Bookman, February 1912

THE RENANS IN ~~SYRIA~~ Lebanon

THE STORY OF THE WRITING OF "THE LIFE OF JESUS"

BY AMEEN RIHANI

I

ONCE in a great while some European scholar, visiting Syria and Arabia, returns to his country with an excellent book—a book which is essentially a work of art, breathing of the spirit and poetry of ancient lands. Such, to be sure, is a rarity. And I might instance Volney's *Ruins of Empire*, Doughty's *Arabia Deserta*, Renan's *The Life of Jesus*, Lamartine's—but the true Oriental spirit palpitated in almost everything he wrote. And Lady Hester Stanhope might have given us a classic had she condescended to write. We have the adumbrations of one in her doctor's Memoirs of her. Yet, every one of these travellers—scholars, poets, philosophers, adventurers—was animated with a different spirit, and carried among his baggage, as it were, his own particular preconception of things. And a programme, too, concealed among his secret papers, smelling of lamp-oil, and sometimes of the sweet oil of diplomacy, for the redintegration of what is crumbling in the Orient world, or the destruction of what is inimical to the modern spirit of Europe.

Indeed, one's crotchets vary with one's station in life. Lamartine, who travelled in state, sought only God and the spirit of poetry and romance. And he could well afford it. Renan, who travelled for the State, had to waste much of his precious time in digging up sarcophagi and potsherds and tear-bottles. Lady Hester, a vaticinator and queen, in her own estimation and that of her muleteers, wanted to establish a religion. And on the summit of Joune, overlooking ancient Sidon, she built her castle and her temple, and a stable, too, for the two milk-white she-asses of *her* apocalypse. But Volney, on the other hilltop of Lebanon, and in a Maronite convent, penned his brief against the kings and the priests of the earth. And Henry Doughty, taking his Scotch prejudices away out to Nejd for a change of climate, would wish that al-Islam had but one head and he were the executioner. Though the philosophies and eccentricities of these people differ, however, their spirit is one: they are all artists essentially, and producers, each, of a classic.

In one of the cafés of Beirut, the city of learning and of mud, we were discussing their influence on the religions and the governments of the East. And when my Mohammedan friend's enthusiasm for Renan was in full bloom, he suggested a pilgrimage to Byblos and Amsheet.

"My father," said he, "returned last week from his pilgrimage to the Haramain (the two holy cities, Mecca and Medina), and I would now start on a pilgrimage which might be called a continuation of his own. For has not the Mohammedan religion, even like the genius of Renan, been nourished by the spirit of a great woman? Khedijah and Henriette, blessed be the loins that bore you!"—And thus he continued to rhapsodise on our way to ancient Byblos, where the sister of the French philosopher is buried.

II

It is well known that Henriette Renan had a great influence upon the life of her famous brother; but it is little known what influence Syria had upon the author of *The Life of Jesus*. Indeed, this excellent book might be called a collaboration: it is written by Ernest Renan, his sister Henriette, and my mother Syria. Now, of the three authors, not of their work, I would speak. Pilgrims to Mecca refresh themselves on the wayfare with the verses of the Koran and the sayings of the Prophet. Which excellent idea I might imitate on the way to Byblos by

Please turn over to Book page No. 115
for the rest of the article

ernational Presscutting Bureau, Red Lion St., London, W.C.1.
Extract from
TIT-BITS,
London.
21 FEB. 1931
Date..................

I Found CHRISTIAN GIRLS In The HAREM Of Arabia's DICTATOR.

By Ameen Rihani.

TWO young Christian women are living to-day in a Near East harem; not as prisoners, but in peace and contentment. They won the right, firstly, in the world's most fateful beauty contest, and secondly, by motherhood. They are proud of it.

To English ears all this seems incredible. Indeed, whenever on occasion I have mentioned to English friends the truly amazing story of these two young women, I have met with scepticism, not to say derision. None the less, it is true.

Their existence was revealed to me—despite the fact that they live in the utmost seclusion—when I was gathering material for my book on King Ibn Sa'oud, called the "Maker of Modern Arabia." I found that the King, whose guest I was, had four wives. They had borne him sons. Their story, till now, has never been told.

Sold in the Slave Market.

The discovery puzzled me. Abdul Aziz Ibn Sa'oud is a strong, gallant man, who regained the lost throne of his fathers by the sword of his youth and in thirty years made himself master of two-thirds of Arabia. He ranks with Mussolini as one of the great Dictators of the age. Still, two Christians in a harem! Curiosity disclosed for me some exceedingly interesting facts.

As a Christian traveller I thought naturally of the women, the mothers of these children, and the thought of an imprisoned harem was irresistible and painful. But they have their own outings, I was told, for their own sake as well as the children's, who also accompany them. Otherwise, they are kept in seclusion.

How did these Christian girls get to Central Arabia, and by what stroke of fate did they eventually find themselves in the harem quarters of the King of Najd?

During the first year of the war, when the Turks expelled the Armenians from their country and drove them southward to Iraq and Syria, some of the refugees found their way to Damascus. Soon after, the famine in Mount Lebanon drove many of its people, among them girls who had been orphaned by the catastrophe, to the interior, and some of these girls were drawn by a common lot to their Armenian sisters. They were, in fact, sold as slaves in Damascus to the merchants of Central Arabia, who in their turn sold them in the principal cities of Najd.

Automatically—a Wife.

There ensued a great beauty contest. Those the King did not take fell to the lot of poor and mayhap brutal masters. The ruler of the land had, of course, the first choice.

In his treatment of his Christian slave girls the King is a true Moslem as well as a man of generosity and practical wisdom. When a slave girl of another than the Moslem faith is taken into the house of an Arab, she is taught to read and write, if she is intelligent, and then converted to Islam. Furthermore, when she gives her master a boy child she becomes automatically free and is raised to the status of a legal wife. Such has been the destiny of the two Christian wives of King Ibn Sa'oud.

Ibn Sa'oud, King of the Hedjaz.

Of the two, however, the Syrian from Mount Lebanon is the more favoured, not only for her beauty and charm but for her intelligence, her devotion, her domestic virtues, and her practical sense of economy. She is the queen of the harem as well as the moving and guiding spirit in the private life of the King.

Although a fellow-countryman of the mother, it was, of course, impossible for me to see her. But she knew of my presence in the palace as a guest of her royal husband, and out of her invisibility she was once able to convey to me a beautiful thought of tenderness and care. When I was sick with malaria and shivering from the cold—January on the plateau of Central Arabia does not belie its name—the oil stove that was brought by a servant to heat my apartment came from her own quarters.

By Motor to Mecca.

Every one of the concubines, as well as the legal wives of the King, has a separate apartment, and the whole establishment consists of four big houses connected by bridges. To one of these houses Ibn Sa'oud was gracious enough to invite me one evening—the mistress of the house was not to be seen—and I learned upon leaving that I had just visited the home of my fellow native Christian girl. It consisted of five rooms—a large sitting-room furnished with low divans and rugs and a punkah of red cloth, a bedroom with a tester bed covered with a mosquito netting, a bathroom with copper utensils, a kitchen, and a room for the servants.

She has many opportunities for travel in the Arabian Peninsula, for the King always takes her and her Christian sister with him wherever he goes. Their children also accompany them. But they no longer travel in palanquins on camels.

Recently they came in motor-cars, limousines, with the royal convoy from Ar-Riyad, the capital of Najd, to Mecca, the capital of the Hedjaz. And they must have had the great satisfaction, these two Christian girls, of looking down from their palace upon the Kaaba and of seeing the motley multitudes of pilgrims that come from every corner of the Moslem world to that shrine in the desert.

What a dramatic twentieth-century contrast—a veiled bride of the Dictator of modern Arabia emerging from the legendary harem to motor into modernized Moslem Mecca!

To Mecca

THE HOLY CITIES OF ARABIA.

By Eldon Rutter . . . *New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons... 2 vols., $10.*

Reviewed by
AMEEN RIHANI

LIKE every other country in the East, Arabia is undergoing a change, is slowly becoming, mechanically at least, Westernized. But there is one place in Arabia which for a long time, perhaps, will remain unchanging, and that is the Holy City of Mecca. The earliest account of it, written by an Arab of Andalusia, Ibn Jubair, who made the pilgrimage in the twelfth century, does not differ much from what we have in these two volumes by Eldon Rutter.

Early in the last century, however, other European scholars entered Mecca in disguise and wrote books about it. Domingo Badia y Leblich, assuming the name of Ali Bey, made the pilgrimage in 1807, when the Wahabis first conquered the Hijaz. Three years later came Ulrich Jaspar Seetzen as Hajj Musa, who was graciously received and protected by the Great Sa'oud, even as was Mr. Rutter by his descendant, the present sovereign of Najd and the Hijaz. Following Seetzen, the Swiss scholar, J. L. Burckhardt, Hajj Abdullah, made the pilgrimage in 1914, when his friend Muhammed Ali, the Khedive of Egypt, was in Mecca. Unlike his two predecessors, however, Burckhardt's Muslem faith was never questioned; and what he wrote about Islam, the Holy Cities and the Wahabis of his day, reveals a scholarship which is rare in its comprehensive and sympathetic scope. Richard Burton, too, who like Seetzen was a Muslem of convenience, and Snouck Hurgonje, who like Burckhardt was honest in his profession, pay a high tribute to the Swiss scholar, their predecessor.

The author of "The Holy Cities of Arabia," entering upon what presumably was to him a virgin task, disregards the past and contents himself with but an allusion to Burckhardt. Let it be said, however, that were all the books of his predecessors destroyed, his own contribution to the subject would be inestimable. It is authentic, comprehensive and vivid.

Eldon Rutter, a young English Arabist and presumably a Muslem, made the pilgrimage as Hajj Ahmad in the summer of 1925, when the Wahabis, occupying Mecca, were still at war with ex-King Ali, who held all the ports of the Hijaz. Rutter, therefore, had to make a detour. He came down from Cairo to Mossawa, on the African coast, crossed in a dhow to a port in Asir and proceeded thence by land through Kunfudha to Mecca. He was the first European to traverse this part, two hundred odd miles, of the west coast of Arabia.

Mr. Rutter is only interested, it seems, in the social and religious life of the Arabs. To those who are interested in the geographic and topographic aspects of the country, the narration is sorely lacking. But his preferences, considering his qualities, are not to be disdained. His scholarship is sound, his manner is direct and his discernment often goes beyond the surface complexities to the simple and elemental.

He does not wholly admire the Arabs, and he is not entirely at home in his adopted faith. He is both fascinated and repelled. What he accepts he does not always accept whole-heartedly, thankfully, like a pious Muslem, and what he rejects he does not always reject with good grace. Take, for instance, the following about hospitality:

> The Arab, a Semite as is the Jew, is essentially a grasper—one who takes, but does not give. He must entertain the guest, and protect the fugitive from blood-vengeance; for, if he failed to do so, then he himself could not expect hospitality and protection in the day of his own need.

Yet on another page we are told that "to honor and succor the guest is the first law in their (the Arabs') ethical code and faithfully they obey it." To cite another example, he speaks of the Arabs, on more than one occasion, as thieves. But when he lost his saddle bag, it was found a day after by a Bedouin who brought it to him with its contents intact. One may generalize in the same manner about the selfishness, for instance, of the English.

In many amusing pages is reflected a curious temperament—a mixture of mysticism and frivolity—which not only evokes the genial humor of his Arab friends, but seems to justify also, in the face of the least danger, the equivocating manner. Unlike Charles Doughty, he never invited misfortune by an heroic affirmation of the truth. When he found himself with mild and liberal-humored Arabs, as his companions from Mecca to Taief, for instance, he "thanked heaven" that he "had no need to sustain the religious character of a pilgrim." He ceased to pray, preferring to gossip with his cronies. Which gossip, however, gives the book a peculiar charm.

King Ibn Sa'oud accepted Mr. Rutter's profession of faith at its face value and afforded him protection during his sojourn of a year in the Hijaz. A less liberal ruler in Mecca, especially in war time, would have subjected him to harsh treatment, to say the least, and might have expelled him from the country. He could not, therefore, despite all his dislike for the Wahabis, withhold acknowledgment of the justice of their rule and the statesmanlike qualities of their great leader. "The days of the pilgrimage," he writes, "form the most prosperous season for Mecca thieves, but this year few cases of theft occurred on account of the deterrent influence of the merciless Wahabis." And this of Ibn Sa'oud:

> His personal ambition is boundless, but is tempered by great discretion and caution. He is a relentless enemy while opposition lasts, but in the hour of victory is one of the most humane Arabs in history. . . . He is probably the best ruler that Arabia proper has known since the days of the first four Khalifs; and if he keeps his balance, in spite of success, he may do her much good.

In the light that it sheds on this great Arab and his Wahabi rule in the Hijaz, as well as in the gossipy flavor of its pages, Mr. Rutter's book may justly be considered a valuable addition to the literature on Arabia.

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Onde o Este e o Oeste se encontram

Amim Rihani

Versão portugueza do arabe por MUSSA KURAIEM

الشرق والغرب

للفيلسوف امين الريحاني

ترجمها الى البرتغالية صاحب «الشرق»

O titulo deste artigo implica numa negação á affirmação dos versos celebres do grande Rudyar Kipling:

"O Este é o Este e o Oeste é o Oeste e nunca se encontrarão".

Admitto, partindo de um ponto-de-vista superficial que Kipling tem razão: O Este reza: o Oeste baila; o Este sonha: o Oeste pensa. O que é uma demonstração de respeito no Este constitue uma offensa no Oeste. O oriental quando entra numa casa deixa os seus sapatos á porta; o occidental deixa o chapéo no cabide da entrada. O oriental pergunta pela saude da mulher e dos filhos, antes de falar em negocios; o occidental vae direito ao assumpto sem fazer, ás vezes, siquer uma observação sobre o tempo. Um é suave e insinuante, o outro é aspero. O oriental é phantasioso e metaforico; o occidental é concreto e preciso. Nisto, pois, Kipling tem razão.

Porém, como todas as generalizações, esta affirmação tem suas excepções. Ha rasgos caracteristicos do oriental e do occidental, mas não são exclusivos. Certamente as massas adquirem caracteristicas especiaes conforme o meio e as circumstancias, e as nações como os individuos são, com muita frequencia, victimas de costumes estabelecidos. Tomemos para exemplo o florido Oriente; extravagante na metaphora e na imaginação, não é um typo exclusivista. E' o producto do exclusivismo e das cortes pomposas. A aristocracia se inclina ante o Imperador; a burguezia se inclina deante da aristocracia e toda a nação se inclina deante do espelho partido da alma de si mesma.

Quando as monarchias absolutas eram paradigmas na Europa, os europeus em conjuncto eram bastantes orientaes na arte da adulação e ahi estavam em voga os modelos extravagantes tanto na corte como fora della, não só na maneira de falar como na de vestir tambem. Basta recordar os trajes dos marquezes e o penteado das marquezas. E o povo, como diz o proverbio arabe, segue os passos do seu soberano.

Sem ideaes, a vida, seja no Oriente ou no Occidente, seria sempre a dos homens das cavernas, mas quando ha ideaes, as nações se elevam a um ponto onde o contacto entre umas e outras se impõe. Os protagonistas dos ideaes na vida são os poetas, os sabios e os prophetas. A nação que pode orgulhar-se de ter um propheta, a nação que pode ostentar um panteon de homens celebres, não pode permanecer isolada, não pode ficar, por largo tempo, separada do resto do mundo. Podem os seus politicos construir uma muralha chineza em derredor della, porém, seus sabios, seus poetas, alumiarão com suas tochas além das muralhas e as conduzirão, em nome da humanidade, até o fim do mundo.

Mahomet accendeu no Este sua tocha espiritual, physica e politica. Pode existir algo mais desejado, mais idealista que o ter-se á testa do Estado um homem puro? Um homem do povo, heroico e amante do sacrificio, um homem cujo coração transborda amor e misericordia; um homem cujos actos e palavras são frutos da santidade que reina nelle; um homem como Abrahão Lincoln; um homem como Omar, o primeiro Califa? Quando taes homens estão á frente dos destinos de um povo do Este ou do Oeste, que importa? as nações, apesar das distancias, teem um ponto de contacto e se encontram alem, nos planos elevados do mutuo entendimento da estima mutua.

Consideremos agora os ideaes dos prophetas, dos poetas — os ideaes da alma — os que incluem os aspectos ethicos e praticos da vida e que nunca são nem exclusivamente orientaes nem exclusivamente occidentes, sinão antes que tudo humanos. Deante delles, toda a caracteristica do meio e da herança desapparece e os costumes e as tradicções tomam o mesmo caminho assim como as differenças de nacionalidades e de idiomas. A alma buscando sua expressão; a alma correndo, por toda a parte, atraz da verdade. Confucio pode ser europeu em

Noted Arabian Poet Blames Politics for Holy Land War

Political rather than racial or religious motives are responsible for the recent uprising in Palestine, Ameen Rihani, Arabian poet and author, visiting the United States, declared today.

"I am glad there is a daily in New York which will print the truth," said Rihani. "There is a German proverb, 'Papier ist geduldich,' meaning 'paper is patient.' I thought of that many times recently while reading of the wave of Arab atrocities.

"As a matter of fact, the Armenians outnumbered the Arabs in the

AMEEN RIHANI

attacks, another instance of the truth hidden behind a screen of propaganda.

"The Arabs have always lived at peace with the Jews. Even during the Turkish regime the Jews of the Near East were never molested. Indeed, the Turks must be looking on now with an Occidental grin.

"In the days of Titus it was the Roman generals who destroyed Jerusalem and dispersed the Jews. Only after the Arab conquest were the Jews permitted to re-enter Palestine. Of all conquerors of that country none was more tolerant than the Arab.

"Since the World War, the French have brought 50,000 Armenians and settled them in Syria. The British brought as many and settled them in Iraq.

"Why do not the Arabs of these two tribes rise against the Armenians? Because they have no political tag. There you have the fundamental cause for all the troubles in Palestine. It is political rather than racial or religious.

"If the Jews had come to Palestine as settlers there could be no fault found with them. But they came to make it a Zion state. That means Zionism against nationalism.

"This uprising may be quelled, but lasting peace is not possible until the question of the Holy Land is settled to the Arab's satisfaction. The Arabs outnumber the rest of the population eight to one and the small minority cannot succeed in imposing its dream of empire on the whole people.

"Great Britain made two pledges to the Arabs during the World War, which should stand as firmly as any pledges made to the Jews. The Arabs served the Allies; they had been in Palestine 1,300 years and hold it by right of conquest.

"To establish a home for the Jews in Palestine means usurping the rights of the Arab. The Arab's vision has not been blurred by any financial considerations. He worships Allah. He lives by his convictions and ideals. He has sent his word out into the universe and believes it will not return to him void."

"The Graphic", N. Y.
Sept 26 1929

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The Zionists have realized this, and they have demanded of the British Government that an adequate military force be stationed in Palestine. Zionism, therefore, cannot feel secure and cannot prosper—cannot even exist—without an army strong enough to defend it. Which means, if the British Government complies with the demand of the Zionists, that the bitter feeling between them and the Arabs will increase and the cradle of the Prince of Peace will continue to be a cradle of strife and war. Indeed, it will mean continuous uprisings, not only in Palestine, but also in Syria and Iraq and along the desert borders.

Moreover, the Near East has always been and is more so today a field of political rivalry and jealousy for more than two of the European Powers. Russia and Italy still watch with expectation the political developments in their former spheres of influence. Even if the European Powers swear eternal friendship and peace among themselves, the continuous disturbances in the Near East will draw them into the vortex and eventually plunge them into a war, not with each other perhaps, but with the Eastern Powers around the scene of conflict. Turkey in the North, Persia in the East, Arabia in the South, here are three nations that are growing in power, under their three respective dictators, who never looked with favor upon European domination in the East.

I am not of those who believe in a Moslem world as a single unit. I am not of those who threaten Europe with a Moslem war. Pan-Islam, after the reign of the Caliph Omar, was never again realized, not even in the heyday of the Caliphates of Damascus or Bagdad. And Pan-Islam today is a bugaboo. But if war is waged against the Arabs there will be a Moslem uprising against the British in India, against the French in Syria, even in Morocco, against the Spanish in the Rif, against the Italians in Tripoli. And Zionism in Palestine will be the cause of it all.

There is no exaggeration, therefore, in the belief that the peace of the world depends in a large measure upon peace in Palestine. Let the more intelligent, the more reasonable, the more far-sighted Zionists consider this. Let them furthermore reconsider their claims to Palestine. What are these claims? Fundamentally, they are historical and religious. Because the Jews once conquered and ruled Palestine they believe that they still have a claim to it. On the same ground it may be rightfully claimed by the Egyptians, by the Persians, by the Greeks, and by the descendants of the Romans, the Italians. On the same ground Spain may rightfully claim Mexico and South America; and with more

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Zionism and the Peace of the World

By AMEEN RIHANI

THE peace of the world depends in a large measure upon peace in the heart of the world, in the Near East. And peace in the Near East depends in a greater measure upon the settlement of the question that has caused in the past ten years three uprisings in Palestine. The cradle of the Prince of Peace is still today, as it was in the past, a victim of Satanic humor. It is rather the cradle of a Jewish-Christian-Moslem belligerency that seems to be eternal. But should it be? Is there no end to it? That depends, not so much upon the military power of Great Britain to keep peace between the Arabs and the Jews, as upon the moral courage of the British Government to revoke its own decision about Zionism and make good its pledges to the Arabs.

According to these pledges, made in January, 1916, to the Sherif Hussein, who was then the Sherif of Mecca and afterwards became the leader of the Arab movement, Great Britain was to help the Arabs, if they joined the Allies, to establish an empire that was to include Iraq and Syria and Palestine. The Arabs joined the Allies, kept faith with the British, and contributed valiantly to their success. Indeed, without their cooperation in the Hejaz and across the Jordan the rear of General Allenby's army would have been cut by the Turks and the campaign in Palestine would have met with disaster. After the victory, in November, 1918, the British and the French governments in a joint declaration promised the Arabs "enfranchisement complete and final" and a government that was to draw its authority from "the initiative and free choice of the native population." But this "free choice" was flouted when at the conference of St. Remo Great Britain and France received their shares, in the form of mandates, of the spoils of war. Palestine fell to the British, whose Government, in November, 1917, forgetting its pledges to the Sherif Hussein, issued the Balfour Declaration for the establishment of a Jewish national home in Palestine. Thus the pledge to the Jews is sandwiched between two pledges to the Arabs! And the irony of fate is that the Turks, who were conquered by the Arabs, have now a government of their own and are masters in their own house, while the Arabs north of the Peninsula are chafing under a peculiar form of foreign domination. Another instance of the irony of fate. King Hussein's dream of an Arab empire became a nightmare of British disloyalty, and he, the friend and ally of the British, was subsequently exiled by the British to Cyprus.

But the fall of Hussein in September, 1924, did not mean the end of the Arab movement. Its present leader is King Abd 'ul-Aziz ibn Saud, the conqueror of the Hejaz and the absolute ruler today of three-quarters of the Peninsula. His attitude toward the mandated countries in the North is unmistakable. He has never been in favor of foreign domination of any kind. But his policy is not that of his predecessor. Ibn Saud does not indulge in proclamations and protests. When he cannot act, he is silent. In the treaty he concluded with the British Government in May, 1927, he not only kept Akaba out of it, but also Syria and Palestine. He neither recognizes nor opposes the mandate system there. He has, however, expressed himself clearly upon Zionism. But he will wait to see how his friends the British are going to settle the question. If it is settled to the satisfaction of the Arabs, he will remain silent. If it is not—he will also remain silent. His silence in the former instance will be, as it were, static. In the latter it will be dynamic, and it will require a strong army to stem its energy and keep it from flowing across the Jordan.

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While much of the capital imported into the country has been directly applied to Jewish settlement, it has also necessarily widened the markets for Arab products. It has vastly increased the taxable resources of the country which are uti-

reason the American Indian would have a right to establish a national home in New York.

Even after the Arab conquest the Crusaders occupied the country on and off for two hundred years, and the descendants of Richard the Lion-Hearted or Godfrey of Bouillon have as much right to it as the Jews. But let us suppose that the British or the French were still in occupation of the Holy Land. Do you for a moment believe that they would give it to the Jews for a national home? The historical claim is preposterous.

Let us consider the religious claim. The prophecy of the Old Testament, we are told, must be fulfilled. I say it has been fulfilled, and it is being enormously fulfilled right here in New York. For Zion is not where once was a Jewish temple and where there is not today even the ruins of a Jewish temple. Zion does not consist in agricultural colonies and economic concessions. Zion is a spiritual ideal. Wherever the Scriptures are, there is Zion for the orthodox Jew. And wherever there are great opportunities for the acquisition of wealth and power, and for the enjoyment of life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness, there is Zion for the mundane Jew, who is not unlike his Christian or Moslem neighbor anywhere, except perhaps in his capacity for acquisition and his exquisite delight in calculation.

If there is anything divine in these qualities, the Jews are the chosen people. And if they really believe that they are, they would be abusing the divine favor by segregating themselves in Palestine. The world is rightly their home. And they should be everywhere, as they have been since the Dispersion, not as a punishment to Israel but as a blessing to mankind.

Indeed, the desire of the Jews for a national home in Palestine implies an escape from their present state. But the higher desire, it seems to me, should imply a discovery. The Jews should discover themselves and realize their position in the world. They form today the financial bridges and to a great extent the intellectual links between the nations of the world. It is in their power to promote the highest ideal of mankind, far higher than the ideal of Zion.

The intellectual Jews everywhere are in the vanguard of the internationalism that is the harbinger of universal peace. Their allegiance is more to an idea than to a nation. Without a geographical nation themselves they have the power to help destroy the barriers between nations. This should be the goal of their achievements as a chosen people.

But will the British Government continue to defend Zionism to the end? And will the British taxpayer shoulder the burden of another war in the Near East for the sake of the Zionists? Americans, too, should consider the consequences. This country is on the eve of a naval pact with Great Britain, and President Hoover has expressed himself in favor of a Jewish national home. With American interests increasing in the Holy Land, therefore, and with American Jews agitating for Zionism there and bringing pressure to bear upon the Government here, might not the United States be also drawn into the conflict? In any event there can be no lasting peace in the Near East with Palestine as a national home for the Jews.

The Rights to a Jewish Home Land

By BERNARD FLEXNER

THE connection of the Jewish people with Palestine runs back over 3,000 years. Despite 2,000 years of exile, the country of the Book lives in the soul of the People of the Book and its memories cherished in poetry and prayer have never died. While many earlier attempts founded on religious and messianic hopes were made by the Jews to return to their ancestral land, the present national movement dates from the nineteenth century. Under enormous handicaps the Choveve Zion (Lovers of Zion) attempted small settlements in the early eighties and due to the sympathetic and generous support of Baron Edmond de Rothschild managed to survive. The great impetus to the movement came with the founding of the Zionist Organization by Herzl in 1897.

With the World War came the Balfour Declaration. All the Allied and Associated Powers formally placed themselves on record as favoring "the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people" provided, of course, that nothing should be done to prejudice the civil and religious rights of the non-Jews. Some politicians perhaps might have been influenced by the exigencies of the war, but liberal statesmen like President Wilson, General Smuts, and Lord Robert Cecil viewed the establishment of a Jewish home land in Palestine as one of the few great constructive achievements of the period.

The Balfour Declaration was made in the light of the problem of world Jewry; it was not merely a pledge to the relatively small part of the Jewish people who might settle again in their ancestral land, but to the 14,000,000 of Jews throughout the world who willed for their people a home land and who would be expected to give ungrudgingly and generously to make that home land possible.

The Balfour Declaration was translated into the Mandate for Palestine under the League of Nations with Britain as mandatory. In the last ten years the Jews, in carrying out their part of the undertaking, have brought into Palestine capital estimated at $50,000,000. The Jewish settlers in Palestine have increased from fewer than 60,000 in 1919 to more than 150,000, about half of whom are on the land. Irrigation projects have been started; electric power and light have been made available; provision has been made for the development of the resources of the Dead Sea; a university has been founded.

The cooperative idea is strong in the Jewish settlement; the Jews are toilers, not mere entrepreneurs. The exploitation of Arab labor is frowned upon, and the Jewish trade unions are anxious, both as a matter of justice and for their own protection, to raise the standards of Arab laborers. While much of the capital imported into the country has been directly applied to Jewish settlement, it has also necessarily widened the markets for Arab products. It has vastly increased the taxable resources of the country which are uti-

WHAT'S the matter with Boston? I think the answer is miscegenation. I have in mind no phase of the Negro problem, but rather the destructive coalition which has been made between the old New England stock and the Irish-Catholic infusion. Whenever Boston bars a book it is customary for cartoonists to picture a Puritan in a tall hat burning witches. Let us waive the quibble that the Puritans actually burned no witches and merely killed a few by a process known as "pressing." My point is that the onus for Boston's backwardness cannot justly be placed at the Puritan door-sill. Among the individuals

cause the same uneasiness in the heart of an oppressed people. The Irish fought, bled, and died for independence, and when this commodity had been won among the earliest concerns of the Free State was the passage of the most cruel and silly censorship law which any civilized country has ever known.

Plays and novels have celebrated the fact that the black Irish of Ulster are a dour and a crabbed folk hard ridden by the tyranny of conscience. But there is not as general a recognition of the fact that the Catholic inhabitants are actually close kin of their Protestant countrymen in all

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And yet again, — What would Jane say? Are these my observations? Because my cook lives in my kitchen, is she therefore my raw material? Do not I see, alas! that in thinking of her I put her in her literary class, that I have an obsession of literature and no experiences? Who shall cleanse me from these masses of vicarious and superincumbent knowledge and give me to find myself?

Well may I guess that no word of reply would be Jane's. In whatever nook she sits sewing, she only smiles.

FROM CONCORD TO SYRIA

by Ameen Rihani

What have I brought with me from the Paradise of the New World, you ask. What have I gained in the country of gold and iron, of freedom and trusts? How much have I accumulated in the land of plenty and profusion — how big a draft do I present at the Imperial Ottoman Bank? Ah, yes! These are pertinent questions, my neighbor. I went to America with a lean purse; I came back, alas! not purseful but purseless. Do not conclude from this, however, that I am poor. On the contrary, I deposit in many banks, including the Bank of Wisdom; and my credit is good in many kingdoms, including the Kingdom of the Soul. And of a truth, the more I draw on my accounts, no matter how big the sum, the bigger my balance becomes. This is, indeed, a miracle of the Soul — a paradox not defined or described in the illustrated catalogues of marketmen.

His best companions, innocence and health:
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

I come back to my native country with no ulterior political or maleficent purpose. I am not here to undermine the tottering throne of his Eminence the Patriarch; nor to rival his Excellency the Pasha in his political jobbery and his *éclat;* nor to supersede any decorated *chic* Bey in office; nor to erect a filature near that of my rich neighbor; nor to apply for a franchise to establish a trolley-car system in the Lebanons. 'Blameless and harmless, the sons of God.' And I share with them at least the last attribute, Excellencies, and worthy Signiors. I return to my native mountains on a little — er — private business, — only, perhaps, to see the cyclamens of the season again. And I have brought with me from the Eldorado across the Atlantic a pair of walking shoes and three books published respectively in Philadelphia, Boston, and New York. The good Gray Poet, the Sage of Concord, and the Recluse of Walden are my only companions in this *grand congé.* Whitman and

Now let me go down the valley to introduce to you the third of my companions, the stern and unique Thoreau. You are no doubt acquainted with the terebinth and the nenuphar. They are very rare in your valleys and forests. The terebinth is mantled in a vague and mystic charm; its little heart-shaped pods, filled with gum and incense, bespeak an esoteric beauty. Not that Thoreau ever dealt in incense. What he had of it, he kept for his own beatific self.

Yes, the terebinth is a symbol of the moralist in Thoreau. And the nenuphar, with its delicate and cream-colored blossoms, — the choicest in your dells and dales, — is a symbol of the poet. The first represents for me the vigorous and ruthless thinker; the second, the singer, sweet and quaint. For does not the terebinth stand alone in a pine grove, or beneath some

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THE IDEAL RICH MAN

In our last issue we published a full report of the Memorial meeting held at Tabariz on July 28 in honor of the memory of the late Cleveland H. Dodge, father of Dr. Dodge, President of our University. Mr. Amin Rihany, the well known writer, was one of the speakers on that occasion. We are glad we have the opportunity to publish in the Alumni Monthly the address of Mr. Rihany translated from Arabic.

(*The Editor*).

I greet the man whose fine idea it was to hold a meeting in honor of the memory of a foreigner who has not lived in our country; I greet those who have co-operated with him towards its realization; and I greet you, Ladies and Gentlemen, who have come to participate in what the idea implies—the gratitude of a nation, coupled with honor and esteem.

This is an unusual meeting, and the first, I think, of its kind. It is unusual, because it represents the spirit of the nation in all its elements, political and religious; and it is the first of its kind, because we have met to honor the memory of an exemplary foreigner;—a foreigner who is different;—a foreigner whom I hold above many of the natives themselves. I have no particular individual in mind. I insinuate no names. But I am now holding up to the rich the torch of the higher example—the ideal—in the hope that some of them here and beyond the sea might follow its light.

A rich man died;—and the rich are seldom mentioned after their death. But the deceased is of the American rich, and they are different.

Please turnover

A rich man died;—and his memory is sweeter than jasmine flowers in the two continents of America and Asia.

A rich man died;—and he was in his worth and benevolence the highest example of benevolence and worth.

A rich man died;—and of the like of him the poet Zuhair hath said :

> "When he beholds thee coming, he is too rejoiced
> to speak ;
> As if thou comest with the gift which thou thyself
> dost seek."

One of the great millionaires of America has said : "The rich should die poor." And many are those in that country who amass amazing fortunes, and make gifts of them, public and private : free gifts, for the sake of the giving : nay, for the sake of improving the social, economical and educational conditions of the nation.

I say more. The American benefactor is or should be the leading example among the benefactors of the world. The American benefactor does not distinguish in his gifts between sects, or between peoples, or between nations, or between the white and the black and the yellow among the races of man. The American benefactor's gifts are without tags;—free from exploitation;—free from the national, the religious, or the culture motive. The American benefactor is first of all a man, and a brother of man everywhere. The American benefactor knows as a rule the general conditions and wants of the world. Hence, his medical and hygienic institutes in China; hence, his educational institutions in the Near East; hence, his scientific grants in America, and hence, his libraries everywhere.

Wealth, Ladies and Gentlemen, is a heavy burden upon the individual, if he does not take the nation as partner with him.

Wealth is a great responsibility, and where there is responsibility there must be an account.

Wealth is the nation's deposit with certain of its sons, and deposits should be returned.

Some American millionaires have realized these deep economic truths. They are busy accumulating wealth and busy

A rich man died;—and his memory is sweeter than jasmine flowers in the two continents of America and Asia.

scattering it in the world;—sowing it where it may yield of its benefits to the human race, whether in a foreign country or in their own.

Cleveland Dodge was of these elect and inspired rich. His death is a loss, not only to America, but to the world.

Cleveland Dodge gave with a will, and with cheerfulness;—gave with the purpose of immediate good. He specialized and was unique. The downtrodden and oppressed among the little peoples of the world were his own.

The Syrians, the Armenians and the Lebanese, during the world war and after, have been and are still the beneficiaries of Cleveland Dodge. He not only gave his wealth, this man,—he not only signed checks,—but he himself worked on the Near East Relief Committee as one of its active members. He gave of his wealth, and of his time, and of his heart to the sufferers of the Near East.

I saw him in his office in New York, this great financier who was a member of many financial boards and the head of many business enterprises, I saw him assisting in the business of the branch committees, as if he were a local director,—nay, as if he were a relative of the sufferers in the war-striken countries; I saw him on one of the Brooklyn piers wishing godspeed to the steamer that was carrying food and clothes to our suffering people in this land; and I heard him speak at a public meeting to promote the cause of education in the Near East the evening before I left New York. He spoke with fervor and devotion as if in support of a great national cause; and when he pronounced the words, Syria and Lebanon, love seemed to flow in his voice and from his eyes, as if he were of the children of this ancient land.

Many were the noble qualities of this distinguished American, and of these was his dislike of display and ostentation. He was simple and retiring. He avoided the headline, the ad. and everything that implied public acknowledgment or praise. He was in this sense like the Arab 'Akramat-ul-Faiyyad, the Redeemer of the Fallen,—he who went secretly mending broken hearts and homes.

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Landscape Painting in America

Part II

sent to Charles Cornu 1935

upon his request for translating into French

Albert

On the March. A Camel Convoy of Armed Wahabi Tribesmen Crossing the Arabian Desert.

NOW THE WAHABIS PLAY FOR HIGH STAKES

A Fanatical Religious Sect, They Seek Under Their King Ibn Saud the Domination of the Arabian Peninsula

Arabia has recently been aroused by the martial and political activities of the Wahabis. The aims of these fanatical tribesmen are discussed in the following article by Mr. Rihani, a Syrian author and poet, who has a first-hand knowledge of conditions in Arabia.

By AMEEN RIHANI

FOR the third time a Wahabi kingdom has arisen in Arabia. Is it likely to fall as its predecessors did? In ... Khalif at its head to put the Wahabis out of the Hejaz; the enmity of the Sunnis to Wahabism is fast turning to friendliness that recognizes in it ...

... ligious," as the Wahabis say of the Arabs who embrace their Unitarian faith. But in Tihamah, or the lowland, where the Idrisi rules, a problem recently presented itself which King Ibn Saud helped to solve in a manner quite consistent with his ... Imam Yahya, who conquered Hudaidah and three other towns north of it on the Red Sea, threatening the capital Jaizan, ...

... sian Gulf, is a British sphere of influence; Bahrain is practically a Crown colony, and Koweit is bound by treaty to take advice and receive protection from the British government. Here are the snags, it would seem, to Ibn Saud's Pan-Arab aspirations. But there is another side to the question. During the World War Ibn Saud entered into a treaty with the British gov- ...

... not to add to them, and whether they will favor, in a measure, his Pan-Arab policy, remains to be seen.

What are Ibn Saud's difficulties? They are, I would say, essentially economic. The people of Nejd, a land that is mostly barren, with an increase of power which Wahabism has given them, must have fertile soil for sustenance and a wider scope for the exercise of their surplus vitality. If the tribes ...

... instead of worshiping only Allah; and as such their property and their lives are forfeit unless they become "religious," or good Wahabis. They do not even salaam a non-Wahabi Moslem, and if one of them does so by mistake he asks Allah's forgiveness and demands that his salaam be returned to him.

I met one day in front of the palace in Ar-Riyadh one of these Ikhwan, who, seeing a camera in my hand, asked me, without salaaming, to take his photograph, and, posing instantly he pointed to the dagger at his side and said: "Do not forget to take this too." He did not ask me for the picture, after snapping him, as do the Arabs when they ...

poet, who has a first-hand knowledge of conditions in Arabia.

By AMEEN RIHANI

FOR the third time a Wahabi kingdom has arisen in Arabia. Is it likely to fall as its predecessors did? In ... things ... "Islamic" world with a Khalif at its head to put the Wahabis out of the Hejaz; the enmity of the Sunnis to Wahabism is fast turning to friendliness that recognizes in it a more chastened form of Islam; the aim and purpose of its present leader, King Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud, are not exclusively religious. They include a racial and political ideal which has risen during the past seven years to predominance. Pan-Arabism and Wahabism are the A and Z of his policy.

Arabia proper, that is the peninsula, is a little larger than the State of Texas, with a population of about 12,000,000 souls, the majority of whom are Bedouins whose flocks must have water and pasture. But three-quarters of the peninsula is a desert waste and the pasture is dependent upon the weather, which is not so regular and generous in its bounties of rain as it is in other parts of the world. Hence the raids, or the migrations, or the great movements, from the time of the Prophet down to the present day, which are born among the sand dunes or the barren black mountains, and are destined to spread in every direction until they reach, for better or for worse, the green zones of the north. Indeed, water and pasture have always been the magnets of the tribes, as well as the cause for their ancient feuds and wars. Ibn Saud has more than once enlisted in his cause a year of drought, as it were; for hunger is a greater driving force than either politics or religion. And when a year of drought is accompanied by other calamities, as was the case in the World War, the tribes of Nejd move in every direction but the barren south.

South of the Hejaz, however, are the mountains of Asir which, like the mountains of the Yeman, receive a little of the bounty of the monsoon rains and are alive, therefore, with perennial streams and fertile valleys crowned with emerald hills. Most of the tribes in these mountains have become "religious," as the Wahabis say of the Arabs who embrace their Unitarian faith. But in Tihamah, or the lowland, where the Idrisi rules, a problem recently presented itself which King Ibn Saud helped to solve in a manner quite consistent with his political program. ... the Imam Yahya, who conquered Hudaidah and three other towns north of it on the Red Sea, threatening the capital Jaizan. Whereupon, Saiyed Hasan ul-Idrisi, who succeeded his deposed nephew, appealed to Ibn Saud for protection. This was promised on certain conditions which the Idrisi accepted and which are embodied in the Treaty of Mecca, concluded in October, 1926, between him and King Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud. In that treaty is a striking example of how well an Arab ruler can imitate his friends the British. Protection is pledged to the Idrisi on condition that he does not sell or otherwise dispose of any of his territory, or enter into treaty relations with a foreign power, or grant any concession to a foreign syndicate, without the consent of Ibn Saud. In other words, Ibn Saud now holds a mandate over Asir, which, like the Hejaz, has ceased to be a factor in Arab politics. All of that territory, lowland and highland, adjacent upon the Yeman, is now practically under Wahabi control.

Outside of the independent Yeman, however, the conquering Wahabis cannot exercise their arms upon any tribe or any territory that is not in a measure under British influence or protection. Mascat is a British protectorate; Qatar, as well as Trucial Oman on the Persian Gulf, is a British sphere of influence; Bahrain is practically a Crown colony, and Koweit is bound by treaty to take advice and receive protection from the British government. Here are the snags, it would seem, to Ibn Saud's Pan-Arab aspirations. But there is another side to the question. During the World War Ibn Saud entered into a treaty with the British government by virtue of which he was to recognize British authority in the places mentioned and to receive yearly a monetary consideration of £60,000. But that treaty, which was discontinued in 1923 together with the yearly stipend, was replaced in 1927 by a treaty of peace and friendship.

A Proud Native of the Mysterious Desert.

Photographs by Keystone.

Upon this friendship now depends the solution of many of the problems that arise in Arabia between Ibn Saud and the British. Whether they will recognize his difficulties in the peninsula and do their best not to add to them, and whether they will favor, in a measure, his Pan-Arab policy, remains to be seen.

What are Ibn Saud's difficulties? They are, I would say, essentially economic. The people of Nejd, a land that is mostly barren, with an increase of power which Wahabism has given them, must have fertile soil for sustenance and a wider scope for the exercise of their surplus vitality. If the tribes that are now united under his standard are cooped up in the heart of Arabia, with a belt of sand deserts pressing eternally upon them, they will break up again and revert to the conditions in which he found them a quarter of a century ago. He is responsible for their present state, for bringing them together as brothers of a common faith, and he must help them or allow them to pursue their course of expansion. His own Pan-Arab dream is assuming a different character; his political ambition is fast becoming an economic necessity.

The Ikhwan, of which the army of Ibn Saud is composed, come mostly from the settlements, that is the settlements of the Bedouins who have renounced the nomad life and their pagan practices and embraced with a one-eyed zeal the Unitarian faith. They are intrepid and indomitable, fanatic and ferocious. Ikhwan means brothers—a brotherhood, in truth, of Wahabism and the sword; a consistent substantiation of the covenant that was made in 1744 between Ibn Abdul-Wahab and the first Saud. These Ikhwan speak of the Sunni and Shi'ah Moslems as Mushrekin, that is people who worship saints and tombs ness and demands that his salaam be returned to him.

I met one day in front of the palace in Ar-Riyadh one of these Ikhwan, who, seeing a camera in my hand, asked me, without salaaming, to take his photograph, and, posing instantly he pointed to the dagger at his side and said: "Do not forget to take this too." He did not ask me for the picture, after snapping him, as do the Arabs when they pose for you. But I heard him say to his companion: "The dagger, too, is in the picture. I wish it was in his heart."

* * *

AS an example of the sincerity of the Ikhwan and their one-eyed consistency and zeal, I recall an incident in their invasion of the Hejaz. The Keeper of the Keys of the Kaaba, an octogenarian, as dissolute nevertheless as most Meccans, fell into the hands of a band of the Ikhwan. He fell to weeping. "Why art thou weeping, thou infidel?" one of them asked. "I am weeping out of joy, ya Ikhwan," he replied, "for, after all my years of infidelity, Allah in his mercy hath willed that I die a right Moslem, a Unitarian, a Wahabi. Allah and the Prophet be praised."

The Ikhwan forthwith sheathed their swords, and, weeping too, they embraced him as a brother. And they afterward made him President of the Supreme Council of the city of Mecca.

A hundred and eighty-five years ago, in 1744, the Wahabis did not exceed the number of the Christian Apostles. Ibn Abdul-Wahab, with a few of his followers, started the movement in Central Arabia, in Nejd, where the Arabs, Moslems then in name, had reverted to paganism. They worshiped the tombs of walis (saints), made vows to the trees near the tombs and sought the intercession of holy men for divine favors. It was the paganism that the Prophet Mohammed had combated and that the Koran is supposed to abolish, establishing, as it does, the oneness of God and enjoining worship and intercession to God alone.

Ibn Abdul-Wahab, with the fiery zeal of a reformer and the dynamic force of a revivalist, sought by word and deed to bring the Arabs back to the pristine purity of Islam, to the Unitarian faith. He not only wrote books against the abomina-

(Continued on Page 23.)

of the Sauds continues.

It was an alliance of religion and the sword. "By the help of Allah and our arms," said the Ameer Saud, "we will spread the Unitarian [illegible] best argument with the Arabs, did its share to make good his word; for he and his son, who succeeded him, waged a thirty years' war to re-establish in Arabia the Islamic Unitarian religion; and his grandson and namesake, Saud the Great, after another twenty years of fighting, conquered the whole peninsula, including the two holy cities, Mecca and Medinah.

These triumphs aroused the whole Islamic world against the Wahabis; and the head of the Islamic world in those days, the Sultan of Turkey, ordered his Viceroy in Egypt, Mohammed Ali, to send an expedition against them. It took more than one expedition, however, to put them out of the Hejaz, and after ten years of war the Egyptian soldiers, under the leadership of Ibrahim Pasha, destroyed the Wahabi power in Nejd. That marked the first rise and fall of the Unitarian Kingdom.

A period of chaos and dissolution followed; but the Sauds maintained a certain authority in Central Arabia, and in 1860 another great leader, the Ameer Feisal, grandfather of the present King, united again the Wahabi Kingdom, which during his reign regained much of its former glory and power.

After the death of the Ameer Feisal, however, it was doomed, for two reasons, to another failure. Mohammed Ibn'ur-Rashid, the leader of Shammar in Haiel, set out to conquer the whole peninsula, and three of the sons of the Ameer Feisal, in their rivalry for power, waged war upon each other. Ibn'ur-Rashid, who was befriended and supported by the Turks, finally defeated the Wahabis, and Abd'ur-Rahman, the fourth son of the Ameer Feisal and father of the present ruler, King Abdul-Aziz was sent with his family into exile. These events mark the second rise and fall of the Wahabis in Arabia.

For about twenty years Abd'ur-Rahman and his family were exiles in Koweit; and at the beginning of this century, in 1902, his son, Abdul-Aziz, with only forty followers, sallied forth on the gazu. He would reconquer the kingdom of his ancestors. He succeeded in

BESIDES the austere Wahabi of Ar-Riyadh, and the new settlements of the Ikhwan, and the liberal-minded Wahabi of the cities who prefers to call himself a Uni- [illegible] one and blinks at the tolerances of the other—the political Wahabi, in other words, who is cooperating with the ruler to further his political program. This last Wahabi is devoted primarily to the cause of Pan-Arabia; and behind this cause, besides the political and the religious motives, there is an element of equal importance. When the Arab tribes in Central Arabia are not united under a single standard, they constantly raid each others' lands and those who have must defend themselves against those that have not. But when they are united the raids necessarily cease, and they are, therefore, driven from the heart of Arabia to its extreme ends for the same reason that laborers in the civilized world are driven to strike or the poor and unemployed to emigrate.

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The International Studio

Luks & Bellows by Ameen Rihani

American Paintings Part III

(see May & June issues,)

sent to Charles Corm 1935

upon his request for translation into French

Albert

Pilgrims of Mecca

By AMEEN RIHANI

FROM Kairawan and Samarcand and Cairo and Damascus they come; from Colombo and Singapore, from Java and Sumatra, from India and Afghanistan and the African wilds they seek the fountain of eternal life and bliss. Color and race and rank, like the distances of land and sea, yield to the supreme purpose, make the world of the pilgrim move in a common faith toward a unique goal, a shrine in the desert. And only a cup of brackish water has Mecca to offer to the pious and weary—brackish water, indeed, but from the Well of Zemzem—the well of eternal life and bliss.

At Yambo and Djeddah they land in multitudes of shifting squalor and picturesqueness. From every ship a scene from every land and a fashion. The Takroun black, a giant with a rag around his loins; the fastidious Somali in a florid gingham apron and a white toga; the Javanese with their unveiled women in short skirts of gorgeous colors or just a piece of rich material clinging to their stunted forms; the gentleman from India, in graceful folds of silk and cashmere traveling third class with the multitude; the fellah of Egypt in red slippers and a blue jullabiyeh; the Transcaucasian in a huge turban crowning a truculency of aspect unassuaged; and the Moroccan, graceful and stately and proud, in the ample folds of an immaculate white burnous—they are all brought together in the most democratic spirit by the faith that was born in the wilds of Hejaz.

Across the desert, through the Nejd hills and the Great Nefud, they come from Persia and Arabistan, from Bukhara and Bagdad in caravans that link the rising with the setting sun. The leader gives the word—a gun is fired—woh-haw! —the sun is setting—we start. And the camels grunt and gurgle and growl, and the pilgrims, after the [illegible] jam and huddle and clamor for attention, and the copper utensils rattle in the pack, and the sword of the Arab clatters at his side against his water can, and the old sheik rates the impatient one for pulling in the tangle at his sleeve and beads, and the caravan, thus

still be found at Kamaran (the Red Sea quarantine for those who come from the East), where English doctors apply the disinfectant and English nurses supply the heartache, or at the islands (the Djeddah Quarantine), where a Turkish doctor and a few Turkish servants in baggy trousers—souvenirs of the old régime—darken the gateway to the Kaaba.

Nevertheless, King Husein thinks his Quarantine the best in the world, and thinks, moreover, that the English at Kamaran are usurping not only his rights but also his own Arab Islands. Let them come and see how well we can disinfect and how well we can care for the health of the pilgrim. They cannot be more solicitous concerning him than we; for is he not of our children? Our Quarantine is incomparable. You come with me, O worthy one, and see with your own eyes.

His Majesty clapped for the servant and ordered his launch. In a few minutes, while every one in the house was in a flurry of preparation, a soldier came in to say that the launch was ready. Nothing else was. The King put his shoes on with his own hand and walked out without his black slaves, without his secretary, and without uttering a word of dissatisfaction.

We were accompanied by Emir Zeid and the Minister of the Navy. In a few places, as we steamed out of the landing, the launch touched bottom and the sailors had to get out and push it through the sands. Once we were in the open sea, however, the engine hummed and in an hour we were at the Island. The pilgrims, seeing the royal launch, crowded around the landing. The Turks, in baggy trousers, yelled at them and tried to drive them back. King Husein motioned Nay with his head and hand. The Turks withdrew and as soon as he landed he was besieged by the pilgrims.

They came rushing from every direction to kiss the royal hand. Not a word was spoken, not a voice was heard. Of all the pilgrims, the Javanese are the most welcome at Djeddah and the most liked; for they are rich in piety and devotion as well as the things of the world. And they are the first to arrive and the last to depart. To them the pilgrim season is seldom short of six

The Camel Market—Mecca.

patting their cheeks, their backs, their hands. I could see that the King himself was moved, and his words were few. He made no effort to move, but stood there, the centre of the most extraordinary demonstration, the rarest human devotion —a victim of his own faith and the faith of his fathers, which, transplanted in the tropics, in equatorial regions, sapped every vestige of other faiths and developed to proportions that border on the ugly and grotesque.

For more than a quarter of an hour we could not proceed; and when we did we encountered other groups. There were about 2,000 Javanese in the island then. Out of one of the houses the women came and stood near the door, hesitating, some of them looking beseechingly, with outstretched hands. The King turned in their direction, and in a moment he was swallowed up. Now and then his white turban would become visible, as the harem surged and resurged around it and carried it eventually into the house. We stood watching and waiting. The King was again visible. He stood at the door and clapped for one of the

these buildings look clean, airy, hygienic. The only complaint seemed to be about water. Had they had any previous knowledge of Djeddah, however, their present thirst would be more supportable. They would accept it, one said, as a test of faith—the only one remaining, and lasting only three days. Those who have contagious diseases are removed from the steamer direct to another island, with a hospital in it, and beds in the hospital, and doctors and nurses in charge. And they have little to do in the pilgrim season in spite of Kamaran at one end of the Red Sea and Tor at the other.

Only a few, however, escaped with their contagion to Djeddah; but most of them have among their baggage a pack of precious merchandise. Oriental treasures—pearls and jades and precious stones, and silks and cashmeres and rugs. The rarest sometimes and the oldest are brought to Hejaz by the pilgrims. They pawn them or sell them when their money gives out. Or they carry them as presents to those in the Holy City who are entrusted with the keys and the favors of the Kaaba. But they

the baksheesh—is listed. This much and no more must you pay, O most worthy Hajji, and please report to the authorities any violation of the tariff.

The only item the pilgrim has to bargain for is the transportation to Mecca. The circular says the fee depends upon the availability of camels. But I do not think the circular is exact; for I suspect that the camel market cannot be controlled, and the cameleer remains mercenary and unrepentant. He and the Turkish doctor and servants at the Quarantine may be designated as the pilgrim's only remaining test of faith. Allah be praised!

For what is a pilgrimage without the hardships to suffer, the "sharpers" to endure, the dangers to survive? Some of the pilgrims, I was told, used to throw themselves in the well of Zemzem [illegible] believed it to be the shortest cut to Paradise. King Husein, by having it covered with iron bars, put an end to that boon. The open streams in Mecca, where the pilgrims go to stone the devil, were carriers of pestilential things which were taken in the drinking water and thus supplied rapid transit to the realms of

Nejd hills and the Great Nefud, they come from Persia and Arabistan, from Bukhara and Bagdad in caravans that link the rising with the setting sun. The leader gives the word—a gun is fired—woh-haw! —the sun is setting—we start. And the camels grunt and gurgle and growl, and the pilgrims, [illegible] jam and huddle and clamor for attention, and the copper utensils rattle in the pack, and the sword of the Arab clatters at his side against his water can, and the old sheik rates the impatient one for pulling in the tangle at his sleeve and beads, and the caravan, thus slowly and tumultuously composed, moves to the tinkling of bells and the squeaking of saddles and the rhythmic cry of "Allah! Allah!" It slowly moves into the dusk and soon out of it, in a generous moon, toward the Holy City.

Down the Syrian steppes and the lava-strewn waste they come, huddled in the cattle cars of the Hejaz Railway, the engine puffing at its steam ration of war days, wheezing, coughing, snorting, uttering sibilants of despair, stopping for hours between stations, for a day and a night, waiting for Allah knows what at station points—the regular soldiers have something to do, perhaps, with the Bedouin bands—and filling the poor, wilted, dazed, crumpled-up hajji with such longing for a camel, such visions of caravans moving in the moonlight to rhythms of devotion and delight, as only Allah, in his mercy, can assuage. But—marvel of constancy!—they reach Medina with the same faith, undiminished and unadulterated, that moved them from home.

But Djeddah is still the main gateway to the Kaaba—the same ancient Djeddah that was cursed by the pilgrims of Granada for its harbor, which for two miles is a tangle of reefs and shoals; for its water, which when found is more precious than attar of roses; for its tradespeople, who were more mercenary in those days than the infidels of Aragon, and Castile; for its motaweefeen (guides), who were as rapacious as the Berbers of Africa, and for its Bedouin bands, waiting outside the Mecca gate for their booty. Exciting times they had, those pilgrims of old.

Even up to the last days of the Turk, before the Husein era of independence and the fear of the Most High was inaugurated, the pilgrim's faith was still subject to such spite as only Iblis could conceive. But the pilgrim withstood and endured; he came out of the fire of Hejaz, moreover, pure and whole and laden with grace.

The test of faith is no more the same. In a mild degree, it may

around the landing. The Turks, in baggy trousers, yelled at them and tried to drive them back. King Husein motioned Nay with his head and hand. The Turks withdrew and as soon as he landed he was besieged by the pilgrims.

They came rushing from every direction to kiss the royal hand. Not a word was spoken, not a voice was heard. Of all the pilgrims, the Javanese are the most welcome at Djeddah and the most liked; for they are rich in piety and devotion as well as the things of the world. And they are the first to arrive and the last to depart. To them the pilgrim season is seldom short of six months. Six months in the vicinity of Allah and the Prophet!—and they shed tears of sorrow when they leave.

They shed tears of joy, too, when they saw the Descendant of the Prophet. I have never seen such expressions of reverence, of devotion, of ecstatic servility; and as they crowded around this man, groveling, bending, whining words of worship, they seemed at a loss how to bow or kneel. Those that fell on both knees kissed the hem of his robe, others rubbed their faces against his shoes, others against his breast. Having done, they withdrew, but not their gaze, and stood at a little distance in a stupor with outstretched hands. More than King was he to them, and more than Sherif: they stood before a revelation; as it were, a substantiation.

The Prophet himself seemed to be

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The Quarantine consists of about ten buildings, mostly one-story, each with two doors facing each other in the centre. You enter into a vestibule on either side of which is a concrete floor about a foot high. There the pilgrims, after they had passed through the fumigating room, spread their mats and rugs and bedding and piled their luggage as a partition between one another. In a sense, the place reminded me of our Ellis Island. But here are no iron bars, no dark rooms, no stuffy sleeping quarters, no smelly berths, no heart-eating suspense, and no danger of deportation!

The utter lack of furniture made

have little to do in the pilgrim season, in spite of Kamaran at one end of the Red Sea and Tor at the other.

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Even the motawefeen are acquiring again this native quality, thanks to the legislation of King Husein's Government. For as soon as the pilgrim lands in Djeddah, he receives a circular printed in his own language in which his attention is called to the fixed tariff. Everything, from the sanbook (rowboat), in Djeddah to the last ceremony of the Hajj in Mecca—board and lodging in the two cities, the trip to Mount Arafat, the Zemzem drink, the guide's fee, even

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Indeed, he has even gone so far, this King, as to establish hospitals and combat disease in a scientific manner. Of the two hospitals in the City of Mecca, one is exclusively for the poor. And both have examination and operation rooms completely equipped, competent doctors and nurses, a drug department and special wards for women and children, as well as for the pilgrims. If by any special dispensation, therefore, the pilgrim should be favored by any bodily ill, modern civilization, by the grace of science and King Husein, is there to save him and destroy his immediate chance of eternal bliss.

Once at Mount Arafat, when the pilgrims were all crying,

"Labbeik, labbeik, O God of Jinn and men!" some one exclaimed:

"And I'll be damned if I come to thee again." If he did come back these days, he would be disappointed, I think, with the even tenor of the pilgrim's way. He would miss some of the propitious dangers of the pilgrimage. He would not encounter on the way to Mecca a single old-fashioned Bedouin. True, they still carry swords and guns, but only to decorate their raggedness. He would look with a sigh through iron bars into the well of Zemzem. He would drink from the English-made hydrants of Mecca and live. He would pinch himself to see if he is walking in his dream and if the man at his side is a motawef or an angel. And with another lease on life, he would go back to the world nursing his patience and submitting at Tor or at Kamaran to a fumigation and a Turkish bath.

The Prophet Mohammed foresaw many things; but I doubt whether he could foresee the life-saving innovations and the money-saving legislations of his worthy descendant Husein ibn Ali, Grand Sherif and King.

Hejaz Soldiers—Mecca

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Revue du Monde Egyptien
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A common measure

I.

Rarely do we seek a common measure for ourselves and others; rarely do we accept the truth which we fashion for our neighbour; rarely, and never cheerfully, do we submit to the sword we sharpen for our opponent. We may be willing to look at both sides of a question, but often it is only to strengthen our own. Few are they, indeed, who face the facts always and accept the consequences.

We travel in parallel lines, though they may be in themselves very crooked. And instead of cutting through a curve or an angle to our goal, we find ourselves led by a dozen beckoning fingers, in this or that direction, but always away from the point of intersection. We seem to have an atavistic dislike to meeting, through common measures, on common ground. If we conquer our pride, we trip through our prejudices; if we overcome our prejudices, we remain captives of our interests; and if, in a moment of recklessness, we kick them all out of the way, the fear of ridicule continues and persists. And of all the evil dominations of the spirit, fear is the most powerful. We are afraid, not so much of our enemy as of the possibility of his being in the right; we are afraid, if he is in the right, of acknowledging the fact; and we are afraid, if we do acknowledge the fact, of losing our little gains in the game. So, to the end of the fallacy of profit.

On the whole, man dislikes, I think, equal and universal justice. Democracy too is one of his secret hates, and religion, one of his shameless expressions of self-love. There is no such course, single and direct, to a happiness

Please turn over

heartedly recognize the best in others, especially when they happen to be on the other side of the fence? Consider the consequences in politics, for instance, or in religion. The first symptom would be a paralysis of the process of deduction, and consequently of success. If the Labour candidate for Parliament is in any way right, how can the Liberal member explain it, or take exception to it, without losing votes? Merely to mention the fact that the honourable Gentleman's economic scheme has a point or two of advantage is to knock down from under your feet a plank of your own platform. Or deny that he is in any way right whatever, and you go to Parliament, even though you be a Labour satellite, on a lame horse. How you come out, is another matter.

Consider also this. If there is any truth in my faith, how can the whole truth be exclusively in yours? And if it is not, and you know it, and you make any concession to it, how can you, if you be a minister or an imam, hold undivided your congregation, to say nothing of your soul. The only way to the whole truth, politically and religiously, it seems to me, is to abolish both the votary and the voter. But this is not possible even in the best of worlds. Politics is one of our sports, — vocal and verbal gymnastics are not the worse of our dissipations, — and religion, as a church, is one of our remedies for poverty. Find us a better political sport than electioneering, and the voter will lose his function and decay. Find us a better consolation for poverty, and the grass will grow in the isles of the church.

II.

So far have we gone in the West in the direction of the transvaluation of values that we can afford to joke about them. We have our Chestertons, our Shaws, our Anatoles. But in the East, the grim obsession of the one and only religion remains, while the reality, more sinister and grim of self-determination is looming big on the troubled horizon. We are too serious to be just to ourselves and others. W

innocent of booty. Success is often a butchery; fame is often a snare; paradise has ever been a bribe. Much depends in the three upon our pride, our prejudice and our intolerance as well as upon the denunciation we can master. East is East, for instance, and West is West, etc., and a common measure for both is impossible, is intolerable, is unspeakably wicked.

We stick to certain small facts or certain fallacies, because we think that they are of our own discovery or, what is worse, of the discovery of our ancestors. And those that dont stick with us are in error, in confusion, in hopeless plight. They are either infidels or democrats or stand-patters. They are our opponents, — the stumbling blocks to our utopias, — the ennemies of our most cherished exclusions.

Their own illusions, their own utopias, their own intolerances and stupidities? If it is no longer the fashion to make war against them, we have the right, at least, to invoke justice or provoke its handmaiden, truth. Where-upon, the children of error rejoice. For when truth is provoked, as through a political pamphlet or a religious tract or a war, it strikes blindly indeed. And even her chosen instruments are not always satisfied: indignant are they and outrageously insulting, in failure; disappointed, in the event of a sudden unwonted success.

Indeed, we must provide, not so much for the dark as for the brilliant day. I wonder what G. K. Chesterton would do, if all of a sudden the whole world embraced medeavialism as a religion; or George Bernard Shaw, if all the girls of England became, without preface or preamble, eugenic, free-loving free-brick-batting savages. Neither G. K. Chesterton nor G. B. Shaw, I am sure, would rejoice, out of print, at least, in the prospect. Our opponents are our readers, our friends, and they should not be starved and crushed, but nourished and sustained. And this is not accomplished by conversion so much as by diversion. Eloquence, thou double-tongued Siren, do thy best.

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want to pull out of the rut politically, but only on condition that we remain in the rusty ruts of religion for ever — and consider the world outside as eternally damned. What we need foremost, I think, is a sense of humour. We were certainly better off in the past. We had philosophers that took exception to exclusive salvation; historians that doubted some of the vagaries of the Prophet; poets that flouted them all; and one khalif was mad enough to tear up the Koran. Such madness, alas! did not become the fashion. And we have grown so austerely sane since as to become a danger unto ourselves.

Europe is our mortal enemy, you say, unforgotten and unforgiven. Nothing has she to give that is not in its essence a poison. Her mind is corrupt; her soul is polluted; her heart is false, and her treasure is empty. When she looks toward the East, therefore, she does so with a hundred intentions except one — the right one, the honourable one. And we should beware. What we need foremost, after Allah and the Prophet, is a gun factory and a goose-stepping army. What we need also is the will to resist the many temptations of the siren Europe; — the will to withhold from the banquet of immorality she spreads before us; — the will to relinquish what we have already accepted of her questionable favours. Nothing, nothing can she give that is not destined to work our destruction.

This, through the dried-up roots of the past, is the voice of ignorance and prejudice, which we still hear to-day, especially in the circles of straitlaced venerability. And yet, in the same breath, they clamor for constitutions and independence and freedom and self-determination. How is it possible, o my Masters, to turn our faces against Europe, when the very things for which we long and strive are in their very essence European? Freedom and constitutions in the East? Its history is open to us all. Oriental rulers are innately autocratic, are born despots. A Saladin every now and then or a Mansour is the exception. Time tempers even the monotony of terror. But the so-called benevolent despots

can become scoundrels at will, ruling as they do without any restrictions, without a parliament.

And parliament is not, as some of my enthusiastic Eastern friends think, an Oriental invention. The difference between «We make you king» and «We make you king and elect these people to watch over you», is very plain. Likewise the difference between a privy council and a parliament. On the other hand, freedom of conscience and freedom of religious worship are more subtly differentiated: the one is achieved, the other is given and just tolerated. Let us not forget the Reformation in Germany, therefore, and the Revolutions in England and America and France. No nation of modern times that lays any claim to knowledge and culture and political consciousness can deny their benefits or shake itself free of them.

I am ready to admit that everything came out of the East. But what comes out of the wild soil is one thing, and what comes out of a cultivated garden is another. Luther Burbank the American has knocked the thorns out of the cactus fruit by sheer cultivation; Mary Baker Eddy the American has knocked the thorns out of religion, by sheer cerebration; but we in the East would knock the thorns out of every thing in life by faith and resignation. Give us a constitution, o thou Most Generous, and a ballot-box, and a king, honest and just, and a few aeroplanes and machine guns on the side; but, if they are stamped «Made in Europe», we will not accept them. We will blink if they are not so marked, however, and continue to curse that Siren — that mother of infernal wonders.

III.

I am not of those who say: We are not ready for this thing or for that. We are ready for everything, including the gallows; — the gallows in London and in New-York as well as in Cairo and Calcutta; — the gallows for everything that has become useless, nay, poisonous, and everything new that is born sterile. It would be quite the right thing.

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BY
AMEEN

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be no more nationalist agitations against her — no more boycotting — no further peaceful or armed resistance of her power.

We can no longer expect of the diplomats of Europe to right single handed the wrongs of the world, particularly of the East. They have done enough in the past to make the task now an official impossibility. Nor can we, in our self-determination struggles and adventures, trust the Oriental autocrat, who will want to do some self-determining along his own inherited lines. And they are bad enough, let us admit : even worse in their effect than the diplomats, proverbial chicanery and unscrupulousness. If we are still fond of our princes and sultans and kings, therefore, let us, for their sake, at least, provide them with parliaments and constitutions. But these, o my Masters, are the inventions of the devil — they come from Europe — and with them must come other «evils» inevitably. Are you ready to accept them all ? Or will you continue to doze between the Devil and the Deep Sea and run the chance of losing also your precious political dream? I am in favor of this rule for nations and individuals : Live not by your virtues alone : there may be some good in the «vices» of others.

AMEEN RIHANI

San'a, Yaman, May 4, 1922

To this day Arab hates Turk, Turk hates Arab, and Persians hate both. Every rise and fall of sectarian creed has worked similar havoc to the unity of Islam. Only 12 million Shiites remain to contest the spiritual leadership with 221 million Sunnites, but the Sunnites themselves are divided into four orthodox sects (Hanifites, 140 millions, Shafites, 58 millions; Malikites, 16 millions; Hanbalites, 7 millions), and these sects, in turn, are split into literally hundreds of intolerant schismatic groups.

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BY
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WITH Turkey as her ally, Germany has succeeded in dividing the Mohammedan people, which will mean perhaps the division of what remains of the Ottoman Empire. And whether she triumph or fail in her struggle for "a place in the sun," the fate of Turkey, in Europe at least, is sealed.

This seems to be the consensus of opinion of political observers, as well as the popular feeling, both in Asia and in Europe. But what will become of the Caliphate, the primacy in the hierarchal succession, it is asked, if this, the fifth of the great Mohammedan Empires, is dismembered?—a question that concerns not only the 263 million Mohammedans throughout the world, but also those European Powers that have a Mohammedan population in their dominions. England and France, once seriously considering the problem, seemed to countenance the idea of investing the Caliphate in the Sultan of Morocco. But that is now out of the question. Even in the balmy days of the Andalusian Empire, the Caliph in Bagdad tolerated only as his viceroy the contemporary Caliph in Cordova. And ever since the downfall of those two brilliant [illegible] Islam has languished under the lethal [illegible]rism. While the Moham[illegible]a always remained inert, [illegible], Egypt, and Arabia have, [illegible]n off their lethargy and [illegible]ress in applying to their [illegible]it of the age. Indeed, [illegible]vident in the great Ara[illegible]lam now challenges the [illegible]both in the Hierarchy [illegible]ar can Germany, with

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Thus the call to the Jehad issues from a Turkish sultan in Europe to conglomerate millions of Negroes and Tartars, Moors and Bengalis, Arabs and Persians, scattered from equatorial Africa to the Steppes of Siberia—to peoples in the profoundest depths of primitive ignorance and to peoples steeped in religious traditions that are hostile to the Sunnite sect and in historical traditions that make them contemptuous of the, to them, barbarian Turks. Such a call seems unlikely to provoke an uprising that could be near enough to unanimous to justify the mighty spectre which the resounding phrase of "Holy War" first raises in the mind.

The Tartar & the Teuton

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~~GERMANY AND ISLAM~~

THE AMBITION OF THE YOUNG ARABS TO WREST THE CALIPHATE FROM THE YOUNG TURKS AND THE PROBABLE EFFECTS OF THEIR SUCCESS UPON GERMANY'S DREAM OF ORIENTAL CONQUEST

BY

AMEEN RIHANI

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Aside from their political differences, the enmity between the Arab and the Turk is proverbial; a racial, deep rooted enmity, which the New Régime, instead of overcoming or at least tempering, has brought successfully to a head. And still the effendi of Constantinople refers to the son of the desert as "that dog of an Arab"; and still the desert Arab, who will rhyme even on his way to Juhannam, pours out his hatred and contempt in couplets like this:

> "Three things naught but evil work—
> The locust, the vermin, and the Turk."

And also in shot and shell. Only three years ago there was a revolution in Yemen, and Al-Imam Yahia, with thirty thousand Beduins armed with modern weapons, defeated the disciplined battalions of the Fraternity-Equality Régime. The Sublime Porte, as usual, made concessions, and as usual, they were but ink upon paper. To the Arabs, therefore, nay, to all the Arab-speaking Ottomans, Mohammedans and Christians, the New Régime is worse than the Old. The Dowla (Empire) is a spawn of iniquity—the leopard changeth not his skin, etc. Even the garrisons in southern Arabia and in Syria are not desperately loyal to the Turks. Ill fed and ill clothed, they fare no better to-day than they did in that unspeakable past, when the Bashi-Bazouk imposed upon the inhabitants, the Officer upon the Bashi-Bazouk, the Agha upon the Officer, the Pasha upon the Agha, the

resentatives. Enver Pasha is reorganizing the Turkish army on German principles and with the help of Germany officers. But this does not mean that he is anything else but an Ottoman war minister who thinks that German military conceptions are superior to those of other countries. But now Turkey is in the war, this new army fashioned by Enver Pasha and his German assistants will prove that it is a vastly superior instrument to that with which she fought the Balkan Allies. In Enver Pasha it has a commander-in-chief who has given proofs of very considerable all-round military capacity, and one who possesses in an incomparable degree the power of inspiring his troops with enthusiasm.

THE MENACE OF A "HOLY WAR"

WHAT IT WOULD MEAN TO THE ALLIES IN THE EUROPEAN CONFLICT, AND WHY IT IS NOT LIKELY TO BECOME A REALITY

AT FIRST thought, the threat of a Jehad, or Holy War, upon Turkey's entrance into the European conflict seemed a menace of terrible proportions. In British India alone are 62 million Mohammedans—nearly one fourth of the people of that vast Empire—and on its borders are one million Mohammedans in Siam, 4½ millions in Afghanistan, and nearly 9 millions in Persia. In Africa, Great Britain rules nearly 18 million Moslems, the greater part of them distributed as follows: in Egypt, 8,900,000; Nigeria, 6,000,000; and the Sudan, 1,000,000. The French face a problem only less impressive, with 1½ million Moslem subjects in French Guinea, nearly 2 millions in Tunis, 4 millions in Algeria, 5½ millions in Morocco, and 18 millions in Senegambia-Niger, besides 1½ millions in French Asiatic possessions. Even Russia has real or nominal sovereignty over nearly 16 million adherents of Islam, chiefly in Turkestan, Bokhara, Khiva, Caucasia, Trans-Caucasia, and the Steppes.

Under Turkish rule are more than 15 million Moslems—2 millions in Europe, one million in Africa, and 12 millions in Asia. The independent Moslem states of Oman and Nejd (3,500,000), Afghanistan (4,500,000), and Persia (8,800,000) account for nearly 17 million Mohammedans. Even omitting the 30 millions in China, the call for the Jehad nominally affects roughly 175 million followers of the Prophet.

Its menace is to the Suez Canal, which is the key to British control in India; to the control of India itself; to British suzerainty in Egypt; to French suzerainty in Morocco and Algeria; to the support of the Balkan States—a moral and possibly a physical support—in behalf of the Allies; to Russian peace in its border provinces of the Caucasus. It implies also the direct participation of Turkey itself—already achieved in the Balkan Peninsula and on the Black Sea, and potential in the Austro-Russian battle front by the necessity of withdrawing Russian troops from that region to act in Asia Minor and around Odessa.

But the "Holy War" of M[ohammedans]... become a reality than a "holy war" of Christians against Mohammedans, for Islam is no more homogeneous than Christendom. It, too, is composed of rival races, intolerant sects. The internal history of the Moslem world is a history of the struggle of Persians to supplant Arabs and of Turks to supplant Persians, of Shiites to regain the caliphate from the Sunnites, of hundreds of minor sects to assert the orthodoxy of their creeds and to persecute their smaller rivals.

Mohammed was an Arab, and the caliphs of the Arabic Omayyad dynasty, which succeeded to the spiritual and temporal power after Mohammed's contemporaries were dead, were his successors for nearly one hundred years. Then the house of the Abbasids conquered the Omayyads and ruled for nearly two hundred years. The Abbasids, though descended from an uncle of Mohammed, were practically Persians, and their dynasty made its capital at Bagdad, far from Arabic influence. During their reigns all Africa became politically independent of the Eastern caliphate, and the Western Moslems achieved spiritual independence as well by erecting a separate caliphate at Cordova at the height of the Moorish power in Spain. The Persian Abbasids, in turn, were conquered by the Turks, who had been, first, slaves and later the palace guard of the caliphs of Bagdad. The Turks originated yet farther to the East, in the Tartar tribes on the western border of China. Under the Turks, the ruler was called *sultan*, which means merely king, whereas the *caliph* was both the spiritual head of Islam and the political sovereign of the Moslem world. Several centuries after the decline of the Abbasids, the Turkish sultan, Selim I, having conquered the Mamelukes of Egypt, captured the decadent descendant of the Abbasid caliphs in Cairo and wrested from him the title of caliph and the sacred banner and other relics of Mohammed that now adorn the seraglio in Constantinople and symbolize the sultan's spiritual leadership of Islam.

Every ch[ange]...

Vizier upon the Pasha, and the Sultan—but his Serene Majesty is not to be held in blame. A criminal government devouring its subject people and ever crying *baat, baat, baat!*— (give, give, give!)—who and what shall stop its gaping mouth? And a criminal government it remains. Only recently, in the last mobilization, Christians and Mohammedans in Syria and in Armenia were forced to pay their substitution fees twice and three times over, and unwilling conscripts were treated like pigs and made to plunder their own homes to replenish the empty coffers and stores of the Army. And so it goes, a wicked and unbridled system of plunder, from the Bashi-Bazouk to the Grand Vizier, with the singular interpolation now of official Germany! We hear to-day of three or four army corps in Syria ready to march on Egypt, but I have no doubt that their grievances will march before them and darken their way. "I am sending you three hundred volunteers," wrote a captain to his superior officer "send back the chains." Which is quite applicable in this case.

There is such a thing as the fatality of hate, which seems to be a part of the Cosmic Scheme. Indeed, some people are born to hate each other, and the sooner they know it the better. The Young Turk, for instance, when he can neither knife nor poison nor despoil an Arab aspiring to power, will invite him to Stamboul and make him a pasha, that is a Sublime-Porte instrument of murder and plunder. That is why the Arab chiefs as well as the leaders of thought in Syria and Egypt have always resisted these baleful seductions. And when one of them was told of a certain notable of Bagdad who was inveigled into the cafés, the music halls, and the governmental bureaus of Constantinople, hobnobbing and intriguing with *chic* beys and oily pashas, the Sheikh exclaimed, "And he will go staggering to Juhannam in a shimmer of Turkish trappings and decorations: a grave in the sand, *billah*, were better than such a jag." But this has always been an exceptional case. For to the Arab, whose pride and magnanimity are those of the barbarian, the patriarchal rule of Ibn ur-Rashid of Nejd, or the theocratic government of the Sherif of Mecca, with all its open-air tyranny and justice, is far better than the statocratic abominations of Constantinople. And so the Young Turks were severely left alone to solve the ever-recurring problem that a government in transition must confront, namely: How are we to force the blessings of our New Régime upon a blind people? But make sure they are blessings and even the blind will see them. Come out with an honest heart, a far-seeing eye, a clean hand, and with something more than the high-sounding inanities about fraternity and equality, and you will not have to go about dispensing the blessings of your liberal government from the muzzle of a cannon. But—and here is the sad part of it—the Young Turks and the Old are of a piece. And a Constitution and Parliament in incompetent, unclean, and partizan hands, especially in a country like Turkey, which still cherishes the illusion of having recently shaken its ancient fetters, will produce revolutions everywhere—in Macedonia, in Crete, in Karak, in Huran, in Yemen. And they did so. But these revolutions were only the local storms that preceded the tempest. Wars followed in succession, and with what result! Tripoli was the price of the first war; the Balkan possessions, the price of the second; and now—the third blow is always fatal—it will mean final liquidation. And all in the brief space of three years.

GERMANY'S IGNORANCE OF ISLAM

Germany is well aware of this; and no matter how she tries, she can neither placate the overwhelming Arab opposition, nor even cure the necrosis that has set in in the Turkish Army itself. It is likely, however, that she can play to advantage, for a brief space only, and with the aid of a few native demagogues and fanatics, upon the religious emotions of the race. But this will eventually betray the limitations of Germany's influence and her deplorable ignorance of the aspirations, no longer secret, of Young Arabia. For despite their pledges and professions of friendship for the Young Turks, the sincerity of which is not altogether beyond doubt; despite their oriental societies for the cultivation of a better knowledge and understanding of Islam; and despite the singular, almost romantic, attitude of Potsdam toward Yildiz, there still remains between the German and the Mohammedan people a formidable barrier, which even Krupp guns cannot destroy or penetrate. And why is this? Perhaps the German is too austere for a people who are fairly tired of their own austerity; or perhaps he is too methodical for a people who have always dispensed with method: in either case, he is too much like or unlike the Mohammedans even to engage their interest or sympathy. He absorbs, in a certain sense, but he does not assimilate; he is affable, very affable, but not adaptable. He cannot reach the outside world with his "spiritual achievements," his "universality of endeavor," his "world-conception," as well as he can with his merchandise, because he cannot appreciate the traditionary sources of the world. He is insular intellectually and spiritually, which is worse than being so geographically.

It may be that he is not sufficiently understood; but that is not wholly his fault. The German spirit, with regard to the world, is imprisoned in the German language. Indeed, if you want me to change my way for yours, you must convince me that yours is better, and in a language that I can understand. If you want to govern my worldly and spiritual interests as well as my moral and social conduct, I want to know something of the law of right and wrong by which you are governed. And this the Mohammedans, at least, cannot hope to understand because the German language, although the German himself speaks the languages of commerce and diplomacy that are current, has not been

introduced into their schools as the English and the French have been, and would not, if it were, be in the least as popular as they are. And after all, language is the key to the heart and soul of a nation, to the secret of its genius, to the attitude of its mind: it creates sympathy in the foreigner, it holds out to him the friendly hand of a civilization that knows not politics, while the thoughts that it expresses or conceals cannot be grasped or sensed through any other medium but its own. In other words, if you speak my language, you only partly understand me: I must be able to speak your language, too, that we may fully understand and appreciate each other. And among the Mohammedans the German language is not yet known any more than is the German himself. Even the Turks do not quite understand him. Yes, he stands imprisoned in his native tongue, the German, which is partly the barrier between him and the world. We speak of the excellency and the marvelous, unerring work of the German war machine. I have seen the German social machine as remarkably developed outside of Germany. There is in Haifa a German colony which is ideal from every viewpoint you consider it. The houses, the streets, the little gardens, the shaded walks, the sanitary system, the stores, the conveyances, the peaceful atmosphere, the quiet but persistent energy that permeates the life of the community, are all most admirable. Nothing could be more simple and wholesome and charming. It is, indeed, exemplary, this colony, from the hygienic, the social, and the moral point of view—it looms up as a little paradise to one winding his way out of the wretched-smelling by-ways of the town. But how is it, I ask, that this highly developed social community is not emulated, is not even known by the natives? How is it that the German does not radiate the blessings of this clean and simple and well-ordered life? It may be that the German soul is opaque like his speech; the inner light he has attained seems to be destined only for himself. He stands apart, in this sense, even like the Jew. The colony at Haifa and the Jewish colony at Jaffa have this in common: they are both insular, foreign, distant—an independent town within a town, with no means of communication nor any bond of sympathy between them and their neighbors. And what the German professor calls "the wonderful coördination of all spiritual achievements from within" must, in view of this fact, remain a fascinating theory.

WHY EGYPT IS CONTENTED

So, too, the dream of the German Orientalist, who in a way is a promoter of German policy in the East, and on whose learning and experience Potsdam chiefly depends. He may understand Mohammedanism better than his English and French confrères, but he does not rightly understand the Mohammedans. His deeper knowledge of their religion seems to be a barrier to his better knowledge of their social and political life. For although they are essentially a religious people, their religious spirit has many doorways and secret passages into the world. The English discovered this even before the French did; and their efforts to clear these secret passages of the cobwebs of effete traditions, and to promote a modern wholesome civic spirit among the people, have always been commensurate with their respect, whatever their motive be, for the Koran and the holy places of Islam. That is why the Mohammedans of India and Egypt are more content with their lot than their brethren of Algeria and Tunis, and that is why, perhaps, they are more advanced. Nevertheless, there is still a yawning gulf between the religious and the civic nature of their rulers; for they are as sensitive in the one as they are callous in the other. But the Mosque does not sufficiently atone for the Throne; and the pious Imam cannot check the extravagances of the covetous Amir or the unscrupulous demagogue. And here often end the tolerance and complacency of England, who, with the religious authorities on her side, never hesitates to make an example of a Nawab in India or fails to crush a just but misguided national movement in Egypt. Now the Germans, in their confused conceptions of things Mohammedan, to say nothing of the inconsistency of their policy, are encouraging, instigating the recrudescence of the National Party. But what, in the light of contemporary history, would they do in India? I recall the laconic reply of the Caliph Omar to his General Amru regarding the library of Alexandria which, changing the word "Koran" for "Kultur," might run thus, coming as an order from Berlin: "If the religions of India are antagonistic to German Kultur destroy them; if they are not, they are superfluous: German Kultur is all-sufficient." The Teutonic mind perhaps can see the difference between the establishment of a religion by the sword and the spread of Kultur by Krupp guns, but the ordinary human mind cannot.

WHO SHALL SUCCEED TO THE CALIPHATE

Despite these glaring contradictions in German precept and practice, and despite the double policy, which, like the sword of Ali, cuts both ways, encouraging one people to achieve their independence in one part of the world and robbing another people of theirs in another, Germany at this late hour comes as a suitor to Islam, who, having gone through several not indifferent affairs already, has acquired a certain worldly European wisdom. A grand duchess, who has lost her fortune and her illusions but still cherishes her faith and clings to it, can quite realize that to preserve her coat-of-arms upon an equipage no longer her own and to defend the title deeds of a castle occupied by a usurper do not help her in the least. That is Islam to-day. For even if the Turks are defeated, ousted out of Europe, reduced to an Asiatic vassal people, they will still remain powerful and able to do incalculable mischief if their Sultan remains Prince of the Faithful and Caliph of Islam

It is well known that every Mohammedan dynasty down to the Abbasids of Bagdad was purely Arabic. Whence the origin of an Arab movement. But the problem of the Caliphate is not as simple as it seems. To be sure, the primacy in the hierarchal succession will be wrested ultimately from the Turks; but where will it rest, on whose head shall it fall? The Prince of the Wahabys of Nejd has more than once drawn the sword for it; the Sultan of Moskat will claim it; Sheikh Senussi has it, snug and secure, in his pocket; and the Sherif of Mecca has long been combing his beard for it: but, of all these aspiring notables, the Sherif stands the strongest in his rights and resources as against the possibility of investing it in the Khedive of Egypt. Cairo is now the heart of the Arabic-speaking world as well as the most enlightened centre of Islam; and it is not improbable that it will become again the capital of a new Arab Empire. In which case, as between England and Germany, Young Arabia will be guided in her choice by something more than mere sentiment. True, England has always been the friend of Turkey, and the Khedive himself, though he cannot deny that his country has prospered under English rule (he is the biggest of the large-acred lords of the land), is, nevertheless, apparently Turkophile; but in recent times, as the approaching collapse of the Empire became more evident, England has seriously considered the change in the hierarchal succession, and the Khedive has secretly cherished the primacy. Moreover, the belief in the possibility of a new Arab Empire has been steadily gaining ground even among the Christian population, ever since the Young Turks deposed Abd'ul-Hamid and inaugurated their reign of systematic plunder and murder. "Wrest the Caliphate from the usurping House of Beni Osman—rescue it from the wreckage coming," has often been whispered in the political and religious circles of Damascus and Cairo. And now, when even great nations are frankly cynical, considering their neutrality or the espousal of this or that cause in a spirit of undisguised selfishness, it is not reprehensible, nay, it is the height of wisdom in the protagonists of this Arab movement to embrace the supreme chance of realizing their great dream.

And England, whose colonial policy has always covered many political and civic anomalies, will find it necessary to change or modify her course in Egypt. The Party of Enlightenment and Progress that has always fought Turkish influence in the Valley of the Nile as well as the fanatics and demagogues of Nationalism, has always had her moral and political support. Now that Party is logically pursuing its course and England must stand by it. Nor can she afford to hesitate. For, say what we will about the loyalty of her Indian subjects, the loud-lunged fanatic, the false prophet, is not dead. And the Allied Powers who are now at war with Turkey would not invite the antagonism of the whole Islamic world. On the contrary, if Germany has espoused the cause of the Turks, England and France will be the stronger by espousing the sacred cause of Islam. To save the Caliphate from the wreckage of the Ottoman Empire, therefore, and invest it in an Arab Prince, is a great stroke of policy as well as a measure of great justice.

THE CLAIMS OF THE ARABS

Of course, there is legal and religious justification for the transfer. Long in the hand of usurpers, in a tottering house, it should revert again to a legitimate head, or to the one nearest to its original spring. It might be said, however, that the Khedivial house is not purely Arabic. But it is not Mongolian or Tartar. It is Mohammedan; it is not inimical to the higher and truer spirit of world-progress; it has the advantage of being in power; its princes are accomplished, broad-minded, experienced, traveled; and Arabic, the language of the Koran, is its own. Nothing could be more precipitous on the part of England at present than to annex Egypt; for such a step would surely make the pendulum swing in the other direction and the cry of the Nationalists, "Egypt for the Egyptians" might even become "Egypt for the Turks." On the other hand, if the Caliphate is invested in the Khedive, she would strengthen her ties with the Mohammedan world, protect her Indian Empire, and continue to exercise her beneficent sway over a new Islam.

Among advanced thinkers, however, a separation between the religious and the civil power is preferred—the Sherif of Mecca, stripped of all temporal authority, made Vice-gerent of the Prophet and Täyef the Vatican of the Mohammedan world. Personally, I do not think the time has come for such a radical change—the Mohammedans are not yet ripe for it. And any attempt to force the issue at the present time will fan the wonted fanaticism of the overwhelming millions of the Faithful, excite the envy and ambition of the Wahabys of Nejd, the Zeidites of Yemen, the Senussis of West Africa, and stir up a revolt that even Germany has never dreamt of. In any event, neither England nor any other European Power can look upon the Caliphate as a negligible quantity in this crisis; and no nation, struggling for the hegemony of the world, can afford to ignore the initial and essential truth that the Caliphate is impregnable, unconquerable so long as there is a Koran and a Mecca. You can annihilate a race with cannon and shell, but you cannot destroy a religion. Indeed, religions have always died a natural death, and modern siege guns, like medieval edicts, delay, instead of hasten, the hour. England, therefore, now that she is at war with Turkey, must help to establish a new Caliphate, even before the fall of Constantinople, when Germany might abandon her Young Turks for a better and stronger ally—Young Arabia. And mainly upon this depends whether Potsdam or Downing Street is to have to-day the upper hand in Islam.

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Albert

WHY TURKEY ENTERED THE WAR

BY

ROLAND G. USHER

(PROFESSOR OF HISTORY, WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY, ST. LOUIS.)

MANY people entirely misunderstand the significance of the declaration of war by Turkey against Russia, France, and England. Why these despairing gasps of the dying? they ask. What possible chance has this weak, moribund state to survive a clash of arms with the Triple Entente? Has not the Turk, in fact, dug his own grave and committed suicide? In all probability the Turk is in considerable danger, but the danger does not arise from his joining Germany. In fact, the war and the present international situation provide the Turk with the best opportunity in a century to achieve the aims cherished by Turkish statesmen who have the best interests of Turkey itself at heart. For several years Turkey has been in extreme peril. It was condemned to death by the Triple Entente some time ago, and the prediction of the British Prime Minister in a recent public speech that this war would end the existence of Turkey as an independent power was only the publication of the sentence of death long since decided upon. The Sick Man was kept alive by his friends, the doctors, largely because they deemed his malady in-

the face of many enemies, had passed away beyond a peradventure and had left the Turk in great peril. Ever since the decay of the strength of the Ottoman Empire the Turk had been hardly pressed in Europe by Russia and by Austria, both of whom coveted sections of his dominions, and both of whom would have been glad to obtain Constantinople, the gateway between Europe and Asia. Of the two, Russia was more insistent because her interests made the control of the exit from the Black Sea imperative for her. The Turk, however, until very recently, was himself strong enough to throw considerable obstacles in the face of the invader; he was probably, in 1900, more efficient than in 1850; but his enemies had grown by leaps and bounds. He was confronted by a new Austria and a new Russia.

What was worse, the Balkan nations, who had long been subject peoples, ill-organized, poverty stricken, had grown with the help of the Turks' enemies into sturdy, self-reliant, independent communities with good-sized armies and something approaching national wealth. The long years of subjection had left behind a consuming

... have this in common: they are both insular, foreign, distant—an independent town within a town, with no means of communication nor any bond of sympathy between them and their neighbors. And what the German professor calls "the wonderful coördination of all spiritual achievements from within" must, in view of this fact, remain a fascinating theory.

WHY EGYPT IS CONTENTED

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... and despite the double policy, which, like the sword of Ali, cuts both ways, encouraging one people to achieve their independence in one part of the world and robbing another people of theirs in another, Germany at this late hour comes as a suitor to Islam, who, having gone through several not indifferent affairs already, has acquired a certain worldly European wisdom. A grand duchess, who has lost her fortune and her illusions but still cherishes her faith and clings to it, ...

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THE COMING OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

Bookman N.Y. City July 1912

BY AMEEN RIHANI

IN TWO PARTS. PART II

III

IN German, Christian Maximilian Habicht is responsible for the first translation of *The Nights* as for the European Arabic Edition. It is certain that De Sacy, under whom Habicht studied a little Arabic, when he was Secretary to the Prussian Legation at Paris, had little or nothing to do with the work. But there are three others, natives to the Arabic tongue, with whom Habicht had considerable literary and linguistic commerce; namely, Father Raphael of Cairo, then teaching Arabic in Paris; Mordecai ibn en-Najjar, of Tunis, who lived with him in the same house; and Antoun Dubbanah Bey, of Cairo, who loaned him his manuscript of *The Nights*. But Dubbanah Bey's manuscript was not considered authentic; Ibn en-Najjar, who transcribed for him many stories from a Tunisian manuscript, was a sorry scribe, a mercenary one; and Father Raphael, though knowing more Arabic than De Sacy, did not succeed in imparting his knowledge to his Austrian student. Hence the garbled text of that execrable patchwork known as Habicht's *Recension of the Arabian Nights*, which was published at Breslau about the time Edward Lane's English translation appeared.

Habicht was an enterprising Orientalist who thought nothing of borrowing or stealing or mangling a manuscript so it fit in the general frame of his work. And this is true of his Recension as well as his German translation, which was made both from the French and the Arabic. He translated from Gautier and Caussin de Perceval, who expanded Galland's, and added what was needed to complete the work from his own fragmentary tales which he collected when in Paris. Even that Tunisian manuscript, with which he hoodwinked even the scholars, was nothing more than the tales he received from the Jewish scribe, Ibn en-Najjar. That much of the success of Habicht's work—if success it be—is due to the industry and friendship of this Tunisian Jew, is undoubted. It seems that he was a professional scrivener, this Mordecai, for he copied stories for others besides Habicht, who, nevertheless, liked him well. On the title page of Volume II of the Arabic Edition is this note: "Following is the story of Seif el Moluk which is copied by my dear Brother Mordecai ibn en-Najjar of Tunis." And as these were received from his "dear Brother" then in Tunis, written on different kinds of paper, they were bound together, without correction or revision, except that here and there, with lead pencil, Habicht would make the (his arbitrary) divisions into Nights. Other scriveners there were, it seems, besides Ibn en-Najjar. For a colophon to one of the volumes says, Written by Herbin of Paris. An enterprising and surprising scholar was Habicht; and any one, indeed, that came his way, and was in any way familiar with Arabic or *The Nights*, had to contribute toward the success of the great enterprise. Even De Sacy was not spared. For one of his manuscripts was called into requisition that some excerpts from it might serve to fill a few gaps in his own. And thus, he numbered *The Nights* and renumbered them to suit his purpose, and printed them without the slightest qualm of conscience, giving grammar, sense, and style a *grand congé*. But Baron Von Hammer and Gustave Weil (the latter's translation is the best and most complete, I am told) made amends for the literary and linguistic enormities of Christian Maximilian Habicht.

1/6

IV

We now come to England. Early in the eighteenth century a pinch of *The Nights* was sown in Grub Street, but it did not take root. In his essay on Temperance, Addison gives an epitome of the story of the Physician and the King from the *Arabian Nights Tales.* He also translated and published in another number of *The Spectator* the story of Alnachar (en-Nashshar, the Sawyer), which is that of the Fifth Brother of the Barber in the "Adventures of the Hunchback." But this Grub Street specimen of *The Nights* did not germinate. The seeds that were wafted across the Channel with

the down of Galland's thistl
frosted in the pages of *The Sp*
Historically speaking, however, t
the real first English translatio
The Nights, excepting, of cours
ter's rendering of Galland's Versi

Then Jonathan Scott tried hi
at the task and failed. He sta
translate, inaccurately enough,
sense of decency undisguised, fil
ellipses with "modesty will not
nor is it necessary to relate wh
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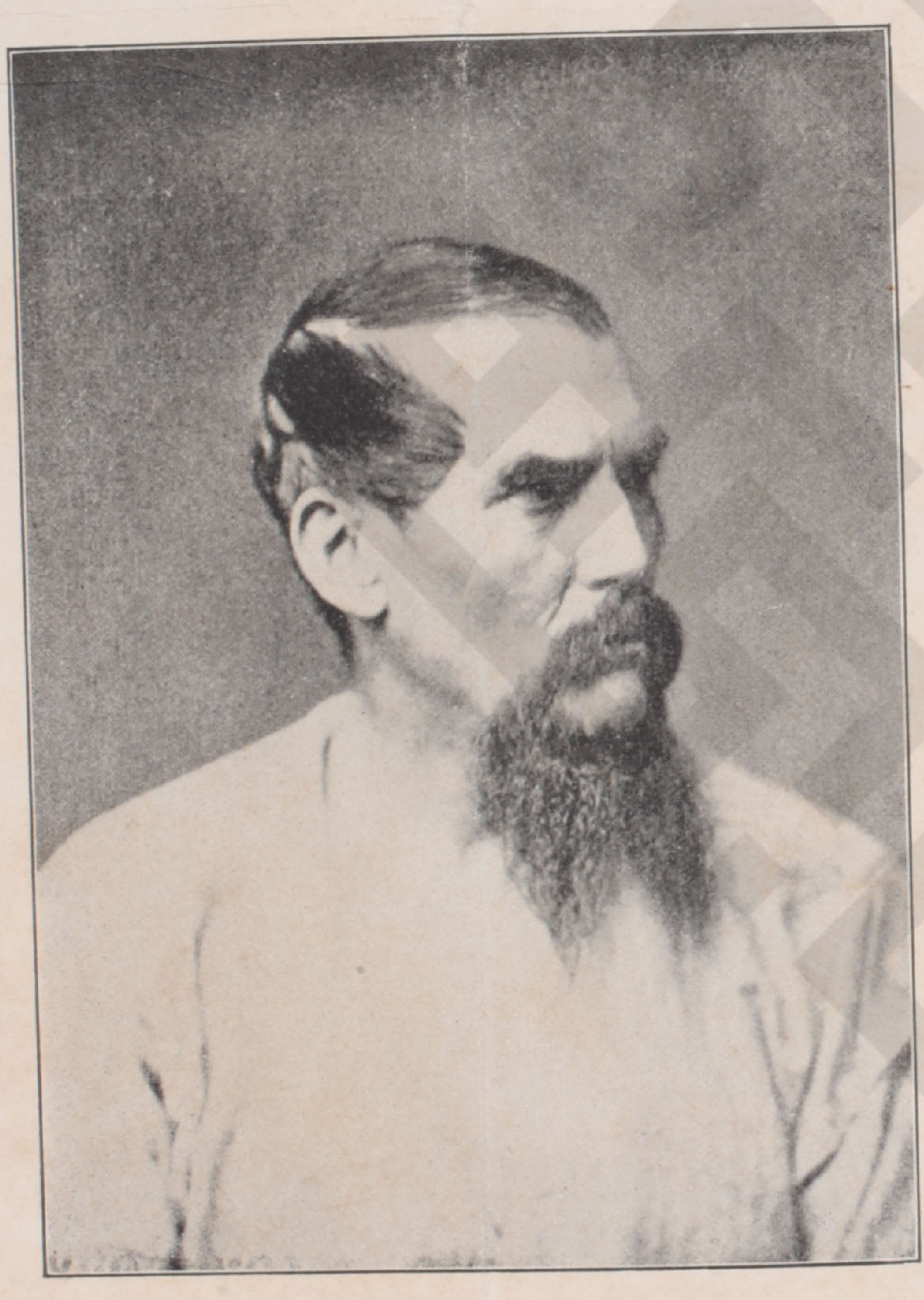

SIR RICHARD BURTON

For twenty years, in all his travels the book of "The Nights" was Burton's only source of solace

xpression retain all its force and
y in the elegant but sometimes un-
nial disguise of modern idiom?
is the problem. And we shall see
he two succeeding translators have
led with it. That they both did
best and were more equipped for
reat task than any of their prede-
s, is beyond doubt.

V

hard Burton, soldier, explorer,
r, author, ethnologist, and *rawy,*
it is said, thirty-five languages and
ts, especially that of pornography.
rved his country in the Bombay
Corps, and as British Consul, for
y years, in Asia, Africa, Europe
Brazil. He left a literary baggage
irty-seven volumes, chief among
are the seventeen volumes of *The*
and Nights and One Night, which
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is lecher or the serious scholar.
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sparate duality of East and West,
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cter in *The Nights,* he attempted a
mage to Mecca, disguised as an
in Muslem, under the name of Hajj
lah. But that he never entered the
l precincts of that city is certain.
twenty years, in all his travels,
ook of *The Nights* was Burton's
source of solace and joy. The
spirit of it flowed into his own,
ng a distinct Oriental atmosphere
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in his work. Indeed, the Oriental
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inacothek of his brain, to borrow
wn term, which was exclusively a
e gallery of the wonderful Tales.
liarity with the Arabic dialects gave
n advantage over the scholars who
have been more learned in Arabic
himself. And he could as well sur-
the native *alem* as entertain the na-
peasant. In that happy circle be-
the tent in the desert, he himself
l be the central figure, the *rawy;* he

would recite to the Arabs in their own dialect the wonderful tales of *The Nights,* and his hearers, exclaiming, Allah, Allah! would roll on the sands with laughter.

Burton's was a real genuine avocation, which he followed with delight for many years under all sorts of conditions;—whether travelling with the Bedu in the desert, or searching for hidden lakes in the wilds of Africa, or exploring the mysterious land of Midian and its gold mines, or excavating ancient ruins, places of enchantment, vanished scenes, perhaps, of the Tales, he still pursued his great task, and never ceased to dream his great dream of putting in the shade all his predecessors, the translators of *The Nights.* But in another part of the world, and perhaps under more favourable conditions, another English Arabist, fired with the same ambition, was then engaged on a similar task. John Payne, too, would startle the English-speaking world, in whose gilding of refinement innocence of the word is more desired than innocence of the thought or the deed, with the bald realism—the naked, unsophisticated, naïve spirit—of a Work which had been distorted into Family Editions, Drawing Room Editions, and such like. Both Payne and Burton were dreaming the same dream, wooing the same task, looking forward to the same laurels. And although Payne was first to bid for them, they were reserved for Burton, who, nevertheless, shared them with his friend. But the great achievement was in a certain sense a failure. Alas, O Hajj Abdullah! even *thy* great work was tamed down to a "Ladies of England" Edition,—eunuchated, as it were, by the hand of thine own faithful spouse. And she burned what remained of the Satodean stuff, Allah be praised! which was to be made a Supplement to the Supplementary Nights.

But why, it will be asked, if Burton was so imbued with the Oriental spirit, so deep withal in *The Nights'* secret of illusion, was his work in a sense a failure? His medium, first of all, failed him. And his literary eccentricities did not serve him well. True, the plain and naïve in the Original are rich and beautiful on many a page of the Translation; the Arabesque decoration, too, marvel-

thing he could do. So he falls to copying from the French author, altering little except the spelling of the names, and repeatedly telling himself and his public that Galland's version was in the main so correct! that it was useless to go over the work afresh. It is strange, indeed, that the first English translation of *The Nights* should have an Habicht-like parentage. But Scott, whose incuriousness was as phenomenal as Habicht's, whose Arabic and Arabism were as bad also, was not as bold, exigent, and laborious as the Austrian translator-editor-publisher. Nor was he desirous of swelling the work into a dozen volumes, lacking, probably, the commercial instinct of Habicht. He struck out at his pleasure many of the Tales, "both immoral and indecent in construction," and others in which "the incidents are too meagre and puerile to interest a European reader of any taste!"

To give one instance of Scott's method: Sindbad the Sailor, reflecting on the time he had lost and the profligacy of his past life, calls to mind the saying of Solomon that three things are better than three things: the day of death than the day of birth; a living dog than a dead lion; the grave than the palace. Which Scott translates: "I remember the saying of the great Solomon, which I had frequently from my father, that death is preferable to poverty." Eminently journalistic!

About the time that Scott was botching it in England, however, a more serious attempt was being made in India. Henry Torrens, Irishman, poet, dilettante Orientalist, was already engaged on a translation which had peculiar and singular merits. But though he felt the glamour of *The Nights* and seemed to have lived and dreamed in them like Mardrus, he was not fully equipped for the task. That he was the most brilliant luminary of an Indian circle, is undoubted. But he knew little Arabic and not as much of the dialects of Egypt and Syria. Nevertheless, he published one volume of his translation. And had it been completed, Payne said, he would not have undertaken his.

He who followed Scott and Torrens accomplished his task, and for forty years his literal translation, which is as unreadable as Sale's *Koran*, stood alone as the then complete and popular edition of *The Nights*. Edward Lane, an eminent scholar, a fine Arabist, an Egyptomaniac, must have been horrified by the methods of both his predecessors. But, like Scott, without the amusing apology, however, he, too, omitted the indecent portions in the text; and unlike Torrens, he tried to impart to the literality the saving tone and flavour of a style which, though dignified, was more suited for the essay than the romance. His work has a few points of advantage, especially in the study of customs and manners. For he lived a long time in Egypt, and he acknowledges the assistance of two natives, Sheikh Mohammed Eyiad and M. Salamé. But how insipid, how jejune, how hideous and hag-like is a literal translation, when the translator lacks the imaginative quality and the Oriental poetic fervour! Lane's work reminds one of the modern expurgated Arabic editions of *The Nights*, made classical and dry by the Christian scholar or the European missionary.

It is curious to notice how one translator seems to react, as it were, on the one preceding him. Scott, for instance, comes out with an undisguised Puritanic version; Torrens with a version of the tavern. Then comes Lane to rebuke both, and with a deference to Mrs. Grundy and Mr. Addison, succeeds only in producing a cold, dry, unimaginative version of the drawing room. It has neither the advantage of being English literature nor a true living picture of the Arabic. Like a too Occidental paraphrase, a servilely literal translation must always prove a failure. In both methods, the grandiose and infantile of Oriental folklore seem ridiculous. And to miss them entirely, as we do in Scott, is better than beholding them cold and dry, as in the pages of Lane. But is there not another medium—the magic medium which no language lacks—through which the picturesqueness, the simplicity, the naïvete, the terseness, the plain childish directness of Arabic, can be made to breathe, not artificially or asthmatically, as in that single volume of Torrens, but naturally, unconsciously, unassumingly, as in the Original? Can the Arabic turn

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Will Simmons & His Animals

sent to Charles Corm 1935
upon his request for translating into
French
Albert

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And yet, an Occidental reader, become slavishly intellectual and analytical, might prefer these to the poetry interspersed in *The Nights*, which in a translation does seem extraneous. But it is certainly an indispensable portion of the original. Carried by the illusion, than which to an Oriental there is nothing more real, the intensity of his emotions is given a breathing spell in the interruption of the bard. His songs are the the secret of its magic power. The translator, therefore, must content himself with the spirit, and let the form, the outward mechanism, go. For the physiognomy of Arabic is quite another than that of any European language. So, too, its genius. Burton tried to find a vernacular suited to the turn of phrase or idea, but he failed miserably. Payne, in preservin[illegible] rhyme-scheme and sometimes [illegible] mere shadow of the rhythm, succeeded only in raising his lines from the level of prose; but he could not raise them high enough, shackled as they are in their native poetic tradition, to the height of poetry. This can be accom-

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plished, not in a translation, but only in what might be called a transmigration. And what is true of the poetry is partly true of the prose of *The Nights*. All the translators here discussed have only succeeded in giving us either a kind of "punch" in an Occidental bowl, or a peculiarly insipid something in an Oriental jar. The tone, the flavour, the spirit is either too weak or too turbid. The transmigration of *The Nights*, therefore, in their migration to the West, even like an Arabic poem, seems inevitable. And in the hands of a true literary genius, now that it has gone through the hands of the Arabist and scholar, either Payne's translation or Burton's can be made an English classic.

BIBLIOGRAPHIES OF YOUNGER REPUTATIONS

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lous as it is, though losing its form, seldom loses its flavour; but how often they are marred, alas, by a fatal something which has in it the suddenness of the tavern whoop or the outlandishness of an African barracoon. And that racy terseness, that naturalness, in which, now and then, an Oriental quaint conceit peeps coquettishly out of Elizabethan prose,—how often it is defeated by the heavy dragging semi-Biblical gear which is made to represent the whole mechanical structure of Arabic rhetoric. For Burton retained it all, unwieldy as it is. The rhymed prose, however, the cadence, the balance of sentence, the alliteration,—he coined a word when necessary for the purpose,—the assonants and dissonants,—these are often grotesque, sometimes amusing, and rarely agreeable in an Anglo-Saxon dress.

As for the anthropological notes and notelets, gleaned from the Satodean literature of Arabia, India, Greece and Rome—Burton's pornographic Arabic library alone must have made a few camel loads—and supplemented with observations and studies made in the wilds and jungles of primitive tribes,—these footnotes, often dragged by the feet into the book, and cried up by him as the most important feature of it, are instructive, to be sure, and entertaining. But why cumber *The Nights*, which is neither a pathological nor a theological treatise, with all this? Why, indeed, try to fetter romance and illusion with scientific and anthropological dissertations? It is a mistake to believe that no complete translation of *The Nights* can ever be complete without a marginal lumber of some kind. It may seem unjust to speak of an enlightening commentary as "lumber," but what place, I ask, has a three-page footnote on eunuchs in a fairy tale?

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But what have we instead of real poetry in all the complete translations? Alas, something which is neither prose nor verse. The literal rendering of either Mardrus or Lane is execrable; while that of Payne is better by far than Burton's. Payne himself was a poet, whatever his "Master Villon," whom he translated into English, might say to the contrary. But the Arabic bard has a right to say more; he and Villon can not share the same satisfaction in their translator.

Both Payne and Burton wrote learnedly and exhaustively on Arabic prosody; the subtle mechanism and the elusive spirit of it, they both perceived and appreciated; but they could not give in a translation the magic and music, the spirit-stirring lyricism of the original. The Arabic rhythm, do what we may, cannot be produced in English, because—and this vital point must have escaped both Payne and Burton—the shortest vowel-wave in the shortest meter has not the minimum pause of a dactyl or an anapest. And this almost continuous flow, with so many unaccented syllables forming an undertone, soft but heady, is the innate lyric charm of Arabic poetry, the secret of its magic power. The translator, therefore, must content himself with the spirit, and let the form, the outward mechanism, go. For the physiognomy of Arabic is quite another than that of any European language. So, too, its genius. Burton tried to find a vernacular suited to the turn of phrase or idea, but he failed miserably. Payne, in preserving the rhyme-scheme and sometimes a mere shadow of the rhythm, succeeded only in raising his lines from the level of prose; but he could not raise them high enough, shackled as they are in their native poetic tradition, to the height of poetry. This can be accom-

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THE CRISIS OF ISLAM 561

AMEEN RIHANI

NEVER in the history of the world has the Orient been so overcome by the spirit of revolution. Its governments, its creeds, its wisdom, its poetry may not bear that familiar *cachet* of Orientalism, when the storm subsides and the sky is clear again. For in this age of social and political unrest, with its unconscionable speed of thought and action, a *coup d'état* can almost be accomplished in a *coup d'œil*. That is why the sleepy-eyed Oriental, who was sleeping for centuries with his unsheathed sword in his hand, as it were, no longer fears the sinister spectre of Europe. And now that the light of freedom and modern science is dawning upon him, perhaps from the West, and in spite of Europe, *he* himself will overthrow his despotic government; *he* will reform his domestic life; *he* will abolish his degrading customs and cants; *he* will wash away the rust from his own creed. Indeed, Oriental empires and Oriental religions are now in the disintegrating and remoulding hand of revolution. And the result of its work we have seen in Japan, and we are now seeing in China, and we shall yet see in Islam. For this great nation of the Koran, now undergoing a terrible political and religious crisis, is nevertheless rising to power again, in spite of the tottering of its principal throne and the disintegration of its biggest empire.

Indeed, Turkey must soon go the way of the empires of the Omaiyads, the Abbasides and the Fatemites; but Islam, not an impure source, to be sure, of all these passing Khalifates, and of more to come, is still formidable, and will continue to hold its own alongside of Buddhism and Christianity. The American reader may have but a vague idea of the extent of the Mohammedan world. If he will take up the map and draw a straight line through the Sahara across the Red Sea to Oman in Arabia, then another straight line northward through Turkestan to the borders of the Russian Empire, he will have divided this Koran nation of two hundred and fifty million souls

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received two years ago, with no change in the price of mutton to the consumer.

Would the destruction of the sheep industry benefit the American people? No one believes that. Would a material reduction in the tariff on wool destroy the sheep industry? Emphatically, yes. Owing to the vicissitudes we have endured for the past two years we have seen how a prosperous industry has been brought to the verge of bankruptcy. The narrow margin of profit that now exists may be changed to disastrous loss by any of the great risks of the range. A further lowering of prices would certainly be followed by ruin. If ever an industry needed protection, and needed it badly, it is the sheep industry to-day.

It is not an infant industry. But it is a sick industry. Our plight and the proposed operation on Schedule K remind one of the good old days when a man in the last stages of some dread disease sent for the doctor, who promptly let out what little blood there was left in the emaciated frame, thus permitting the sufferer to pass quickly and quietly away. That is the peril of the wool-grower to-day.

in half, one of which borders on deserts and south seas and savage tribes, and the other on Europe.

Now, a nation of two hundred and fifty million souls, more than one-half of which is under Christian rule, struggling to shake off its fetters; to consolidate its opposing forces; replenishing itself in the South and in the East from the inexhaustible sources of the life primitive; assimilating in the North, but not without discrimination, the civilization of Europe; a nation with a glorious past, a living faith and language, an inspired Book, an undying hope, might be divided against itself by European diplomacy, but can never be subjugated by European arms. If it is losing its provinces in the North, it is making converts in the South. And to the big chiefs of the tribes, who all aspire to become Mahdis some day, a convert made is equal to a province lost.

And what may be its future destiny? Neither battleships nor Peace Tribunals, when the human conscience behind them is impure, the human mind ignoble, can decide the future of any nation. One thing, however, is clear. European aggression has always helped the spread of Islam. And now it is goading it to a *jihad* the like of which the world may not have seen since the Crusades. This is not an augury of a visionary or fanatic. For every impartial observer, whether a diplomat, a scholar or a war correspondent, will testify to the fact that the nation of Islam can put in the field one and a half million drilled soldiers in addition to two or three million fighting men from the rising tribes. And these Muslems are drilled and trained and kept in active service by Europe—by France, England, Germany and Russia—to maintain peace in their Mohammedan possessions. But the day is soon coming when the European officers of these Mohammedan regiments will not be obeyed; when in Algeria, in Morocco, in Tunis, in Egypt, in India, in East Africa, in Central Asia, the Muslem regiments will follow the green flag of the Prophet, the flag of the *jihad,* heeding no commandment but the commandment of Allah as set down in the Holy Book. Indeed, a word from Sheikh'ul-Islam in Constantinople, or even from the Mufti of Egypt, can light the sedges of revolt in every Europo-Muslem army in Africa and Asia. Consider that in

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Egypt alone there are twenty thousand British-drilled Muslem soldiers. Now, an army so formidable, trained by European officers, armed with modern weapons and reinforced by savage hordes from the rising tribes, might not reëstablish Islam in Europe, but it will drain the treasuries and undermine the military strength of Europe.

And why not a *jihad?* it is asked. Under the yoke of foreign domination, provoked by the criminal acquisitiveness of her neighbors, goaded by the arrogance and selfishness of their officials in her own lands, a nation, in the throes of an impending crisis, driven to the utmost verge, never stops to consider her weapons, or how she strikes. What the outcome of a *jihad* might be, however, is a subject for speculation. We have sufficient proof in the present war of the rise of the Arabs, of the awakening of the black races of Africa, and of the fighting strength of both. Indeed, they are the backbone of the Turkish army in Tripoli. Now, the Arabs and the blacks—such an alliance is not unknown to history—might compose in the future the spiritual and the military strength of Islam.

As for the Turks, they are rapidly becoming a negligible quantity in the struggle. They have played their card and lost. Their revolution was imperfect, illogical. Moved by the Masonic Jews of Salonika on the one hand, and by the free-thought French literature of the last century on the other, the Young Turks tried to awaken the Ottoman people after having overturned the Ottoman throne: which is perilous both to the people and to their leaders. A monster long asleep is a babe when it awakes; and a babe will cry for the moon and will break its milk-bottle on its nurse's head if it doesn't get the moon. Now, the Ottoman people, long suffering, long asleep, awoke, as from a nightmare, only to find themselves in the hands of a clique of young politicians—inexperienced, incompetent, fatuous, short-sighted politicians—whose cardinal political principle is: To the victor belong the spoils.

It may seem strange to say that the Turks themselves are apprehensive of Pan-Islamism. For should a holy war be declared to-morrow, it would cause their downfall as a ruling people and their ultimate extinction, perhaps, as a race. The present Sultan of Turkey, however, is not the one to unfurl the green flag of the Prophet; he can initiate, but not lead, a movement of such magnitude. But the one great Turk that could have done both is now a prisoner in Salonika. Indeed, the ex-Sultan has in him the madness of a Mahdi and the megalomania of an Oriental autocrat. But the Turks, all their much-boasted fighting strength to the contrary, cannot produce another. They lack that stamina, that dynamic moral force, which in political and religious crises is the one great dominating and consolidating factor. For though their leaders are to a great extent sceptics and atheists, they dare not countenance that movement of religious reform which is championed by the liberal-minded, free-thinking Mohammedans of Syria and Egypt.

The seeds of what might be called the Muslem Reformation are now being sown in the harem, in the mosque, and in the katatib (grammar schools) by these young leaders of modern thought. For they have realized that a political revolution which is not preceded by a spiritual one, must necessarily miscarry. And they have had sufficient proof of this in the revolutionary blunderings of the Young Turks.

Indeed, a reform of the official religion in a country like Turkey is of more importance than a reform of the government. I admit that the Augean stables of Yieldiz are worse in the new régime than they were in the old; but in the mosque is something more pernicious—in the mosque lurks the inveterate enemy of all constitutional government. Now, it depends partly on "the benevolent intentions" of Europe whether Islam shall benefit by the slow but persistent efforts of its vanguards of freedom, and become again one of the civilizing forces of the world, or whether all religious and moral reforms shall be frustrated, defeated, and a holy war proclaimed. For the Mohammedan world to-day is in the clutches of that passion which excludes all others—that passion of fanaticism which Europe, by its criminal acquisitiveness and broken pledges, is fanning to a conflagration, and on which the Turks must look with the cowardly heart of one who would ingratiate himself with both parties. Fearing Europe, they will not fan the fire; and, fearing the nation, they will not make any attempt at extinguishing its

flames. Alas! and how can a ruling people, who can boast of no heroes of the Idea, no martyrs of civic duty, triumph in a political revolution? And how can a nation cherish and pursue the ideal of perfectibility when she is always absorbed in the shrivelling thought of self-defence?

It was believed at first that the revolution was a sort of barrier in the way of Turkey's downfall; but now, with the war in Tripoli, the mutterings again of rebellion in Albania, and imminent communism in Constantinople, the barrier is raised, and the Empire is allowed to proceed—down to the abyss? Perhaps. And this to all non-Turkish Ottomans is a consummation devoutly to be wished. For the spirit of freedom and constitutional government is encircling the world. And the spirit of unrest and discontent is wedded to this spirit of freedom: so that in a nation where one party or one people fail, another party or another people will rise to the situation. And whatever Europe's attitude may be, she cannot frustrate forever the higher aspirations of the Oriental people. In Socialism, at least, the Orient has a friendly voice, though perhaps a questionable friend. And, as a matter of fact, the colonizing passion—the present Italian invasion of Tripoli and the Russian aggression in Persia notwithstanding—is no longer what it was. Indeed, after Italy has been in Tripoli a few years, trying her hand at "good government," she will find that it would have been easier and more profitable, more Christian-like, at least, to give these unstinted benefits of "good government" to Sicily and Calabria where her honest speech, moreover, can be understood and her unselfish aims appreciated. For the Arabs, who are fighting against her to-day side by side with their inveterate enemies th Turks, will continue to be a thorn in her tender side. Yes, th Arabs are irreconcilable, and they are still formidable.

To be sure, the Arabic-speaking peoples, if not the Arab themselves, have always been the backbone of Islam. And i the Mohammedan world is being invaded and plundered in th North, it is expanding in the East and the South. What Islan is losing on the borders of Europe it is gaining in Africa an Central Asia through its modern propaganda, which is con ducted according to Christian methods. And this is one of th

Mecca, say, like the Pope in Rome, and the greatest reform in Islam will have been accomplished.

But the Turks themselves will not move a finger in this direction. Whatever Islam is at present Islam shall remain; and they will make a pawn of it to Europe to save their face before the world. "For see, O Europe," the Pashas in power seductively, plaintively whisper, "is not Islam consuming itself in its own fanaticism? And are we not blinking at its madness for thy sake?" Yes—but they shall not blink much longer. "Either lead the way, or get out of the way!" will soon be the cry of Islam to the Turks.* And in either case perdition will be their lot. Such has been the lot of all makeshift governments, in which conscience never prevailed, reason never triumphed; in which a passion for justice was never known. For the truth of the moral law is nowhere more evident than in the ruins of empires.

To profess my religion that you might rule over me is a species of flattery which does not long hold its color. To be able to inspire confidence in others, one must have confidence in one's God, or at least in one's self. It seems almost trite to say it now—the Turks, a military race, are moral cowards. Moreover, a conquering race, after misruling for centuries, ceases to produce great men. The last of the great Turks, I say it again, is the prisoner of Salonika. For, whatever he may be, Abd'ul-Hamid did not sully the Idea in making it serve his political policy or his own personal interest, as his dastardly dethroners have done. But the Idea will not long serve those who are not faithful to it, who are not willing to be its martyrs. Indeed, how could the Young Turks, who have faith neither in the Gospel of Jean-Jacques nor in the Gospel of Mohammed, except to rule

* After the above was written there appeared in the Arabic and the European Press the following letter, which the Senussi Chief sent to the Porte:

"I learn that the great Powers want to coerce the Porte to make peace with Italy. I know by experience that Turkey has no means to support us Arabs effectually in our task of defending the country, and that in point of fact she is not at war with Italy. Nevertheless, we Arabs are proud of the blood we have shed, not only for Turkey, but also for Islam. I therefore declare that should the Porte yield to the Powers and sell us to the infidels we shall proclaim a new Khalifate which will better defend the power and honor of Islam."

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grand results of "civilization by benevolent assimilation." Europe drills the Muslem to be a soldier, who will ultimately turn his weapons against her; and she sends her missionaries to awaken in the *ulama* the proselytizing evil. Now, if the Mohammedans, who have quickly learned the game, should ultimately outwit the Christians, if they are as successful in their revolution as they are in their propaganda, the great railway systems in Asia and Central Africa—the Cape and the Baghdad railways—will pass eventually into their hands. But let us hope this will not come to pass before that one-half of Islam bordering on Europe becomes a consolidated power, not of zealotry and fanaticism, but of intelligence and enlightenment.

And let me say here that the three important phases in the Reform of Islam as carried on to-day are decided innovations. For never before in its history has a propaganda been instituted such as the one which has Cairo for its centre; nor has it ever permitted the establishment of schools for girls, which in Syria to-day have Christian women as teachers; nor would the modern interpretation of the Koran have ever been countenanced by the eminent Mohammedan doctors of the past, such as al-Ghazzali, al-Bokhari, and the rest.

No matter how we feel toward Islam, therefore, we cannot say it is a waning power, a decaying religion. In Africa, for instance, the Muslem sheikh-preacher—a curious combination of which only our age can boast—makes two converts to the Christian missionary's one. Even in Abyssinia, we are told, the Christians are yielding to the Muslem faith; and the blacks, as in the past, are arming themselves again with the ringing words of Mohammed. A coalition between them and the Arabs, consequently, is a subject for speculation not unworthy of thoughtful and far-seeing minds. And who knows what might arise from this—a new Empire of Islam, or perhaps a Mohammedan Republic! Our age is pregnant with political surprises.

A few years ago there were whisperings in European diplomatic circles of transferring the rights of the Khalifate to the Sultan of Morocco. This conspiracy, while working the ruin of the Turks as a ruling people, would weaken the Khalifate too and ultimately isolate it as a spiritual power. The Khalif in

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forever a nation of the most defeating heterogeneity, with its manifold curse of conflicting cries and creeds?

The reader of Gibbon will recall his words on the attitude of the Roman Government toward the various conflicting modes of worship in the Empire. Yes, let us have toleration, but not hypocrisy. The philosopher of Rome looked upon the different creeds as equally false; but the Roman magistrate, while believing the philosopher, looked upon them as equally useful. Now, this stifling of the moral impulse, this yoking of the moral law to make it serve the political law, is, I hold, one of the causes of the downfall of the Roman Empire. And it is rapidly working the downfall of the Turks. For neither the spirit of the French Revolution, which is no longer a panacea for all our social ills—and which fact, by the way, the Young Turks have not yet discovered; nor the spirit of religion, whether Christian or Mohammedan, can be made to serve the interest of a ruling class without undermining in the end the foundation of its sinister power. For a fanatic sincerity of conviction is the lever of all successful revolutions, the central pillar of all rising empires.

But if the Turks, being nearer to Europe, have only caught the diseases of its civilization, if they are sceptical, blasé, indurate, selfish, covetous, the Arabs, their opponents, are yet crude, and healthy, and primitive in their strength. They are an earnest race, a fanatical race—a race that is always young, a race that never withers. In the Arabs are still many dormant forces, political, moral, spiritual; in them are the lusty seeds of great achievements. And if the wild and fascinating dream of consolidating the martial and spiritual powers of the rising Arabs and the awakening black races of Africa under a Khedive of Egypt—say another Mohammed Ali from some Balkan State—or a Sherif of Mecca from the heart of the desert—but let me resume my argument.

The Reform of Islam is not a dream, but a reality. And, strange as it may seem, the material tendencies of the times are bringing about this spiritual revolution, these moral, social and religious reforms. In Europe the Reformation was born of a longing for spiritual and intellectual freedom; but in Islam, with a civilization chiefly commercial pressing upon it all around, it is

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the outcome of the material and social needs of the people. The final result, however, will be the same. For though the Koran to the Muslem be a sort of divine encyclopædia, though his religion be the pride and mainstay of his life, the time will come when that book will be read only as a great classic, while the great Kaaba—but need I remind the reader of those Byzantine churches that were once pagan temples and became afterwards Mohammedan mosques?—and the mosques, what might they not become in the future?

No, the two hundred and fifty million Muslems of the world are not made of inferior clay; they have in them, as well as any Christian people, the seed of an infinite possibility. And long before Europe lighted her torch of intelligence and reason, the philosophers of Islam proclaimed the potentiality of the ideal. Now, with the theory of the eternal recurrence of things in view, which theory is proven by philosophy and history, two phases of development are observed in the Mohammedan world. I have not phrased it rightly: I would say that two opposing voices of two reawakenings are now heard in Islam: the voice of a *renaissance* and the voice of a *jihad*. But which shall stifle the other remains to be seen. There is this, however, that is evident: the voice of the *renaissance* is now being drowned in the cries of the monster of fanaticism which the criminal acquisitiveness of Europe is provoking, goading to criminal violence. And on Europe shall be the guilt which centuries of righteousness cannot wash away. For she may dispossess two hundred and fifty million people, but she cannot crush their faith. She can never subjugate a nation with a divine heritage, a living and ever growing religion. For Islam may lose all its acquired possessions bordering on Europe and the Mediterranean Sea, and it will still have new worlds, new races, new tribes to conquer. It is conquering them now. On the other side of the equator, in the deserts of Central Africa, beyond the Caucasus and Turkestan, there are such tribes of crude and primitive hearing to whom the voice of Mohammed is more audible than the still soft voice of Jesus. Theirs are sealed souls, as it were, which yield more to the hand of Islam than to that of Christianity. And in the Orient, even to-day, it is this, and not battleships and armaments, which makes or unmakes an empire.

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Landscape Painting in America
Ernest Lawson
by
Ameen Rihani
sent to Charles Cornu 1935
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THE
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The Jinn of The Arabian Nights

By Ameen Rihani

Author of "Maker of Modern Arabia", etc.

Is it not strange that he who entered the ancient Kaaba and struck down with his staff the clay gods of idolatrous Arabia, could not conquer absolutely their minions the Jinn? Is it not significant that even a Prophet of God had to compromise with this imaginary nation, this mysterious world of spirits, and accord it a place in the Muhammedan cosmogony? But some of the deep and earnest thinkers of our times are resorting, it seems, to the same tactics of the Prophet Muhammad.

The spirit world, after a lapse of centuries, is coming back to us, not in the van of romance perhaps, but on the wings of science. Whether the Great Secret can eventually be fathomed or not, is another question. It does seem, however, that, like the imaginary nation of the Jinn, it cannot be absolutely conquered; and like Muhammad himself, we must take it in and accord it a place in our scheme of things, no matter how modern our scheme is and how scientific. For we are still living in a world of hidden forces and are subject, like the ancients themselves, to the mysterious influences of the Universe. Spiritualism, metaphysics, science, either of them or all of them combined may yet afford us a satisfactory explanation; but only romance has hitherto dared to build a world of the invisible and incorporate it into our own.

In the Koran, as in The Nights, the population of this invisible world is built, like human society itself, on class distinction, is divided into categories, into castes. We have first the Jan, who are the most inferior, the serf-class; the Afrits, who

are the warriors; the Shaitans, who may be designated as the upper-middle class; the Ghouls, who are the instruments of horror and frightfulness, the degenerates; and most powerful, most terrible, most exclusive of all, the Marids.

They all formed an intermediate world, working now against the divine will, now against the will of man, frequently, too, in his favor; and always bringing decision, finality into sway, imparting grandeur and terror to human events, as well as to natural phenomena. Born of the smokeless flame, the simoom, they stand between Light—the Sun—of which the angels are created, and dust—the Potter's Clay—of which man is made.

According to another authority the Jinn are of four kinds, following their mode of locomotion;—the walkers, the creepers or prowlers, the plungers or divers, and the flyers;—those, in other words, who live in the depth of the sea, those who are endowed with wings, those who are incarnate with snakes, dogs and other animals, and those who go from place to place like mortal man.

> "We are seven kings," reply the Servants of the Enchanted Wand to Hassan in the story of Hassan of Bassrah, "each ruling over seven tribes of the Jinn of all conditions, and Satans, and Marids, flyers and divers, dwellers in mountains and wastes and wolds, and hunters of the seas."

The metamorphosis of the Jinn was often misleading to the wisest and the best of Muslems; the Prophet himself sometimes mistook his enemies among them for his friends. Yet, there were honest believers among them, pious and just, who were not supposed to suffer any cruelty or unkindness, because of the iniquity of others. To be therefore on the safe side, to avoid, in other words, the guilt of injustice to a believer, Muhammad concluded with them all a treaty of peace, honorable and enduring, for which the Arab historians and commentators have always praised Allah. According to one of the principal clauses of the treaty, the metamorphosed Jinn were given the benefit of the doubt; and they were assured of the kind treatment of a right Muslem, if they did not enter his house or intrude at his prayer.

For the better guidance of the Faithful, the Commentators quote the Prophet and illustrate. If a domestic snake, for in-

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stance, which perchance is a Jinni and may be a believing Muslem, intrudes at prayer, he should first be asked politely to leave; if he does not do so forthwith, he must be of the unbelieving who are not accorded the benefit of the treaty, and he may be killed. Thus, the killing of a snake sometimes gave rise to nice legal distinctions and abstruse questions of creed. That is why 'Aishah, the widow of the Prophet, after killing a snake in her house, bethought her of the consequences and distributed as alms in repentance the stipulated sum of blood-money according to the Islamic law. The snake in question had not intruded upon her while at prayer, but only happened to be in the rafters and suddenly, when she was undressing, fell on the carpet. But 'Aishah would have no Jinni, believer or unbeliever, see her *en déshabillé*; nor would she have a believing Jinni in the form of a snake accuse her on the Day of Judgment of having offended against the Faith by disregarding the treaty of the Prophet.

Not all the Jinn, however, are devoid of honor and shame. The behavior of some of them is in fact examplary. In the story of Abdullah ibn Fadel of The Nights, which is semi-historical, the believing Jinn are so admirably represented that their virtues, even as reptiles, are rare among mankind. The snake in this story was once in her human incarnation treated very kindly by Abdullah; and remembering this, even in her degraded state, she repays him manifold by saving him from drowning and saving also his wife, who had thrown herself after him into the sea. A snake also saves the life of Zubeidah, the Lady of Baghdad, and punishes her two wicked sisters, who threw her and her betrothed in a fit of jealousy into the sea, by transforming them into dogs and delivering them to her to be whipped every day. Such horrible, indescribable forms of poetic justice are common in The Nights.

Often too we are struck with the cultured and refined manners of the Jinn. Their learning and their artistic attainments are quite remarkable. In the story of Kamar ez-Zaman a Jinni quotes Arabic poetry, not indiscriminately, but with a fine sense of distinction and a rare appreciation of the best. Their inimitable grace of manner and their gentleness of behavior are to humans most amazing, bewildering;—the more so because their grotesque and frightful aspect, their colossal hideousness betokens nothing so much as immediate and utter destruction. But that is what makes the Tales so fascinating. The shiver and the delicious

surprise are of a peculiar mechanism, which works rapidly, stunningly, ineffably.

Here, for example, is Hassan of Bassrah on his way back from the Islands of Waq Waq with his wife and children. He is happy in having found them and delivered them from destruction;—happy in having escaped with them the dangers of the Jan country;—happy in the anticipation of seeing again his native land and rejoining his mother. But lo, a column of smoke darkens the horizon before him and is moving slowly towards him. As it draws near, his heart shrinks in his breast, drops from it like a stone. The Islands of Waq Waq were a haven of safety in comparison to what now confronted him. An Afrit it is—an Afrit of the biggest, the ugliest, the most frightful:—an Afrit "with a head like a huge dome and tusks like grapnels and jaws like a street and nostrils like ewers and ears like leathern bucklers and mouth like a cavern and teeth like pillars of stone and hands like winnowing forks and legs like masts." What in all the abodes of horror and pain could be imagined as a more awful, more fearsome thing of destruction?

But have no fear, O Hassan, and be of good cheer. He comes not to swallow thee and thy beloved ones, this ogre, this Afrit. He is getting, to be sure, nearer and nearer. Thou art within the shadow of his legs, his ankles, his feet! Thou wouldst not return and run away. He speaks. The sound of his voice is like a thunderbolt; but his words, Allah be praised, are words of assurance. He has heard of thine exploits and triumphs, and he comes as thy servant and slave. He comes to show thee the way, to offer thee protection, to accompany thee through this dangerous land, to lead thee back to thy mother-country, thy mother, and thy home. Giant souls of magnanimity in colossal forms of frightfulness! Only Romance is capable of such creations.

Nor are the Jinn casual in their nobility. They can pledge themselves in friendship and be faithful and loyal to the end. Badi'at el-Jamal, in pledging herself to a mortal, makes him swear by his religion that he will be true, and warns him that "whoso betray the other shall fall victim to the wrath of Allah." She threatens not; but she evinces a sublime assurance in Allah who will avenge her if she is betrayed. Nothing is more spiritually beautiful in the fiction of humans or Jinn. With them, too, as with the Arabs, the bond of brotherhood is sacred and

binding forever. They recognize and uphold, in this connection, the right of sanctuary. We have many brilliant and thrilling examples of this in the Tales. An unbelieving Jinni chances to côme into the abode of a believer, who might be harboring a human being. Umm! the evil Jinni growls. Thy den doth smell of humans. Give up thy human guests. The host refuses, of course, and a fight ensues, which sometimes develops into a war between their own tribes. Indeed, like their Arab neighbors, they would do battle to vindicate their sense of loyalty, to make good a pledge of friendship and brotherhood.

It is not my purpose, however, to picture them as forever mighty in their benevolence, forever benevolent in their might. No: they are not always and ever absolutely good and pure. In fact, the Jinn are Jinn, that is they are creatures who partake of the nature of angels and mortals. When they are good, therefore, they are supremely so; and when they are bad, they are unspeakable. That they could inflict the most hideous, the most excruciating forms of torture upon their enemies, is quite natural. They practise such cruelties as only the monstrosity of their slightest expression can suggest to a wicked mind. Even in the punishment of the guilty and in wreaking vengeance upon the foe, they can not, like the Arabs themselves, ever conceive of mercy.

What horrible, unspeakable examples we have of this in The Nights. It takes the breath away, it curdles the blood, so swift it is, and terrible, and savage. The wicked seldom escape it. The villain in the story, however wide his chance, must meet in the end, not with poetic justice, but with something indescribably savage. His blood has no more value than that of a creeping thing, even though it is claimed only by vengeance. But vengeance is also a part of their creed. The longer it is cherished the sweeter it is, and the more terrible it becomes. This passion is peculiar not only to the Jinn of The Arabian Nights, however, and not only to primitive man, as it is thought, but also to people with what may be called an abnormal sense of justice, like the Romans and Babylonians in history, like the Scandinavians in romance.

It must also be borne in mind that with the Arabs revenge is a sacred duty. "And in their state of civilization," says Burton, "society could not be kept together without it." That is why, in their subconsciousness, I suppose, a sense of security as

THE COMING OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

Bookman, N.Y. city, June 1912

BY AMEEN RIHANI

IN TWO PARTS. PART I

I

IN one of the most sequestered villages of Mount Lebanon, a peasant, who had never ventured beyond the confines of his own mountain-walled horizon, once told the writer the story of the Jew and the Pound of Flesh—the story of Shylock, indeed, which he related in all its details, and which was related to him by his neighbour who had travelled, he said, on the seashore of Syria. And this story, most probably, came to Syria, not through Shakespeare, but directly from its original Italian source. Likewise, much of the folklore and many of the legends of the people of Sicily and Malta are of one same Eastern provenance, the storiologists tell us, being analogous to those of the Arabs and Persians, except that they are sometimes slightly modified to suit the life and conditions of the people receiving them. But how did these Arab tales get to Sicily? By word of mouth, to be sure, even as the story of the Jew and the Pound of Flesh reached that mountain peasant. And by word of mouth, also, did the Arabian Nights Tales first circulate, not only in the East, but in the southern parts of Italy and Spain.

The professional story-teller, the reciter (*rawy*) rather, is the original author and publisher of the first tales of *The Nights.* And he is still as popular in the East as the dervishes who scorn him and his profession. In the cafés of the city, in his home in the village, in front of his tent in the desert, the *rawy* is always the central figure of a circle of people who listen enraptured to his dramatic recital of comic or tragic tales—tales which he gets from books, others from his *rawy*-ancestors, and still more which are of his own invention. Indeed, the *rawy* is a kind of author-actor-manager in embryo; and his art has its technique and traditions, handed down from father to son, which are always meticulously observed. Too much of a tale worketh ill, is one of these traditions. So he divides his story into so many parts—the more the better—to occupy so many evenings, and thus increase his stipend, which he receives sometimes in coins and sometimes in articles of food or smoke or drink. His lust of lucre is keener, indeed, than his hunger for applause. And it is amusing to see him leaving the scene after reaching a climax, while the audience, left in suspense, eager to hear more, would try to hold him back. No; the tradition must be observed. He will come again to-morrow evening. Too much of a tale worketh ill, says the learned and eminent critic Sheikh el-Konfushari. Aye, the gravest of Mohammedan doctors deign to dissert on the *rawy's* art and profession. In one of the manuscripts of *The Nights* there is to be found this suggestion: "If your audience be of the common people," says the learned sheikh advising the *rawy*, "recite to them the fables, which are in the first part of the book; and if they are of the governing class, recite the martial adventures, the stories of chivalry and heroism, which are in the last part."

To the *rawy*, therefore, is the credit, not only of popularising *The Nights* in the East, but also of first introducing them in Europe. Lane heard him in Egypt; Galland imported him from Aleppo to Paris; and Burton travelled with him in the desert, becoming himself a *rawy* of remarkable skill. As far back as the thirteenth century, also, an Arab poet of Granada, Ibn Sa'id by name, travelled in Egypt, and in a book he wrote on that country mentions the tale-tellers of Cairo and some of the stories he heard

which resembled, he tells us, the Thousand Nights. And Ibn Sa'id, after his return from Egypt, related some of these stories to his friends in the pleasure gardens of Granada. This, probably, is the first instance we have of the migration of *The Nights* to Europe. That they were later translated into Spanish, finding their way thence to the early French Romances, is a theory which Chauvin and other Arabists maintain. But of this presently.

First, let attention be called to the instance, remote though it be and interesting perhaps only to the scholar, of their first appearance in Italian literature. Eugenio Camerini, in the preface to his edition of the works of the erratic and erotic Doni, he who anticipated the Decadents and their School, and who translated also the Fables of Bidpai to atone for his sins and his Petrarchian sonnets, gives an Arab story, the exact analogue of the story of the Seven Sages, which was taken down by one Narcisso a Rabbat from the lips of an old Arab story-teller, who had it from the works of the Sufi-poet Al-Ghazzali. The *rawy* again on the scene. But the seeds of many more such tales were wafted over from Sicily to germinate in the work of a more popular author,—in a book which begot many more like it, and which is a classic of its kind—Boccaccio's *Decameron.*

In the first place, the mechanism of the *Decameron* and that of the *Arabian Nights* is one and the same; they both have their inception in catastrophe, or the desire to escape it, the plague of Florence in the one, the crimes of Shahriar in the other; they both have a frame, enclosing tale within tale; and the ladies of Boccaccio are mostly descendants of Shahrazad. They take refuge in the country from the appalling calamity, and entertain each other with stories which have in them much that is Eastern, while in some of the episodes the similitude to *The Nights* is most remarkable. To mention a few of these. The ingenuity of the Marchioness of Montferrat,* who cures the king of his dishonourable love, suggests an episode in the story of the Seven Sages. Fiametta and Filomena entertaining the languid company in their Italian garden, suggest the three ladies of Baghdad and their Rabelaisian porter. Saladin disguising himself as a merchant is unmistakably Baghdadian. The story of Attaf the Generous* has its origin in one of the many remarkable deeds of Hatim Tey, famous in Arabic song and story for his generosity. The episode of the Pear Tree† and that of the Simpleton Husbands‡ are one and the same, except that they do not end alike. Lidia orders the tree cut down, "although the axe," said she, "might be as well employed on my husband's weak noddle;" the Simpleton in the Arabian tale says to his wanton spouse, Arise, let us depart this place, for it is full of Marids and Jinn. And he goes away assured that what he beheld under his own eyes when in the tree was all "a phantasy, a fascination." Thus, instead of the naïvete which is touching, we have in Boccaccio's version a touch of sophistication which is only amusing.

In France, four centuries before Galland's translation appeared, we find traces more marked of the footprints of *The Nights.* The story of the Enchanted Horse, slightly modified, we have in two old French Romances, one, *The Cléomadès,* written in the latter part of the thirteenth century by Adenet le Roi; the other, *Méliacin,* composed a few years later by Girard of Amiens. These two poems are closely related, the poets having drawn presumably on the same Spanish source. For a Spanish romance, which was an amplification of a version in an old manuscript of the *Arabian Nights,* Chauvin and other Arabists believe, must have been the original of *Méliacin* and *The Cléomadès,* which are in the main the same as the story of the Enchanted Horse with only a few exceptions where a few episodes, purely Spanish, are introduced. The scene of *Méliacin* is laid in Asia, that of *The Cléomadès* in Spain; and where the two poems differ in a few places from each other, they agree with the Arabic version. That a Spanish translation of the *Arabian Nights* was, therefore, then ex-

*Day 1, Nov. 5.

*Day 10, Nov. 8.
†Day 7, Nov. 9.
‡Burton's Supplementary Nights, Vol. I, p. 239.

is a curse, because it provokes passions inevitably destructive of the honesty and amiability of the individual human soul. There is an eternal duel between the sexes, in which the male (because he is more conscientious) is usually in the right, and the female (because she has no conscience) has usually the preponderance of might. In the warfare of life, the wrong (because it is more mighty) usually triumphs over the right, and the female (because she is more deadly) most frequently destroys the male. Life is bitter: but there is ultimate release in from the brooding, meditative north. For us, in America, Strindberg must remain a sinister dissenter,—showing us the cloud, of which we hold already, in our vision, the luminous and silver lining,—opposing to us only a grim but gigantic negation of what we know (because of the illumined faith within us) to be true and beautiful and good. He is a spirit that denies, an angel of the dark, a Titan hurling huge but ineffectual projectiles against a faltering but not unkindly Deity of things that ultimately are.

In the July number, Mr. Hamilton will discuss "The New Art of Stage Direction," devoting special attention to the theories of Mr. Gordon Craig.

tant, but was subsequently destroyed,—many are the libraries which the Mohammedan rulers and the Christian Kings of Spain consigned to the flames,—is most probable. Not only the two Romances mentioned prove this, but the fragments of *The Nights* that came down from one generation to another became a part of the folklore of that country and finally found their way again into the pages of many a poet and romancer.

Even Washington Irving, in *The Alhambra*, gives us a few of these legends which bear the *cachét* of *The Nights*, faded in places, to be sure, through the corrosive process of many successive translations. But the reader can readily recognise the unmistakable Eastern character of such stories in *The Alhambra* as The Legend of the Beautiful Princess, The Two Discreet Statues, The Arabian Astrologer, and notably among them Ahmed el-Kamel, which is the analogue of Prince Ahmed of *The Nights*.

II

With these brief remarks on the remote and shadowy vestiges of the first appearance of this Arabic classic in Italy and Spain, let us consider what is popularly known as the first regular translation of it into a European language. And in speaking of this, we must also note what seems to be inseparable from it in the life of the translator. Antoine Galland, Orientalist, antiquarian, numismatologist, *littérateur*, was born of comparatively humble parents in Rollot, Picardy, where, after a brief schooling, he was apprenticed to a trade. But his early bookishness interfered with his work; his master was severe; and the inner voice—he felt he was made for letters—called him away. Secretly he made his Paris, where his talents attracted the attention of some influential people, among them a doctor of the Sorbonne. Thus he was enabled to pursue his studies at different institutions, and finally at the Ecole Mazarin. He was then appointed attaché-secretary to M. de Nointel, Ambassador of France at Constantinople. His special province, however, was the study of the doctrines of Orthodox Christianity, which were at that time the cause of lively disputes among French Catholics. But in this religious mission he nursed his dream, his task of love. He frequented the cafés of Constantinople rather than the churches; heard the professional story-tellers; studied the superstitions, the customs, the manners of the people; and travelled with M. de Nointel through the Levant and Syria. Twice after that he visited the East, once on a numismatic mission, and the last time with the purpose of making purchases for the Library and Museum of Colbert.

But the wonderful tales, about which he had read, and some of which he heard the *rawys* recite, these, or the manuscripts of these, were always the supreme object of his quest. Aye, and he almost lost his life in the search. For Smyrna, when he was there, was shaken and almost totally ruined by an earthquake, and the French savant was buried in the debris of his kitchen—from which, however, he was taken out alive. The amulet of his task of love, *The Nights*, must have saved him. Trebutien also tells us that Baron von Hammer once escaped drowning by the blessings of *The Nights*. What adventures, what mischances, what narrow escapes these knight-errants of romance had had, who went into and beyond the seven seas in search of literary treasures! Galland was partly rewarded, however, not for the work which was destined to fame, but for the labours, numismatic and other such, which are now forgotten. He was made Antiquary to the King in 1701, and later elected member of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres.

His translation of *The Nights* is a paraphrase abridged and amplified in places, and titivated withal to suit the taste of the French public. It is written in an easy and vivacious style, bearing but a shadow of the Arabic. The first volume appeared in 1704, and most of the stories were taken, after the fashion of the Original, from the mouth of an Eastern *rawy*, whose name we find in Galland's Diary. Hanna Diab, a Maronite of Aleppo, was brought to Paris by Paul Lucas the traveller, and he related to Galland various tales,* which he gave him

*Among these were Bābā Abdullah, Sidi No'man, The Enchanted Horse, The Two Jealous Sisters, Prince Ahmed, and The Ten Vizirs.

ANTOINE GALLAND, WHO FIRST INTRODUCED "THE ARABIAN NIGHTS" INTO EUROPE

afterward in writing. That is probably why the numismatologist was stigmatised a forger when his translation appeared. But he had brought together some stray manuscripts which he had collected while sojourning in the East, as a basis of defence. Whether as such they served him in his lifetime is hard to say. But the fate of these wandering children of the poor Oriental scrivener is sometimes pathetic. The manuscript of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," for instance, which for a long time remained unidentified, and which puzzled even Burton, was recently found, not in the entombed debris of that kitchen in Smyrna, but right across the Channel in the Bodleian Library. Professor Duncan Macdonald, himself a trusty knight-errant of *The Nights,* who had adventured forth in Syria and Egypt in quest of manuscripts, finally made this find at Oxford! And this manuscript, bought by the Bodleian in 1860 from a certain A. Franck, Libraire, Paris, is in all probabilities the very one from which Galland made his translation. It is written by a Syrian Christian too, perhaps the one mentioned in his Diary as the "Maronite of Damascus."

littérateur, was born of comparatively humble parents in Rollot, Picardy, where, after a brief schooling, he was apprenticed to a trade. But his early bookishness interfered with his work; his master was severe; and the inner voice—he felt he was made for letters—called him away. Secretly he made his Paris, where his talents attracted the attention of some influential people, among them a doctor of the Sorbonne. Thus he was enabled to pursue his studies at different institutions, and finally at the Ecole Mazarin. He was then appointed attaché-secretary to M. de Nointel, Ambassador of France at Constantinople. His special province, however, was the study of the doctrines of Orthodox Christianity, which were at that time the cause of lively disputes among French Catholics. But in

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His translation of *The Nights* is a paraphrase abridged and amplified in places, and titivated withal to suit the taste of the French public. It is written in an easy and vivacious style, bearing but a shadow of the Arabic. The first volume appeared in 1704, and most of the stories were taken, after the fashion of the Original, from the mouth of an Eastern *rawy,* whose name we find in Galland's Diary. Hanna Diab, a Maronite of Aleppo, was brought to Paris by Paul Lucas the traveller, and he related to Galland various tales,* which he gave him

*Among these were Bābā Abdullah, Sidi No'man, The Enchanted Horse, The Two Jealous Sisters, Prince Ahmed, and The Ten Vizirs.

Galland's version of *The Nights,* as has been said, is a paraphrase; the stanzas and poetic quotations in the Original he omitted, because they interfered with the narration. And how could a French reader suffer this? Even the formula,—"O my Sister, an thou be not asleep, tell us one of thy pleasant stories"—which he first retained, was subtly ridiculed. For one cold night Monsieur Galland looked out of his window in response to a call from the street, and lo, a number of his readers were come there to beg of him, if he be not asleep, to tell them one of his pleasant stories. That was the death blow to the famous formula, which later, however, was revived by Burton.

In the dedication to the first volume, Galland says that he could not find a printed copy of *The Nights* in Syria—nor anywhere else, had he tried. For not until a century later did the three regular Arabic editions appear.* They were published about the same time in three different countries — in India, Egypt, and Europe. His version, however, which was translated into many languages,—in England it reached its tenth edition before any attempt was made at a direct translation,—seemed to satisfy the European public. But the French critics little appreciated the Tales; they were too remote, too fantastic for the literary taste of the period. Burton, too, from his own view-point, criticises Galland's translation; and Payne finds little in it to praise. His Jinn talk like the *boulevardiers;* his women chatter like courtesans; and the absolutely French manner of the ending is quite amusing. King Shahriar, bored by the last story of Shahrazad's, orders her head cut off; but she produces her three children, pleads for them, and is pardoned. In spite of all this, Galland had a host of imitators, and his work brought with it what De Sacy terms *"une prodigieuse importation de marchandise de contrabande."* Europe was deluged with picaresque literature.

That was Galland's success—or should one say his failure? He died, however, content, bequeathing his manuscripts to the Bibliothèque du Roi, his Numismatic Dictionary to the Académie, and his *Koran,* which he also translated from the Arabic, to the Abbé Bignon. Had this been done by Voltaire, who dismisses Galland with a few cold lines in his *Siècle de Louis XIV,* we might have suspected him of satirising with a gift the Institutions of France. But Galland, a scientist of the good old school, which, alas! is now extinct, really meant well. And if his translation did not bear the Oriental *cachet,* his generosity did.

His successors who completed his work, Gautier, Caussin de Perceval, and Trebutien, followed in his path. Nay, they even went a step further in the production of a smoothly mannerised and totally Frenchified picture of *The Nights.* And not until Mardrus accomplished his translation, which he offered *"toute nue, vierge, intacte, naïve,"* for his own delight and the pleasure of his friends, could France boast of a literal and complete version of the *Arabian Nights.* But even in this literal version of Mardrus, which is made from the Boulak Edition, we have in ~~the literality,~~ the supposed mould of the antique and fantastic, the unmistakable atmosphere of Paris, crystallising here and there into an anachronism which throws the whole scene out of focus. No; this modern visioning of things, this subtle shadowing of the French mind, is as alien to Arabic as the archaicism of Biblical English.

(*To be concluded*)

*It may surprise the reader to know that in the East, even to-day, we have not a decent complete edition of *The Nights.* The three different editions referred to, miserable recensions, miserably printed, are as follows:

The Macnaughten Edition, published in Calcutta, 1836, from a manuscript bought in England and brought to India by Major Macan, can scarcely be found outside a public library. Which is a blessing.

The Breslau Edition, published 1825-1839, by Habicht and Fleischer, is not worth the space it occupies on the library shelf.

The Boulak Edition, printed in Cairo, 1835, considered the one standard complete, but vulgarised, text of *The Nights,* is a sore to the eye.

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Int. Studio
April 1921

The Marines of Paul
Dougherty by Ameen Rihani
sent to Charles Cosm 1935
upon his request for translating to French
Albert

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(*To be concluded*)

46

Anders Zorn
by Ameen Rihani
sent to Charles Corm 1935
for translating to
French
allust

beauty, indeed, has become a Juhannam of human passions and political crimes. But the end is near, Allah be praised. For that scarlet Gorgon, who made a footstool of the throne of Solomon, a bed-chamber of the Sanctuary of Christendom; that libidinous Priestess, with Jerusalem, Mecca, and St. Sophia as niches in her unholy temple, jewels in her blood-stained crown; that Basilisk under whose breath a happy verdant land became a howling desert, whose poison coursed through the veins of her bonds-people up to the fountain-head of justice and truth—that blear-eyed, foul-mouthed, horny-handed, steotapygous, carniverous Gorgon of the Osmanly, who choked the Bosphorus with her victims and drained the coffers of the state on her midnight revels and crimes, is passing away forever from the face of the earth. *Allah be praised a thousand times and one!*

The country that lies between the East and West, the valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates, the cradles of the most ancient civilizations, can still boast of a race, though long in bondage, that is undying, unconquered—a race regenerated and revitalized, rising again to justify its brilliant heritage and to co-operate with Europe in promoting the new civilization, the civilization that will combine between the spiritual and the material forces of the Orient and the Occident.

This the last page of article "The Orient in a New light

Please turn over to P(82) of this book

11/11

"Heads" of Oberhardt ... 1935

11/11

The "Heads" of Oberhardt
by
Ameen Rihani
sent to Charles Cosman 1935
for translating to French
Albert

AMERICAN IN VERY TRUTH

Robert M. Wernaer

We must be true, we must renew
Our solemn vows, we must be true!
True as the very prairie grass,
True as the very soil, and mass
Of rock, which sun and air have wrought:
Growing without a thought,
Truly American!

True to historic days, the flow
And national ebb of times ago!
True to the very drops of life,
True to the battles fought, the strife
Of anguished years to make man free:
Loving our Liberty,
Truly American!

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Inter. Studio

Prints of The Year

a poem by Rihani

sent to Charles Corm 1935

for translating to French

albert

WILL SIMMONS AND HIS ANIMALS

BY AMEEN RIHANI

I

Art is an expression of life; life is an expression of ythm; rhythm is an expression fundamentally of ange; and through the process of change form and auty come to life. The process itself may or may ot denote its eventual development; on the contrary, often fills us with distrust, fear, skepticism, horror. or on the surface the rhythms break, the big waves se and disappear, the very thread of continuity ould seem to snap. And we are partly justified, anding between the peak and the abyss of things, oserving how one mighty rhythm is overcome, isibly annihilated by another, in drawing the onclusion that life is but a series of actions and eactions.

Even decay has a positive value, which depends pon the nature and manner of the subject as well s upon its past, known or unknown. A fallen giant ak is greater in both a practical and abstract sense han a pine sapling; for it fulfils a purpose in space— makes room for others. And it fulfils a higher urpose, which often baffles the scrutiny of one generation and surprises, in its renewed fructifications, nother. No: the thread of continuity may be lost o mortal ken, but it does not snap—it is never estroyed.

Emerson was the giant oak of transcendentalism. Many thousands outside of New England, outside of America, were nourished in its shades, and many nore all over the world still find their inspiration in what may be called the shadow of its decay—one of he eternal shadows that enrich the rhythms of life. But there are those who still live to whom the Giant Oak is a precious memory—those who sat at its feet n its glory—and among them is Edward Simmons, he well known mural painter and father of my present subject. Father of Will Simmons *and his animals?* you ask. Well, yes; and the matter, I trust, will be cleared up presently.

Simmons the father, with a Puritan heritage whose lugubrious rhythm had reached the breaking point, like many of his kind in our day, sought emancipation and found it, luring and often lethal, in art. The fierce reaction shot him clean to the other antipode. From the Old Manse of Hawthorne fame n which he was born, to the lap of Emerson, to the Latin Quarter in Paris, to the South of Spain, to the coast of Brittany and the more alluring coasts of Great Britain, he fared and flared, seeking shelter for a tempestuous spirit and discovering arcanas for romance and art. He was one of the pioneer colonizers of the artist-tribe of America, who drove his pegs in the most sequestered part of Spain, opposite the Barbary Coast,—who raised the standard in the North of France at Concarneau,—who carried the conquest across the Channel to St. Ives.

In the early days of his campaign he found it necessary to linger with his wife a while in the South of Spain, in a village that once celebrated the gods of Carthage and danced a bacchanal to the gods of Rome, but can only see today eternal damnation for any one outside the Catholic Church. And here were

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And Simmons the father had a hand in the work of Simmons the son. He made it, at least, possible, inevitable. To start life in a gilded coach, when the obvious purpose of all human ambition is to end it that way, is nothing short of a calamity. The infant Simmons was an immolation. But Abraham, in this instance, used a baptismal font instead of a knife.

Genius, though immortal, thrives on sacrifice; and Will Simmons, who remains a vagabond at heart and is a transcendentalist of a sort, would make no concessions to the world—he has not done so yet—and would not hesitate, in an artistic devotion, to make a sacrifice. Other things denied him or perhaps too distant from him or innately inimical to him, he is content with what his hand can reach and his vision can encompass. He would even philander with the muse of the jungle, if such there be, and eat grass, like Nabocodnassar, rather than run the danger of acquiring a double chin in the lobster palaces of fashionable art, or a convoluted cosmos in the rabbit holes of Greenwich Village genius.

In him is a token of the noble tradition of the masters of old, who thought not of themselves first, but foremost and always of art. He delights in tinkering, experimenting, adventuring with new methods and mediums, always for art's sake and for the pleasure of the artist in him. His carvings of animals on meerschaum, for instance, which are very attractive and suggestive of the best of Japanese Netsukes, are genuine objects of art, not only because they are exquisitely done, but because they are useless. What time and soul and skill are put into a tangle of snakes around a cigarette holder or a couple of bears on the bowl of a pipe, destroy their commercial possibilities. No one can afford them but the collector of means; and I am certain that they will be found some day in the collection of a connoisseur *qui vraiment connait.*

III

Before I call the reader's attention to a few of the best animal plates of Simmons, I wish to say a word about his technique. He loves, as I said, to experiment; and his portfolios testify to many useless results as well as some distinct achievements. It must necessarily be so. Great successes are often born of great failures. But lest I be suspected of prejudice, I strike out the adjective "great" from the subject under consideration; although his sketches in water color, which can not be included in this article, have many among them that deserve it and should rank with the best.

One of the things that first struck me in his etched plates, is their background, their foundation. He seldom utilizes the white surface: there is always a tone, in line or ground, achieved in various manners. And in some of them, which otherwise are good, the surface is not a success; as, for example, *Maternal Felicity*, where the hard lines of the foundation run into the body of the cat.

kick—startin[g] a family in it! Nothin[g] could be done to save Elche, once of Venus fame, from the corruption. Will had to come—'twas predestined. And as soon as he could open his eyes, he was taken to Church—to Mother Church—in a gilded coach which moved in a solemn procession and ran over two children on the way. They had to baptize him, not only to save his soul, but—O Venus of Elche, the life of our infant was in danger. And his baptismal name—a long chain of musical Spanish syllables—is, indeed, a talisman.

In Concarneau, however, Will began to see the light, and later in Paris he began to play with fire—and with art. His parents saw the need of a corrective, and, coming back to the States, they chose Harvard for the purpose. But the son soon realized that he and Harvard could be of no benefit to each other. Something however has come to him intact from the Giant Oak of Concord: his Puritanism was washed away, it is true, in the baptismal font of Elche; but a note of spiritual harmony and a spirit of culture run through his personality like threads of silver and gold.

He is not only an artist of fine qualities, but a student and thinker as well; while at heart, moreover, he remains a vagabond. His love for animals came to him with his love for life and art. His first preference was the A B C of the Jungle Book. Biology followed, which became his favorite study, and then the Zoo and the Museum of Natural History, which are now his favorite resorts. No, the jungle was never on his way in all his travels; and something—the love, perhaps, to exhaust first the springs of civilized life—kept him away from it. He is today, if I judge correctly, as far from it as ever; for his etchings of animals, the which it is now my pleasure to discuss, are not likely to become as popular, in twenty-four hours, as a sport print or a print in colors of a sugar-plum damsel. But they are a distinct contribution to the graphic art of this country.

II

"The work of a man," says Gauguin, "is the explanation of a man." But Will Simmons, student and thinker that he is, does not believe in giving individuality unconditional suffrage in art, nor does he claim for it divine immunity. He is trying, he told me, to eliminate his own personality from his work. A rather difficult process in which only his intellect, I think, is engaged. But his subconsciousness unconcerned goes its way, expressing itself in a graceful, a pensive, and sometimes amusing manner. I can see it even decking a monkey and taking him in a gilded coach to the temple of sacrifice. The reaction is not only individual and parental, but also racial.

That gilded coach at Elche—the irony of a gilded world! And Will Simmons, with a gentle gesture, turns away from it as from a sacrosanct or a rampageous past, and directs his talent, his energy, his feeling, his thought to the study of our brothers the monkeys and our cousins the bears. Gauguin is right: the work of a man is the explanation of a man.

There are many ways in giving a tone to the surface of a plate. Wiping, which means leaving some of the ground upon it—leaving it in a dirty state—is one of them. And the tone thus obtained varies from a maize yellow to a nut brown. A good example of this in the work of Simmons is seen in *Serenade* and *Two Tails that Twine as One*. He also uses a tool upon his plate, that is he lines and sometimes cross-hatches it faintly; but the effect is not always good. It suggests line engraving. When it is very delicately done, however, as in the bookplate here reproduced, which is reminiscent of a Louis XVI panel, it has a strong decorative appeal. Another successful method is when he combines line and ground, as in the surface of *Solicitude*, which is a charming expression of mellowness and depth.

The line of Simmons seldom betrays crudeness or hesitancy; there is firmness and grace in it, suppleness and decision. His dry-point, whether "straight," that is with the burr left on the plate, or "cut," *i. e.*, the burr scraped off, is free and resonant and neat. As an example of each method the two plates of *Snowy Egret's Nest* are here reproduced. They differ a little in the composition—the undue prominence of the bird in the one is modified in the other by enlarging the leaves that partly conceal it—and a great deal in the tone. The "straight" dry-point is unmistakable: the lines, even to the naked eye, are assertive in their shades, made by the burr, too assertive, I must say. Simmons himself does not consider this a good example of the method. But the other plate, with the burr scraped off, is very beautiful in its crystal clearness of atmosphere and line. The tone suggests through the leafage a limpid luminous distance.

With a facility and sureness of needle, it is possible for Simmons to carry his plate in his explorations and sketch from life. Some very fine results are thus recorded, as in *Vultures*, a plate that was exhibited in the Paris Salon, and *Young Horned Eagle*, which is in the Public Library. He can certainly seize, with a quick eye and a quick stroke, a fugitive gesture and give permanent expression to an instantaneous movement. In *A Study of a Snarl* is a proof also of his realistic power. And in *Sea Gulls*, First and Final States,—both here reproduced to show how an artist develops a drawing and sometimes develops it to ruin,—is an epigram, so to speak, worked out into an essay. It might have been made a paragraph to better advantage; for the effect of movement in the waves is spoiled by a repetition of lines in a broken rhythm. They rise, the waves, but they do not roll. In the First State however, is a faint outline that is sufficiently suggestive of movement and, in monosyllables, articulate of life. It proves what Simmons can do in the summary manner; and when he develops it slightly, as in *Timber Woolf: "Finis,"* the result is an expression of power, concise and clear.

The *Puma* plate, beside the central figure, has other good things in it. The cross-hatching in the upper left corner and the tree trunks point a vista of terror in the forest and balance nicely the almost vacant spot in the lower right. The beast itself, so fiercely alive and realistic, almost leaps out of the picture. But Simmons sometimes inclines to the precise manner, which does not become him. In *Osprey Nest*, for instance, is a vivid and sympathetic impression spoiled in the execution. The wings of the mother are too heavy, too tight. His *Japanese Cranes: "Toilet"* is, on the other hand, a noteworthy composition done in a very free and delicate manner.

It is in his plates of monkeys and bears, however,
at he is, I think, at his best. His observations in
em are keen and inclusive; there is gaiety and
imsical irony in the mood, a decorative feeling
the manner, and a loving gesture in the approach.
his bears are comedians and his monkeys are
ilosophers, it is because he treats them in a
otherly way; and thus, he gets more out of them
an a trainer in the Zoo or one who pursues them in
e wilds. The reciprocity is an achievement of which
ly an artist, who is a student of animal life, is
pable. His knowledge of their daily habits is
pplemented with scientific knowledge; his sketch
oks reveal a thorough-going and enthusiastic
rit; and so, with infinite patience he gathers the
aterial which he afterwards constructs with a
ssion no less artistic and human in its appeal.

Of his monkey plates, *Serenade*—a quintette on
branch serenading the moon—is a charming
tasy; *Two Tails that Twine as One* is a quaint
nceit; *Solicitude* is a whimsical bit of irony; *Teasing*
snapshot of a contagious moment of mirth. And
y are all striking compositions, in which the
corative design adds to the harmony and charm.

But his bears, which are done with equal sym-
thy and zest and freedom, are as captivating as a
e-eyed child sewing the wind with its hands and
t. In *Unexpected*, an odd situation, the turtle
tainly "gets a rise" out of the bear, who stands on
hind legs before it in an expression of questioning
prise. *Roly-Poly* is a work of sheer delight, done
a humor as light as the touch of the needle. And
ar Bears Playing is technically a masterpiece, al-
ugh the luminous effects were singularly achieved.
is not strictly speaking aquatint that glistens
ind and between the delicately etched lines, but a
nner of laying the acid wash on the plate. The
sion of splashing water is complete, the effect is
liant. When an experiment yields such results,
artist ought to repeat it on even more important
jects. And I have no doubt that Will Simmons
do so. For in his work, which reflects partly his
d, are vistas of a deep vision and translucencies
are beauty—a quality of soul, in other words, that
s in broken streams of pensive and poetic charm
vell as genial humor.

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5

A Bag of Manuscripts and Rhymes

By AMEEN RIHANI

Hasan ibn Ali el-Hujri has a pass card to every house in San'a; for, although he carries a bag on his shoulder, he is neither a peddler nor a broker of the bazaar. He favors you when he knocks at your door; he honors you when he consents to a sale. The Imam himself is one of his customers, and the sentry at the gate kisses his hand when he bids him enter. Indeed, the visit of Hasan ibn Ali is considered an omen of good fortune in the ancient city of the Sabians, the capital of Yaman.

He is a little man with a little white beard, subject to periodic and local blight; a shaven mustache, a sparkling eye, a broad forehead and a contour as delicate as a profile on a Roman coin. His hands betray a generation that wielded nothing but the pen, and his gesture speaks of centuries of idleness. But Hasan ibn Ali is seldom idle.

He came to see me almost every day, and with a most ingratiating smile. His bag on one shoulder, his scarf, barred in yellow and red silk, on the other, and a rosary of black beads in his hand, he said, "Salaam, O worthy one," as he doffed his sandals at the door—the same style of sandals that is to be seen in the marble statues of the Sabian kings discovered recently in Yaman. The last man in the world to remind you of a book agent is Hasan ibn Ali. And yet a book agent he is; or, rather, a collector of and dealer in manuscripts; the only one in San'a, where books are written but never published.

Invariably he began with a little gossip. Laying down his bag, he sat crosslegged on the carpet in the centre of the room and refused a cushion and a smoke. "Hearken, O model of excellence, our Lord the Imam has written a poem, and you shall see it. The subject? That is yet a secret * * * the Seiyet Mohammed, his Chamberlain, is suffering from dyspepsia, and perhaps only the Ramadhan temper. The Chief [illegible] the books, he would not think of San'a * * * But the most important news—a man in Dhamar has the seventh volume of the 'Iklil,' and he wants $150 for it. I may go to Dhamar to see—it is worth a hundred. * * *"

The "Iklil," a history of Yaman in ten volumes, from the day its first city was built by Sam, son of Noah, down to the Prophet Mohammed's descendants, is only found in odd volumes in San'a. There are two or three manuscript copies of it, one of which, complete, is said to be in the library of the Imam. But he will not admit it.

sun, a light-heartedness to make the most sluggish stream dance like the water in the fountain—all these are preserved, are living, in the beautiful pages of this volume. * * * Will you permit me? Read, Allah preserve you, the opening lines of this qasidah":

> The stars aspire to thy throne,
> The lions long to kiss thy feet;
> Beloved one, thou art alone
> Where love and mercy are complete.

The Diwan of Mousa ibn Yahya Bahran in praise of his lord and master Sharaf ud-Din el-Mutawakkel, one of the great warriors and conquerors of his time, is indeed an object of manifold delights. To touch it, to lull the eye upon its page, to read its lines aloud, to contemplate the making of it, is to me a rare joy. Bahran is a real poet and a lover. The Imam, his patron, was but an excuse for his poetic expression which is often full of grace and charm:

> If thou canst not come thyself, Beloved,
> Send thy shadow with thy magic art;
> Clothe desertion with the silk of promise—
> Even thy promise heals my broken heart.

He wrote also in the stanza form of the Andalusian lyric poets, and his art is often as pleasing as his expression. The connection in a qasidah, for instance, between the opening amatory lines, what is pure poetry, and the laudatory portion, is always aptly and gracefully accomplished. "You break my heart, O Zainab, but I know of one who can heal it," and he launches into praise of his Patron the Imam. Even the begging manner, which seems inseparable from most of the poetry of the Arabs, is engaging in Bahran and often amusing:

> Thy hand from want, O Master, frees;
> Thy wont to give and mine to please;
> The singer gets at least the leas.
> What is my capital and wealth
> But thy liberal ways? [illegible]
> [illegible] health,
> [illegible] not thy praise?

Hasan ibn Ali el-Hujri was pleased, and I considered myself honored, when he left. A few days later he came with the eight volumes of the "Iklil" and the secret of the Imam's poem. The latter was no longer necessary, for the poem itself was in my possession.

Every nation it seems has a stimulant, an intoxicant of some kind to which it clings with religious devotion. After coffee in Yaman comes poetry, but before and above both is ghat (katha edulis), a precious little tree in whose tender twigs and leaves, which the Yamanites chew, [illegible]

As, for instance, rhyming 'ghat' with 'witwot' (bat), and giving 'emerald,' a foot instead of a foot and a half, and confusing often the subjective with the objective in his trailing and ailing diction." Fortunately, this would-be assassin of a child of the Muse was not allowed to pass through the gate; and my fellow-traveler ceased to rhyme for a while and occupied himself in copying the eighth volume of the Iklil, which is considered the most important of the ten, because it tells of the buried treasures of Yaman.

But the crowning glory of the contest was the poem we received from the Iman himself, written in his own hand and sanded with purple sand. It was the poem that Hasan ibn Ali was the first to announce and the subject of which he said must still remain a secret. Indeed, the Imam Yahya is a poet himself of no ordinary qualities; and even in the blessed month of Ramadhan, when the hours for work are reduced by the fast to a few only, he found time to write a complete qasidah in defense of ghat. He enumerated but ten of its virtues, one of which is that it kept him awake at night and he was therefore able to defend it in measured phrase. He is very gracious and very modest in his manner. He refers to his effusions as "the inventions of Yahya"; and the last three lines, together with the note, reveal the good breeding of a descendant of a hundred imams, most of whom were warriors and poets, as well as a fine humanity, an intimate touch which makes even the Zeidi and the Nisrani kin.

> Thus veiled with shame I send to thee
> A daughter of these spicy climes;
> With not a pearl around its neck,
> But just a string of common rhymes.

And in the note: "This is the best we could do in the midst of so much business and so many cares. Y."

No ruler in the world can be a more [illegible] a more practical and powerful ruler. It is doubtful, however, if such men exist outside of Arabia in these prosaic times.

Contrary to his wont, Hasan ibn Ali came in scowling and he forgot to doff his sandals at the door. Our lord the Imam has set a bad example—by Allah, a very bad example. For as soon as San'a knew that he himself had descended into the arena to defend the ghat, every one, even the sakia boy, was sharpening his rusty steel, jingling a rusty rhyme.

I could not persuade Hasan to lay down his bag and have a cup of coffee. He was too angry even to talk business. For although he had promised the day before to bring me [illegible]

> Oh, Time makes even the camel weep
> And the sun of love burns even the sheep
> Who's in the shadow of a rock; but lo,
> I'm in the sun itself and so
> I crave thy shade of grace. Thou knowest what
> Refreshing virtues are in ghat.
> Call it basheesh,
> But don't forget the baksheesh.
> (Signed)
> The Owned, the Distraught,
> The Captive of thy Thought,
> Habibullah.

The original, which I cherish, is written on the back of a communication of the Commander-in-Chief, in which he directs Habibullah, who had recently joined the army as a mujahid (volunteer) to the Arsenal for his cartridges and to the Treasury for his six Bughshas (six cents) a day. Dost thou blame him, O reader, if his Arab Muse turns to begging?

Aden, Arabia, Sept. 1, 1922.

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DELICIOUS FRESH LOBSTER

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gossip. Laying down his bag, he sat crosslegged on the carpet in the centre of the room and refused a cushion and a smoke. "Hearken, O model of excellence, our Lord the Imam has written a poem, and you shall see it. The subject? That is yet a secret * * * the Seiyet Mohammed, his Chamberlain, is suffering from dyspepsia, and perhaps only

tant news—a man in Dhamar has the seventh volume of the 'Ikiil,' and he wants $150 for it. I may go to Dhamar to see—it is worth a hundred. * * *"

The "Ikiil," a history of Yaman in ten volumes, from the day its first city was built by Sam, son of Noah, down to the Prophet Mohammed's descendants, is only found in odd volumes in San'a. There are two or three manuscript copies of it, one of which, complete, is said to be in the library of the Imam. But he will not admit it.

"I have a book which you will greatly enjoy," said Hasan ibn Ali, opening his bag. "It is a book of poetry, the only copy extant, and it is perfect and complete. Beautifully written—behold, O worthy one—on most beautiful paper—a silken page, whose edges are gilded by Time. The illuminations in red and blue and yellow—see, are they not exquisite? The title page, is it not a gem of decoration? The leather binding, is it not rare? And the colophon—read it, O most worthy one, and here is my beard!—I swear by Allah it is authentic."

He caressed the volume as he spoke and would not let me touch it until he had finished his speech. "Read this first," turning to the colophon "* * * and he finished the writing of it on the evening of the seventh day of Ramadhan of the year 930 of the Hajrah.' This is the seventh day of Ramadhan, Allah prolong thy days, O worthy one, and the book is 410 years old exactly. Kiss a book on its birthday, and it will bring you good fortune for a whole year after that; buy it, and it will be a charm against the evil eye forever." I kissed the volume where Hasan had pressed his reverential lips.

"Now, open it where you list—taste of the first qasidah that unveils before you. This is not common poetry; the author was a native of San'a and, by the testimony of the critics of his day and of ours, he was the greatest poet of his time. But no testimony is needed to prove what my lord the model of excellence will readily observe. A singer who shames the bulbul, a wine to surprise even the vineyards of Rowdha, a flame that was stolen from the Yaman

begging manner, which seems inseparable from most of the poetry of the Arabs, is engaging in Bahran and often amusing:

Thy hand from want, O Master, frees;
Thy wont to give and mine to please;
The singer gets at least the leas.
What is my capital and wealth

honored, when he left. A few days later he came with the eight volumes of the "Ikiil" and the secret of the Imam's poem. The latter was no longer necessary, for the poem itself was in my possession.

Every nation it seems has a stimulant, an intoxicant of some kind to which it clings with religious devotion. After coffee in Yaman comes poetry, but before and above both is ghat (katha edulis), a precious little tree in whose tender twigs and leaves, which the Yamanites chew, is the magic property that refreshes, stimulates, invigorates and delights. Poets have praised it in extravagant rhymes, philosophers have philosophized about it, doctors have approved it, the Iman himself uses it even when at work.

Come with the tender twig of ghat, the new,
With still upon its leaves the forest dew,

Thus begins one of the many poems in its praise.

Now, I had a traveling poet-companion with me whose indiscretions were exceeded only by his facility in rhyming. And one evening, with paper and reed pen in hand, he deliberately set out to attack, in fierce phrase and burning rhyme, the Great Dope Ghat. And the poem was sent to his Eminence the Imam Yahya with a note saying that if any of the bards of San'a wished to reply, they should hasten to do so ere the poet leaves the city. It was a challenge, which resulted in a poetic contest; for every poet, every rhymester in San'a was busy defending and praising the ghat—the god—of Yaman. Two or three replies were received every day through official sources or direct by a simple messenger. One poet sent his long qasidah with his grandson, a youth of 20 or more; another came in person with his precious rhymes.

There was but one harsh note in this ghat-glorifying orchestra. One poet threatened to put his dagger in the heart of the vile Nisrany (Christian) "who not only attacked the most cherished boon that Allah in his mercy chose to bestow upon his slaves in Yaman, but made many mistakes, which a beginner in the craft of prosody would have avoided,

A daughter of these spicy climes;
With not a pearl around its neck,
But just a string of common rhymes.

And in the note: "This is the best we could do in the midst of so much business and so many cares. Y."

No ruler in the world can be a

Ali came in scowling and he forgot to doff his sandals at the door. Our lord the Imam has set a bad example—by Allah, a very bad example. For as soon as San'a knew that he himself had descended into the arena to defend the ghat, every one, even the sakia boy, was sharpening his rusty steel, jingling a rusty rhyme.

I could not persuade Hasan to lay down his bag and have a cup of coffee. He was too angry even to talk business. For although he had promised the day before to bring me an ancient manuscript, written by a Muslem astronomer, entitled "The Marriage of the Stars," and although he had the said manuscript in his bag, he would not sell it, under the circumstances he would not even show it to me.

And as he was going, our servant Madani was returning from the broker with a handkerchief in his hand containing the silver change which we needed for baksheesh. They met at the door; and Hasan ibn Ali, laying a chastising hand upon the boy, said: "What is the difference between a donkey that brays and a donkey that runs? Excrescence of the rhyme! you should be locked up in the vapor room of the hamman for three days."

Madani, in breaking away from him, dropped the handkerchief, and the sound of silver at our door was responsible, methinks, for the following epistle, which I received the day before my departure. I translate it, not only for the delectation of the reader, but as one of the many examples of the quaint ancient manner that still prevails in Arabia.

To the Exalted Place of the Light of Learning and the Luminary of Wisdom our Brother Ameen, ever in the Protection of Allah:

It came to me that thou art going,
O peerless one, and my tears are flowing
For thy departure. Strange how Fate
The joining hearts will separate.
If I had wings, I'd follow thee
To Aden and beyond the sea.
But they have clipt my wings and said:
Here is a gun for thee instead.

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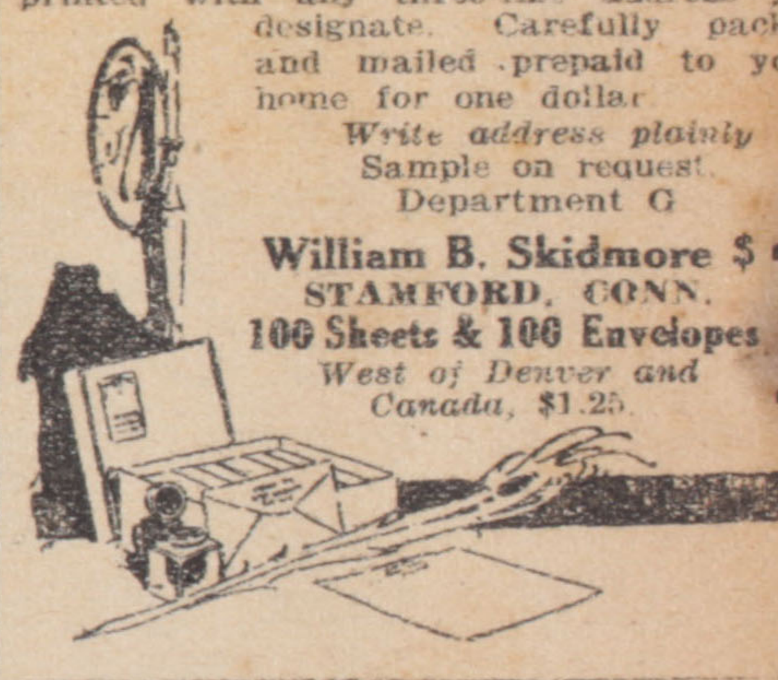

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the head of the Turkish delegation spoke in fluent Arabic. Arabic, of course, was the common medium, and through Arabic, with English and French as auxiliaries, the cardinal objectives of the women's movement will eventually be achieved everywhere in the Near East.

Eastern Women's Rights.

These objectives, as expressed by the president of the congress, are three: monogamy, the right of a girl to choose her own husband and abolition of seclusion.

Polygamy, the veil and the harem have already passed away in Turkey. The movement, in the most successful of Oriental republics, has in fact passed beyond the first stage of enfranchisement. It began under Sultan Abd'ul-Hamid and progressed slowly down to the time of Mustapha Kemal. Since then the tempo, and not the spirit, has changed. In 1912 I heard a woman haranguing a crowd in one of the streets of Constantinople. She was the first woman to unveil in public, and after she had finished her speech she waved her veil as a banner of freedom. Many women followed her example and soon the eloquent gesture became superfluous.

It cannot be said, therefore, that Mustapha Kemal is the author of the Turkish woman's freedom. He is its official protagonist and its guide. The American School for Girls in Constantinople—now Istanbul—is still the principal factor in modern education.

Women Find New Problems.

The path of Turkish women is checkered with the lights and shades of European experiment. The daughters of the indolent women of the harem must not only go to school, they must also work. They must earn their own livings, find their own husbands, solve their own domestic problems. Freedom's compensations are seldom free from freedom's heartaches.

How much the modern Turkish girl is beginning to feel this cannot be ascertained at this early stage of her enfranchisement. Encouraged by the dictator, stimulated by his edicts, she is bravely going ahead. There are for her diversion playgrounds on the way. And there are dance halls and beauty contests to keep up her spirit. There are also cafés where she may tarry to survey the masculine world or to be surveyed by it while she sips her drink and smokes her cigarette. The girl who once read Pierre Loti in the secrecy of the harem now reads Bernard Shaw and Bertrand Russell on a park bench in Taksim. She is willing to stand dressed in European fashions before the judges of a beauty contest while the editor of a Turkish review publishes her photograph with the nonchalance of a theatrical manager. But other contests of a more serious nature are … today in Turkey, and

Times Wide World Photo.

A Turkish Woman Addresses a Crowd of "New Voters."

Emancipation of Woman." On both sides the Koran was invoked. "Woman's place," said the dons, "is where the Prophet placed her." "The Prophet," said Qasim Amin, "found woman in bonds, a miserable chattel, and after lifting her to a position that was compatible with the spirit of the times, he opened to her, through the very Koran, the way of gradual development and freedom. We are continuing the work of the Prophet." And the reformer, who was an eminent jurist, could not be accused of misunderstanding or misinterpreting the Koran.

This was forty years ago, when in Turkey rarely a voice was heard for the emancipation of woman. Qasim Amin was then alone, not only in Egypt, but in the whole Islamic world; and now, fifteen years after his death, he is the guiding light of a nation-wide movement and he has many disciples even among the students of the Azhar University.

But the foremost exponent of his principles today is a woman of rank nition. At the Egyptian University, not long ago, tribute was paid to a young authoress whose work was inspired by the reformer, and when the Egyptian sculptor, Mukhtar, was commissioned by the government to make a monument to Egypt, he conceived it in the terms of the woman movement. His work is in reality a tribute to Qasim Amin, for the Mother of the Nation in marble stands erect and unveiled.

But the veil in itself is no longer a vital issue. The change from a heavy material to a light chiffon, white or black, is a significant comment upon its evolution. From an esthetic point of view, however, there is a hope, even among the moderns, that it does not thin down to nothing. The Egyptian flapper in high heels, short skirt and filmy veil is a picturesque contribution to that kaleidoscope of color and fashion. She exemplifies the potency, even the gayety, of silken defiance. And as a recruit she is also often seen among the more conventional of her sex in power in the woman's movement, not only in Egypt but wherever Arabic is read.

In Syria many other forces and influences are at work. But the Moslem woman there, although opposed to the old traditions, is not ready, it seems, for any radical action. She has not the heroic quality of the Turkish woman, who tore off her veil and waved it as a banner of freedom; nor is she favored with the economic conditions that enabled many families in Egypt during the past forty years to employ foreign governesses and teachers for the education of their girls at home.

Moreover, the spread of French fashions in Syria—the fashions, rather, of the Paris Boulevard, with a powder puff and a lipstick to complete the public defiance—aroused even the Moslem youth to indignation and rage. The Moslem women, dressed in the Paris fashion, were attacked on the streets with nitric acid, which penetrated through silk and satin. Some of them were burned

girls in the various schools of these four cities; today, in Beirut alone, I was told by the Minister of Education, the attendance is more than 1,000.

Beirut, the leading centre of education in the Near East, has more schools and colleges, native and foreign, than any city of its size in the world. But its girls' schools, before the World War, were all foreign and more or less of a missionary character. That is why Moslem parents refused to send their daughters to them.

But during the war, when all the foreign schools were closed, a Syrian woman, Mary Kassab, opened a native school in the building of the English mission. The success of this school was such that the attendance in a few years rose from twenty to 300, and an enthusiasm for education was kindled in all the neighboring countries. From Iraq, from Palestine, from all parts of the Arabic-speaking world, girls of all creeds—Moslems and Christians and Druses—come today to the Ahliyah School of Mary Kassab. The secret of its popularity lies principally in the fact that, besides being native, it is non-sectarian. Technically and executively also it enjoys an uncommon reputation.

The emancipation of woman in Turkey has been achieved principally through legislation, but in Egypt and Syria, in all the Arabic-speaking countries, as well as in Persia, it is being achieved through education. While emphasizing the power of the school, however, the leaders of the movement do not deny the power of the government. The two together are certainly more effective and more permanent in their good than the edicts of a dictator.

VIRGINIA … MARKED IN PAGEANT

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Women Find New Problems.

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The More Conservative East.

On the other hand, her Moslem sisters in other parts of the Near East do not altogether approve of her speed. She is too fast for them, even as Mustapha Kemal is too fast for the mullahs of Afghanistan. The fact is that the woman movement in Turkey, because of its ultra-revolutionary spirit, is exerting little or no influence beyond the Turkish frontiers. This revolutionary spirit may be suited to the Turk in whom the Islamic religion is not, after all, deeply rooted; but it cannot find free access into such strongholds of Islam as Persia and Arabia or be received enthusiastically in such centres of Islamic learning as Cairo and Damascus.

Thus, by its own force and scope, the movement is isolated. But there are before it the possibilities of either increasing in power and overcoming the barriers of tradition or of experiencing a reaction which will force the Turkish woman to take a few steps backward to meet her slowly advancing Eastern sisters. The latter, in my opinion, is more probable.

In Egypt the Moslem girl has a thorny path, and the thorns are not from Europe. Azhar University of Cairo furnishes the nation with hedges of every kind. The Azhar dons, who are more intransigeant and strait-laced than any of their colleagues elsewhere, oppose with the Koran every innovation imported from Europe. Not long ago there was a flaming controversy between them and the young reformers about the hat; and one of the dons wrote

misunderstanding or misinterpreting the Koran.

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ARMENIA

Mr. Sette Arsenian of Armenia, formerly editor of a weekly magazine and a member of the editorial staff of two daily newspapers in his own country, is now in America for research work at Teachers College in Educational Psychology. He brings with him varied experiences from his extensive tours in Armenia, Persia, Turkey, and Soviet Russia, where he was engaged in refugee settlement and social welfare work. At one time he took part in a revolution against the Bolsheviki. Later an amnesty was granted him. He is a graduate from Robert College, Istanbul, and taught there for a number of years.

SUBJECTS:

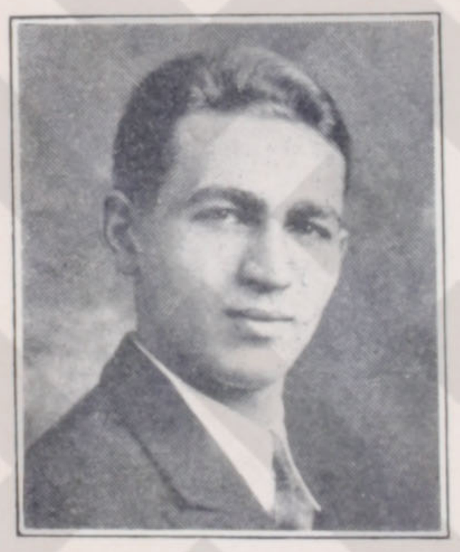
1. Life and Literature of Armenia.
2. Byzantine Constantinople (Istanbul). Illustrated.
3. The Place of Psychology in Education.

BULGARIA

Graduating from what is now the Sofia American College, Mr. Choukanoff of Bulgaria interested himself in Journalism. For a time he worked with The Svet weekly, published by an American in Sofia. Later he launched a periodical of his own, gave it up, and sailed for America. He is now taking post-graduate work at Columbia on a scholarship and acting as the New York correspondent of two of Bulgaria's leading newspapers.

SUBJECTS:

1. What is Happening in the Balkans.
2. Life of Balkan Peasants.
3. Balkans: the Tinder Box of Europe.



Mr. Evstati Boneff and Mr. Nicola M. Nicolov of Bulgaria bring the peasant culture and political rumblings of their country and neighboring states as perhaps no others can. They appear together or individually.

Born in Philippolis, Bulgaria, Mr. Boneff graduated from Robert College, Istanbul. He is now a candidate for Ph.D. at Columbia in the Department of Political Science. But let him play on his violin and you will listen to the joys and sorrows of the Balkan peasants.

Born on the banks of Iskara in a small Bulgarian village, rich with green pastures and birch-tree forests, Mr. Nicola M. Nicolov grew up amidst sad songs of the shepherds and carefree life of the shepherds. He became one of them and learned to play the flute. He is a student of law and literature at Columbia. Yet one finds him at his best when he plays shepherd songs on his flute, dances a peasant dance, or tells of the peasant life of his country.

SUBJECTS:

1. Holidays and Recreation in a Bulgarian Village.
2. Peasant Art and Folklore in Bulgaria.
3. Life and Customs in a Bulgarian Village.
4. The Six Countries of the Balkans and their Problems.

3/11

52

CHILE

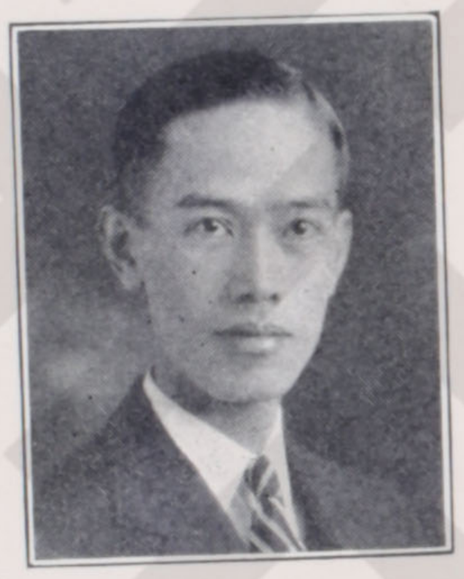
Formerly a lecturer of Spanish Literature at Rice Institute, Houston, Texas, Mr. Alejandro Arratia of Chile is at present teaching at City College of New York. A graduate of the University of Santiago de Chile and Chicago University, he is now a candidate for the degree of Ph.D. at Columbia University. Mr. Arratia has travelled extensively in the United States and Latin America and has been a close student of life and politics of the two continents.

SUBJECTS:

1. Pan-Americanism.
2. Contrasts of Life in Latin-America and the U.S.A.

CHINA

A graduate of St. John's University, Shanghai, China, Mr. Daniel S. K. Chang, of Swatow, is now engaged in post-graduate work in Public Law at Columbia University. His wide contacts with men and conditions in China, Japan, and America give him the necessary background to deal with problems covering the Far East.



SUBJECTS:

1. Sino-Japanese Conflict.
2. China's Foreign Relations.
3. Anti-Foreign Movements in China.
4. America in China.

A member of the Kuomintang (Nationalist) Party, Mr. Yi-Ting Chang of China is well acquainted with the political, economic, and cultural programs and aspirations of New China. Because of his Chinese classical education he is also familiar with the cultural history of that republic. As a research student in International Relations at Columbia University, he is deeply interested in world peace.

SUBJECTS:

1. China and World Peace. (The Sino-Japanese Crisis is included under this topic.)
2. The Principles and Policies of Nationalist China.
3. China as a Civilization.

4/18

CHINA

Born in Central China in a family distinguished for its scholastic attainments, Miss Gwoh completed her early education in a Presbyterian high school. Later she entered the University of Shanghai. While at college, she was recognized as a leader in student organizations. After her graduation she taught at the Mary Farnhan High School at Shanghai, served as a Y.W.C.A. Secretary, and also for a time was an officer in the Municipal Government at Wusih, China. Miss Gwoh is now taking post-graduate work in Economics.

SUBJECTS:

1. Mission Work in China.
2. Chinese Folk-Lore.
3. Chinese Womanhood.

Mr. Chester T. Su of Soochow is now taking post-graduate work at Columbia. As an amateur, Mr. Su is deeply interested in drama and music. He studied under two professional tutors for six years in Peking, the "Home of Chinese Drama." He is an opera singer and has appeared on the stage frequently. Through his intimate association with some of the leading figures in the theatre, he has acquired an unusual knowledge of the Chinese Theatre. He also plays three Chinese instruments. A member of a large family in a typical Chinese city, Mr. Su has first hand experience of the family and social life of China.

SUBJECTS:

1. Chinese Drama and Music.
2. Chinese Social and Family Life.
3. Foreign Relations of China.

ENGLAND

Mr. Ronald Bradbury of England, a lecturer in Architecture at Durham University, England, is at present in the United States as a Commonwealth Fellow to study American architecture. He is a graduate of Manchester University, England, and also of Columbia, and has travelled extensively in the continent of Europe.

SUBJECTS:

1. English Domestic and Ecclesiastical Architecture.
2. World Movements in Modern Architecture.
3. Modern England and the British Empire.

5/18

52

FRANCE

The scholastic pursuits of Madamoiselle Leotard took her from her birthplace near Montpellier, South of France, to Paris, England, and Italy. Miss Leotard came to this country as an exchange student, holding scholarships from the Office des Universites Francaise and The Institute of International Education. In England, at St. Mary's School, she was, for a time, preparing girls for Oxford and Cambridge. Madamoiselle Leotard also distinguished herself in athletics and became captain of the senior tennis team. She is a candidate for her doctorate at Columbia.

SUBJECTS:

1. How We Live in Provincial France.
2. Once Upon a Time Or; the Art of Story-telling.
3. My First Shocks and Reactions after Coming to America.
4. Franco-German Understanding.

GERMANY

Educated in Koenigsberg, the capital of East Prussia, Mr. J. Murray Bartels was brought into close contact with the economic and political problems of Germany and Eastern Europe arising out of the Versailles treaty. Later on Mr. Bartels studied in Mannheim on the Rhine which enabled him to compare the problems of Eastern and Western Germany. He was a leading figure in the Youth Movement of Germany.

SUBJECTS:

1. The German Youth Movement After the War.
2. Is Hitler and His Program a Danger to World Peace?
3. Disarmament and War Debts: Two Stumbling Blocks in International Relations.

HAWAII

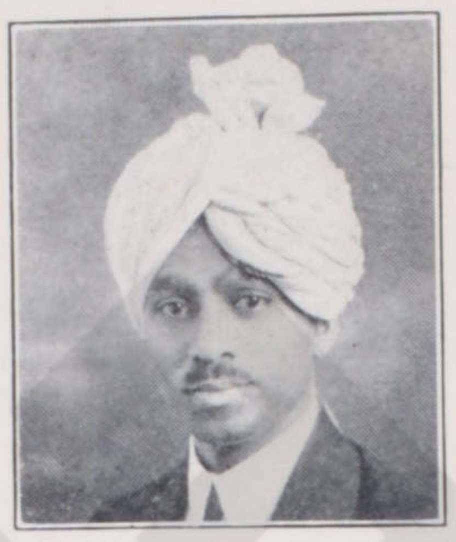
Hawaii is a land of beauty and also a place where men of many races and cultures have met giving rise to new problems. Mr. Ho, born in Honolulu and educated in the Hawaiian public schools, is the product of this melting pot of nations. He is a student of architecture and fine arts. He is also the Secretary of the Hui Aloha of New York and a member of the Hawaiian Tourist Bureau.

SUBJECTS:

1. Hawaii: Why it is Known as the Paradise of the Pacific.
2. Hawaii as a Melting Pot of Nations.
3. Life in Hawaii.

6/11

INDIA



After completing his studies in a national college near Poona, Mr. P. G. Bhagwat of India, and of Christian parentage, served for a time as principal of a high school in India. He came to America for higher education and received his Master's degree from Princeton Theological Seminary. At present he is at Teachers College. He has already been appointed professor in Union Training College in Bombay, India.

SUBJECTS:

1. The Peaceful Revolt in India.
2. The Youth of India—Its Ideals and Achievements.
3. Social Customs.

Mr. Satyen N. Ghose comes from Calcutta, India. After completing his engineering studies in India and in Scotland he changed to Music and Art, for he discovered that his talent lay in that direction. He has interpreted the Indian music and stage on various occasions. His demonstration on "Esraj," one of the oldest string instruments of India, is especially interesting.

SUBJECTS:

1. Music of India.
2. Evolution of the Indian Stage.

Formerly a professor of English at American Mission College, India, and a lawyer, Mr. Eralil A. Varghese is now engaged in post-graduate work at Columbia. He is a contributor to the *Chicago Tribune* and *Asia Magazine*. As President of the Hindustan Assoociation in New York and an Associate Editor of its quarterly journal, *India*, he is constantly in touch with the happenings in India. Mr. Varghese comes from one of the picturesque sections of India, Travancore.

SUBJECTS:

1. Caste, Purdah (Seclusion of Women), Untouchables, and Other Social Problems.
2. Buddhism, Brahmanism, and the Work of the Christian Missions.
3. Gandhi and Indian Revolution.

7/11

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ITALY

Miss Sarina Bono, of Italy, is now Instructor of Italian and Spanish in an educational institution in New York. She was born in Sicily. Her artistic and literary aspirations have taken her to almost all the cultural centers of her native land. Miss Bono has, therefore, been able to enter deeply into the very heart of Italian culture.

SUBJECTS:

1. A Sixteenth Century Gentleman of Italy.
2. The Italian Theatre.
3. Ninteenth Century Romanticists (The Spanish Bucquer and the Italians Leopardi and Stecchetti compared).

JAPAN

Born a farmer, Mr. Bunji Omura went to Tokyo to complete his early training. Later he joined a railway construction company. Resigning from this concern, Mr. Omura made an extensive trip throughout Japan and Siberia, Manchuria, Korea, China, the Philippines, and the South Sea Islands. Finally he landed in the United States and entered Columbia University, where he is a candidate for the Ph.D. degree in the Department of Political Science. Mr. Omura has also been connected with a Japanese newspaper on the Pacific Coast. Until recently, he was on the editorial staff of the *Japanese American*, published daily in New York.

SUBJECTS:

1. Japanese International Relations, especially with China, Russia and America.
2. Japanese Poltical and Social Problems.
3. Japanese Life.

NEAR-EAST—ARABIA

A Syrian, educated in the native schools and also at the American University at Beirut, Syria, Mr. Albert Feris Rihani has travelled extensively through the Arabian Desert, lived with the Bedouins and sung their songs, met and interviewed several Arab princes, and passed through many a thrilling experience. Mr. Rihani brings with him the very life of the Arabic Countries.

SUBJECTS:

1. The Roaming Bedouin Between Sand and Sky.
2. Rise of Nationalism in Arabic Lands.
3. Life and Labor in Arabia.
4. The Christian Missions and the Native People.

8/11

NEW ZEALAND

Miss Elizabeth Neige Todhunter was born and educated in New Zealand and graduated with a Master's degree from the University of Otago, New Zealand. While at the University she held the record in debating by winning the New Zealand inter-university debate and the University of Otago debating medal for three consecutive years.

Miss Todhunter is at present doing research work in Chemistry at Columbia University. For the past two years she has been Chairman of the British Empire Group and Chairman of the Student Council of International House.

SUBJECTS:

1. Maori Legends and Customs in New Zealand.
2. Social Legislature and Life in New Zealand.
3. The British Commonwealth of Nations.
4. The Achievements of Women in the British Dominions.

NIGERIA (AFRICA)

Mr. Eyö Ita of Nigeria, West Africa, and of the House of Prince Eyö Honesty VIII, was given at his birth the name "Nyön" (the prodigal) because "I was believed to be a reincarnation of my dead brothers and sisters."

A Christian of deep conviction and high aspirations, Mr. Ita was for a time teaching at the Baptist College in Nigeria. His work in the field of education was recognized by the Phelp Stokes Foundation, which offered him a scholarship to study at Teachers College. He speaks of Africa of today and of his own childhood, of "the joys of swimming in our glassy vapid streams, rowing canoes, burning the bush and planting yams and cassava, dancing and wrestling to the sound of rolling drums under the African moonbeams and the happy memories of our dallying with the diamondad butterflies and birds of rich mosaic splendor upon our hills of eternal summer."

SUBJECTS:

1. The Nigerian Family Life and Organization.
2. My Religious Experience.
3. Child Life and Sports in Nigeria.
4. Some African Views of Life.

9/11

PANAMA

Panama is a strategic region, not only because a canal there connects two oceans but also because it is the place where two cultures, the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin, meet. Miss Georgina Jimenez comes from this region to study in various educational institutions in America, holding scholarships, one from her own government and the other from the Institute of International Education of New York. As a teacher in the rural sections in Panama, she was especially interested in a study of country life in Latin America.

SUBJECTS:

1. Country Life in Latin-America.
2. Cultural Influences of the Canal Zone on the Isthmus of Panama.
3. What the Women of Latin-America Think.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Miss Abellera is the oldest of seven children of an outstanding Filipino minister. She is at present pursuing graduate studies in education. Possessing varied talents, she has spoken, played and sung of the rich culture of her people before every type of American audience. She is a fine interpreter of the social, economic, political, and religious conditions of her country.

SUBJECTS:

1. The Missionary Enterprise in the Philippines.
2. The American-Philippine Problem.
3. The Philippines: Social, Economic, Educational, and Political Conditions.

SWEDEN

Miss Ingeborg Jonsson, a daughter of the "Far North," comes from Lysekil, Sweden. A student of languages, she is now teaching in a private school near New York. Her desire to see and learn to know America brought her here. Since her first arrival in America, Miss Jonsson has made several trips back home and has gathered much experience as to how life goes on both here and abroad.

SUBJECTS:

1. On Learning to Read Foreign Languages.
2. Growing Up in the Far North.
3. The Holiday Spirit in Sweden.

10/11

SOUTH AFRICA

Of Scottish descent, Mr. P. A. W. Cook was born in Southern Rhodesia and had his education in South Africa and in England. After his graduation from the University of Capetown he was appointed lecturer in Education at Native Training College for Teachers in Natal. He is the author of "The Social Organization and Ceremonial Institutions of the Bomvana" (a native tribe); "A History of South Africa," etc.

SUBJECTS:

1. The Peoples and Cultures of Southern Africa.
2. British and South African Politics.
3. The Education of the South African Native.

TURKEY

Mr. Ahmet Hamit comes from a well-known Muslim family in Turkey. After completing his early training he graduated from the Law School of Istanbul. Thanks to his fine scholastic record, Mr. Hamit was at once appointed as the Assistant to the Attorney General of a Turkish province. But Mr. Hamit was interested in pursuing his studies further. The Turkish Government, recognizing his ability, has sent him to America, so that he might decrease his ignorance, as Mr. Hamit modestly puts it.

SUBJECTS:

1. Regeneration of the Turkish Nation.
2. How Modern Turkey Interprets Muslim Religion.
3. Recent Racial Conflicts and Rivalries and Their Remedies in the Near East.

11/11

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The Etchings of
Frank W. Benson
by Ameen Rihani
— typed —
sent to Chas. Corm 1935
upon his request for translation into
French
Albert

supposed, given up wholly to idle speculations and poetic dreamings; they can be as practical and material as the Americans, and their aptitude in the mechanical and technical sciences is noteworthy. There are civil and agricultural engineers among them that can be trusted with the most important tasks. That is why I say that the King of Arabia must seek among them for competent advisors and experts in building his empire, in reconstructing what the Turks have destroyed.

And what is little known to the world is that most of the educated Syrians, the intellectuals, the scientists, and the poets, are born in Mt. Lebanon. In the shadow of the ancient cedars is the cradle of Syrian genius. And the people of these mountains, barely a million souls, have always constituted in themselves a separate nation—a state within a state. From their strongholds and fastnesses, rising from the valley of the Orontes and looking upon the Mediterranean, they have always, like the Arabs of the desert, defied all the conquerors of Syria—the Greeks, the Romans, the Byzantines, the Arabs themselves, and the Turks. A proud, brave, and liberty-loving people, they lived up to 1845 in absolute independence under the rule of their emirs and patriarchs. But at this epoch, because they supported Ibrahim Pasha in his Syrian expedition, the Turks tried to reduce them to submission; and true to its policy of "divide-and-rule," the High Porte succeeded in embroiling them with their neighbours, the Druses. The strife that ensued lasted till 1860 and culminated in the massacres of the Christians and the intervention of France. Mt. Lebanon was then constituted an autonomous province under the protection of six European Powers.

But the Turks are to-day wreaking their vengeance upon the Lebanonese. The Protocol of the Powers has been annulled; Mt. Lebanon has been declared a province of the empire; its able-bodied men have been drafted for the army; many of its leaders and their families have been exiled to Anatolia; and those that are left behind, the aged and the women and children, are being deliberately starved out. Well may we ask, Where is France now to protect these loyal friends of France, this human heritage of St. Louis?

It is idle to speculate at the present time on the future political destiny of Syria and Mt. Lebanon. If the Mohammedans of the country are looking toward Mecca more so than ever to-day, the Christians, it is certain, are no longer looking toward Europe. But still under the mercy of the Turk, who is bent upon their extermination, they have no voice but that of hunger and no desire but that of salvation. If any of them should survive the sanguinary rule of Djemal Pasha and were asked whether they would like to be ruled by a European Power or by the King of Arabia, their answer would no doubt be that of the half million of their brethren in America and Egypt: Neither the Arabs nor the Europeans give us a government that is exclusively Syrian and exclusively Christian.

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The first page starts in this book p. No 108

finally arrived at a proper solution of the Oriental Question. And there is no doubt that it will thus be solved in the end. For whether the war ends in victory for the Allies or in a draw, the Arabs, it is certain, will not come again under Turkish rule. In the event of a draw the Allies will not consent to Turkey's recovering any territory she has lost; in the event of victory, they will find themselves in a very embarrassing situation, in view of their solemn pledges, if the further progress of Arab independence becomes alarming: such, for example, as the federation of all Arabia under the Grand Sherif. It is the opinion of certain writers and diplomats, however, that the age is inimical to the existence of independent states in Asia. But it must be also observed that the age is inimical to the spirit of colonisation. And it will be more so after the war.

Were we to suppose then that the little Hijaz Kingdom of the Grand Sherif will develop into a free and independent Arab Empire, what, we must ask, will be the lot of Syria, the cradle of the Arab movement—the martyr to-day of the Arab cause? In view of the unprecedented calamities that have befallen this country—the crimes committed by Djemal Pasha upon the inhabitants, the execution of hundreds of its leaders and notables, Muslems and Christians, the very flower of its genius, the exiles, the reprisals, the starving out of the people of Mount Lebanon—it is a question whether it would not have been wiser on the part of the Allies or more consonant at least with their policy as the protectors of the Syrian Christians, to have forestalled Turkey as soon as she entered the war against them and, instead of the disastrous Dardanelles expedition, to have landed an army in Beirut and Alexandretta and Haifa and thus saved the people from the sanguinary tyranny of Djemal, obtained control of the Bagdad railway, cut off the communication of the Turks in Mesopotamia and, following the route of Ibrahim Pasha a hundred years ago, with the advantage to-day of a railway, move through Anatolia on Stamboul. I have it on good authority that France would have done this, was ready to do it, were it not for England.

Likewise, in several instances in history, France's good intentions—I should say the French Government's—toward Syria, were, for political reasons, never carried out. And we may go a step further and say that ever since the Charter of St. Louis to the people of Mount Lebanon down to the French expedition in 1860 France achieved no great success in her repeated attempts to free this country from Turkish rule or to ameliorate at least the political condition of the people. At most, an autonomous, nay, an anomalous, government was established in Mount Lebanon, guaranteed by six European Powers—a sort of government that gave the consular representatives of these powers such latitude of authority as was fatal to the aspiring spirit of the people. For the continuous interference of the consuls in the political affairs of the country, their rivalries for prestige, their jealousies of each other's growing influence, their wire-pulling and their intrigues reacted upon the people themselves, and were often worse in their effects than the despotic rule of the Turks.

France's policy was subject to severe criticism even at home. It was often weak and inconsistent. For, while she was supposed to protect the Syrian Christians, she continued to support, morally and financially, even their new oppressors, the Young Turks. The *Temps* was outspoken in its criticism. "The protection we offered the Syrians," it said, "was of a precarious nature and always ineffectual; and while we lulled these people in their expectations, their long-cherished hope of freedom, we helped to promote the financial interests of the government of the Young Turks, who inherited the policy of Abd'ul-Hamid and further enlarged upon it by persecuting all non-Turkish Ottomans. We have cause to regret,

This is the last p. of "article" The Revolution in Arabia article II
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April 14 – 23

THE BAGHDAD TIMES.

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THE GOD OF 'IRAQ.

We have much pleasure in publishing the following translation by Ameen Eff. al Raihani, the Syrian poet and writer, of his Arabic poem addressed to the God of Iraq (the River Tigris). The original in Arabic is in free verse, a form of poetry which Ameen Eff. has himself introduced into Arabic, thus breaking away from the traditional form of couplets. In the translation he has tried to preserve the form as well as the manner of expression.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ARABIC OF AMEEN AL RAIHANI.

Him do I greet, him do I glorify :
With my heart in my hand, my soul upon my lips,
And ev ry atom of my being made articulate,
I stand before him who unveils to my enraptured gaze
The miracles of Time
And lo, the sun and rain, the winds and clouds,
From every zone and clime,
Follow upon his course.
I hear as well words of enchantment whispered around his throne.
I dare to touch his flowing sleeve,
And straightway through my being
The shiver courses, followed by an ecstasy divine.
'Tis not to wonder, for he is of many moods, and strange.
The sturdy oak doth crown his head,
And around his feet the stately palms their deep obeisance make ;
The mountains build a temple to his name,
And to him the plains unfold the rug of gratitude ;
The kisses of the snow melt on his lips,
The sands embrace his sides,
And to the gulf and sea withal his spirit flows.
A word of terror and a word of joy—
A word that giveth life or bringeth death—
He utters as he passes self-assured
Turning his face to the West and to the East,
He goes his way, following his fated course,
Bringing from North to South, from zone to zone, his bounties and his love
The mountains through him send peace to the plains,
Through him the plains send their salaams to Mudhar and Qahtan.

* * *

God of Iraq is he, bringing eternal life ;—
Seeing with the eye of all the ages,
Speaking the tongue of Time ;—
And with a memory that still remembers
Earth's first created thing
As well as the last orgy of the ruling mind :
Kingdoms found by the sword,
Kingdoms created by a magic word,
Kingdoms reared high by science and the arts.
His banks have shone with lamps of love's pleasaunce,
His palm groves shaded kings in royal state,
Passion and power in rarest pageantry—but for a time.
And the lights were snuffed,
The palaces were levelled to the ground,
And earthly splendour, like a cloud wearing the sundown gold,
Was smuggled by the night, yea, vanished clean—but for a time—
While he continued in his course, serene and self assured.

* * *

God of Iraq is he—he is the life eternal of Iraq.
A magic word evokes the faith supreme, touches with flame his land,
And calls from deserts wide the roaming life, wayward and proud,
Back to the path of humbleness and praise ;—
A magic word revives the buried past,—
Assyria's glory, Babylonian lore,
And Persia's esoteric speech and song,
And crowns them with a faith new born—
A desert faith rocked in the sun and sand.
A magic word, the word of al-Islam,
And lo ! the fair Abode of Peace, Dar es-Salam, was born.
And with it halls of learning, schools of thought,
Wisdom from deep and distant sources brought,
Poets, inventors, priests, and kings that vied
With them for fame and power, and rhythms wrought
Of smiles of irony, and accents bold,
And ribald laughter, yea, and fair romance.
A magic word ; and with it the florescent night
In which the Arabian Nights were born :
The Human Nights forsooth
The genius of Arabia's rarest bloom :—
The human spirit nourished by desire and quickened by the dream
O thou Baghdad of Ar-Rashid, and though thy memory perfumes the Western

And to him the plains unfold the rug of gratitude ;
The kisses of the snow melt on his lips,
The sands embrace his sides.
And to the gulf and sea withal his spirit flows.
A word of terror and a word of joy—
A word that giveth life or bringeth death—
He utters as he passes self-assured
Turning his face to the West and to the East,
He goes his way, following his fated course,
Bringing from North to South, from zone to zone, his bounties and his love
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*** *** ***

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A magic word ; and with it the florescent night
In which the Arabian Nights were born :
The Human Nights forsooth
The genius of Arabia's rarest bloom :—
The human spirit nourished by desire and quickened by the dream
O thou Baghdad of Ar-Rashid, and though thy memory perfumes the Western world,
Too early were thy nights of pleasure done.
O thou Baghdad of Al-Maamoun, and though thy light still shines among the luminaries of the human mind,
Too soon thy days of wisdom reached their close.
But short-lived is a thing of worth, indeed,—
All precious things are to swift plunder doomed.
Baghdad fell !
Baghdad was plundered, ravished and destroyed.
Baghdad was humbled to the dust
And given to the night of grief and shame.
And she slept deep, the sleep of one with *bhang* bedruggod.
But they who came from Asia's frozen plains
To ravage and to slay—
The cataclysm in its direst hour—
Wrought not a change in him,
Whose temple in the mountains ever stands,
Whose devotees rise thankful in the plains.
And who goes his ancient way,
Forever self-contained and self-assured.

*** *** ***

And like the gods of Ind,
Who change from age to age their human grace
With incarnations new,
To re-illuminate the temple and the hall of state,
So, too, the god of Iraq ;
From Hamurabi to Assurbanipal,
To Babel's mighty one,

Continued in next Column.

Turn over to p57 of this book

Edward Adam Kramer by Ameen Rihani
—Typed—
Charles Conn 1935
translation into
Albert

(Continued from last Column.)

To Al-Mansour, Ar-Rashid and Maamoun—
These are the beacons of his way,
These are his favors to the race of man.
But time, alas! too soon the favours lost, and grieved and mourned,
Mourning a thousand years,
Whilst the god of Iraq pursued his ancient path,
Serene and self-assured.

* * *

O, thou abiding one!
O, master of the human tide in calm and flood,
Thrice have I come to thee and heard thine oracle.
I sat, O Tigris, by thy sacred stream,
When Night's white queen
Robed Baghdad in her magic sheen,
Turned mosque and minaret to fairy towers,
And humble walls to battlements of emerald and pearls.
I sat, O Tigris, by the sacred stream,
When the ruthless rays of the noonday sun
Revealed the ancient spectres of Baghdad,
Exposed its rusty wrtechedness, its ancient misery and grief.
I sat, O Tigris, by thy sacred stream,
When night had spread impartial gloom upon Baghdad;—
No sun to show her shame,
No moon to cover shame in garb of tinsel gleam.
Then came a voice that cried, "Long live Qahtan!
Long live the Arab race in every clime."
Another said, "Life to the civic life!
Long life to every one in the East and West
Who bears the torch of truth and art and peace."
The third, a prophecy, pierced through the gloom—
"God of Iraq!" it cried, "thy country's heart
Shall throb for ever by the sacred stream;
And in the land shall spring afresh the soul
That long was the companion of the dead.
Thou, too, O, river-god, shalt be re-born,
Incarnate in the stem of brave Koreish,
A Hashemite who will resuscitate
The reign of Ar-Rashid, the majesty and might of old Baghdad.
Yea, thou shalt be incarnate, too,
In a nation rising from the dust and gloom
With renewed youth and strength
To add a glory of its own
To the glory of the past.

MOSLEM WOMEN ARE ADVANCING AT DIFFERENT PACES

Revolutionary Changes by Legislation in Turkey Followed More Cautiously in the Other Countries of the Near East

By AMEEN RIHANI.

FROM the seclusion of the harem women of the Near East are going out to the public school to the open forum, to the business dance hall, and even to the business world. The change, social and intellectual, is evident everywhere, from Turkey to Arabia and from Egypt to Afghanistan. There is also a European or Western significance; Eastern women attend women congresses in Europe, Western women travel in the East. Women of East and West meet on common ground and exchange views and confidences. Thus the old status of woman in the Near East is changing.

How fast is it changing? There is Occidental speed in Turkey; there is a steady advance in Egypt; there is determination flavored with controversy in Syria, and in Arabia, Persia and Afghanistan there is traditional caution highly spiced with modern ambition. Everywhere there is a common urge, however, and a tendency to get together.

At the women's congress held in Damascus last June were delegates from all the countries mentioned. Speeches were made in languages that were not all Asiatic. The representative of an international organization of women in Europe spoke in French; the delegate from Persia delivered an address in English, and the head of the Turkish delegation spoke in fluent Arabic. Arabic, of course, was the common medium, and through Arabic, with English and French as auxiliaries, the cardinal objectives of the women's movement will eventually be achieved everywhere in the Near East.

Eastern Women's Rights.

These objectives, as expressed by the president of the congress, are three: monogamy, the right of a girl to choose her [...] aboli- [...] harem [...] rkey.

a book to prove that the hat is not the proper thing for an orthodox Moslem, that it is not sanctioned by the Koran. Incidentally, in a part of Southern Arabia the sun, and not the Koran, is the recognized authority. The Arabs there, men and women, who are not less religious than the learned shaikhs of Al-Azhar, find it necessary, when they are working in the fields, to wear hats—large straw hats of their own making.

When it comes to argument it does not require much effort to drive the heavy-turbaned Moslem dons to the wall. Qasim Amin, one of the greatest of modern Egyptians, drove them all to the wall, but, apparently, as it was then observed, to no purpose. More than a dozen books were written against this one book, "The [...] and power, the widow of the nationalist leader, the late Said Zaghlul. When her husband was exiled by the British Government in 1922, she was asked if she would like to accompany him. "No," she replied, "I will remain here to continue his work." Another influential disciple of Qasim Amin who, like the widow of Zaghlul, has discarded the veil and who takes an active interest also in politics, is Huda Shi-rawi, a society leader and organizer of exceptional ability. Lady Huda is also one of the best known Oriental women in Europe, where she frequently sojourns, moving from one women's congress to another in the interest of her country and her sex.

Qasim Amin has also received, directly and indirectly, official recog- [...] the political demonstrations of the day. Thus, through the various channels of politics and education, of culture and fashion, the mission of Qasim Amin is being accomplished.

It is also radiating its influences to other Arab-speaking countries through the written word. There are today several magazines in Cairo devoted to the movement and edited by Christian and Moslem women. But the most distinguished among the writers is Mary Ziadi, a Christian from Mount Lebanon, whose home in Cairo is the magnet of the intellectuals of both sexes and of all religions. It is the only salon that I know of in the Near East. Miss Ziadi writes under the pen name of Maiy, and she is fast becoming a [...]

in the face. Later, in Damascus, which is more conservative than Beirut, a daughter of one of the best families, dressed modestly, walked through the bazaar unveiled and was slapped in the face by a fanatical shaikh. These instances of the assertion of a primitive masculine prerogative had, on the surface, the desired effect. They checked the extravagance in style. But beyond the surface, deep in the soul of woman, they awakened a dormant power. Indeed, Syrian women, it was soon realized, were capable of more resistance than they had shown. Instead of publicly protesting, however, they are organizing. And as a reply, perhaps, to the fanatical shaikhs of Damascus, a women's congress was held in that most ancient of cities for the first time in its history.

An Educational Movement.

An essential feature of the movement in Syria and Palestine and Iraq, is that women of all creeds, Moslems, Christians and Druses, are working together; and they are all agreed that agitation is not the wisest policy and that organization is not sufficient. They are all agreed that education is the best and safest road to success. And today in the four capitals, in Jersualem, Beirut, Damascus and Bagdad, the movement for education is even more popular than the Paris fashions. Twenty years ago there were not more than thirty or forty Moslem girls in the various schools of these four cities; today, in Beirut alone, I was told by the Minister of Education, the attendance is more than 1,000.

Beirut, the leading centre of education in the Near East, has more schools and colleges, native and foreign, than any city of its size in the world. But its girls' schools, before the World War, were all foreign and more or less of a missionary character. That is why Moslem parents refused to send their daughters to them.

TREES AND MOODS IN ART

By Ameen Rihani.

> O Poems are made by fools like me,
> But only God can make a tree.
>
> --Joyce Kilmer.

> Trees are like men, sometimes; and that being so,
> So much for that.
>
> --E. A. Robinson.

Among lovers of nature there are epicures, and dandies, and decadents. Th interest in trees, for instance, differs according to the instrument they ha in hand, which may be a pencil, a brush, a camera, or an axe. But those who variety in form only are more likely to come with their favorite poet or thei own favorite mood. And then it is doutful whether an Old World or a New Engla forest, or a manual on Botany, for that matter, could yield them more satisfac than the American landscape painters of to-day. Their manual is inexhaustible; their variety is infinite.

And that is because they deal not in species, but in moods. They spy on th tree; they expose it in its most intimate moments;--they gossip, as it were, o the forest. But they do not mention names. You may be able to distinguish a pi from a thornbush, or a weeping willow from a white birch; but once you are admitted into the inner circle of moods in paint, you lose the curiosity of classical distinction. And it matters little what the canvas represents, whether a cedar of Lebanon or a hemlock of the Bronx, an oak of Basham or a New England maple, so the artist has something to say about it, and says it interestingly, intriguingly. His taste may be that of an epicure, or a dandy, or a decadent, but his brush invariably has a modern twist. Sometimes, too, a serpant's tongue. Hence the startling affirmations--and deformations--of his style.

Indeed, the landscape artist of to-day is no respecter of trees. His supreme purpose, it seems, is to show us how they behave; but he is seldom around when they are on their good behavior. And if he is, he intrigues them with his technique--he draws them out with his brush. (Allah and the reader wi forgive an unintentional pun) That is why they, that is the trees, reac

Bahai Scriptures

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Reviewed by AMEEN RIHANI

IN Part II of this heavy volume are a few pages on the History of the Cause, written by Abd'ul-Baha when he was in New York, to which the interested reader, who knows little or nothing about the origin and development of this new religion, will turn with expectation. And he will be disappointed; for the historian therein is subservient to the propagandist. He does not even tell the whole story.

To understand the origin and significance of Bahaism we must bear in mind that when its founder, Mirza Ali Mohammed, called the Bab, appeared, Persia was in a sorry state. The three letters of its woe were moral asphyxia, religious sterility and political disintegration. Afghanistan had seceded and declared its independence, the flames of revolution were ablaze in every part of the kingdom, and degeneracy and despair were everywhere undermining the state of society. Another thing must be realized. Persia is the stronghold of the Shi'a of Islam as well as the hotbed of sufis... yah (inner...

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How the Bab met his end is well known. But Abd'ul-Baha, who calls Golden Crown a Bahai, does not do justice to the story that connects Bahaism with the Bab. Among his followers was Mirza Yahya, brother of Mirza Husein Ali the Baha, in whose face the Bab saw a light more brilliant than the dawn. He therefore called him Subh Azal, or the Dawn Eternal, and appointed him, according to the best authorities, his successor; while Husein Ali was made his guardian and the medium between him and the people until the proper time came for the Manifestation to manifest itself.

Apparently, neither the Bahaists nor the Azalists can support with irrefutable proof their respective claims to the succession. What is quite certain, however, is that the two brothers, when they were exiles in Baghdad, quarreled about the matter, and the followers of the Bab did not know to whom to turn for guidance and command. Again, when they were removed to Adrianople, the rivalry took a fatal turn; Subh Azal and Husein Ali tried to poison each

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...never ceased to profess his sincere aversion to the scheme of annexation of Belgian territory. He emphatically asserts that he never missed any opportunity to propound his thesis of non-annexation to the Kaiser or the leading diplomats.

Undoubtedly the most interesting part of the memoirs is that dealing with the peace conference of Brest-Litovsk on account of the prominent rôle Gen. Hoffmann took in it. Although the civilian government of Germany was represented at the conference by the Secretary of State, Von Kuehlmann, and Austria-Hungary by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Count Ottokar Czernin, the dominating personality of Gen. Hoffmann relegated both statesmen to the background. Gen. Hoffmann found it so much easier to take over the lead from the diplomats because Von Kuehlmann was dumfounded by the queer eloquence of the Russian Communist delegates who utilized Brest-Litovsk to give their ideas world-wide publicity, while Count Czernin was obsessed by the thought that he had to conclude a peace, no matter with whom and no matter under what conditions, in order to forestall the eruption of the general discontent in the monarchy. With both statesmen temporarily out of working order it devolved upon Gen. Hoffmann to be the "strong man" of the hour.

However, he denounces with the impetuosity characteristic of him the much-commented incident of his thumping with his fist on the conference table, in the course of a heated debate, and thundering to the delegates of the Bolshevists that, as the Russian army was defeated and Germany victorious, they had better drop their high-handed methods and accept the dictation of the Germans. Discarding the "first episode" as a fairy tale, Gen. Hoffmann states that on that memorable occasion he simply reminded the Russians of the true situation. His warning was given, he in-

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Mirza Ali Mohammed, a handsome and eloquent youth, appeared; and he was not slow or doubtful about his business. He went direct to the point and called himself the Bab, the Door, to the Mahdi. He went further and called himself the Point of the Circle of Divine Knowledge. Everything revolved around him; he was greater than Mohammed and all the other prophets. He was the Mahdi himself. But his Arabic and his Persian, alas! were full of solecisms and grammatical mistakes; his Bayan, which he said was greater than the Koran, lost wofully in the comparison, and he could not, moreover, perform a miracle to satisfy the sons of doubt.

He was therefore bastinadoed in Shiraz, his birthplace, and imprisoned for six months. His disciples were crippled and thrown into a well, which helped to spread the news of the New Manifestation. Isfahan sent for the Bab; and he was questioned again by the *ulema* and again bastinadoed and clapped in jail. But the governor of that city saw the light and removed the Bab to his own house, thus enabling him to continue his mission. Later he was imprisoned in a fortress in Azerbijan. But his new disciples had become active everywhere.

The most dynamic and the most persuasive of these disciples was Zerrin Taj (Golden Crown), a beautiful and eloquent and most fascinating woman. The Bab called her Qurrat'ul-'Ain, or the Delight of the Eye. She was also a poet, and, to those who saw and heard her, a source of delights manifold. An anarch too was Golden Crown. Coming of a house of learning and distinction—her father was a jurist, her uncle and her husband were of the *ulema*—she gave learning and respectability together with her veil to the wind. Indeed, she not only preached the emancipation of woman, but also free love and a curious system of polyandry. A woman, she believed, has a right to have nine (a sacred number with the Bahais) legal husbands.

And so Golden Crown deserted her first husband and became a comrade and leader of the people. She turned a deaf ear to the admonitions of her relatives; and when her uncle threatened her she incited against him the mob, who attacked and slew the pious man when he was praying in the mosque. She had to flee thereupon from Isfahan, but she continued to harangue the people and to argue with the elect. In a speech she made at Bedasht she declared that the Mohammedan religion was abolished by the appearance of the Bab, who would rule and lay down new rules, and that until then, in the interval, there is no law and no command. Shades of Mazdak and Hasan ibn Sabah. Their Utopia, after many centuries, found an eloquent and fascinating exponent in Golden Crown, while without her Babism might not have triumphed. She had also the satisfaction, before she was apprehended by the authorities and executed, of entering into the hammam with one of her devoted male companions.

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From Akka Husein Ali, now the Baha, sent out to the world the message which forms the greater part of the Bahai scriptures. It is an interminable and incoherent mass of theological and sufic lucubrations to justify a new Command (the Bab) and a new Cause (Bahaism). His "doors of divine wisdom" are darkened, alas! with words, words, words, although here and there the patient reader will find a gem of poetic and spiritual beauty. But not often do we hear "the cooing of the dove of eternity on the branches of the divine lote-tree." Rather it is the parrot parroting the Koran, and Zend Avesta and the sufi poets.

For the Baha in his youth was an earnest student of sufism, and later in his spiritual exultations he speaks the archaic language of the God-intoxicated one. But he is too eager to prove his cause, which is lost in an avalanche of syllables. *Baha, baha'an, bahiyan, bahiyah: abracadabra.* His rhapsodies, without measure or poetic form, are fugacious. His vision is like a broken mirror in which are reflected shreds of the ludicrous and the sublime. Even Pliny is seen therein as one of the chosen of God, while not far from him is the vatic trumpet commanding man to "shun vice and adopt virtue."

But here are the shreds of the sublime. "Prophets are the Temples of the Command of God,"—are "lights from one lamp, fruits from one tree,"—are "leaves stirred by the breezes of the will of God,"—"melodies of Divinity from the Temples of Unity,"—these and other such you [illegible] find, if you have the patience and the gift, in the glare and dust of "the Salsabiles of Severance," "the Suns of Significance," the "Rizwans of Nearness" and other Oriental figures of speech that are like the mirage in the desert.

A Great Message, perhaps; but, to us, it is like the heart's desire eaten by the cobwebs and mildew of the vatic spirit. Only a few pages we find therein where something specific and concrete and practical is vouchsafed about the New Age and the modern instrumentalities of its power. But Abd'ul-Baha the son, in Part Two of the book, is more articulate on this subject and more rational and modern than Baha'u'llah the father. How much of it is indigenous, however, and how much has come into "the divine pot" through that most active medium of kindness and credulity, the American woman, is a debatable question.

On the whole the spiritual collaboration has not been a great success. Abd'ul-Baha in 1912-1913 travelled in Europe and America preaching the Day of God when a whole nation in central Europe was preaching and drilling for The Day. Followed the clash of arms, and the East and West did actually come together to defeat The Day, but not to establish, alas! the Day of God and Universal Peace.

OF THE COLLECTED WORKS OF

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... azucarero. | cibe el mundo.

DESCUBRESE EN JERUSALEN UN VASTO PLAN ISLAM[...]

(Continuación de la primera página)

una población de 12.000,000 de almas, aproximadamente, la mayoría beduinos cuyos rebaños necesitan agua y pastos. Pero la península está constituída en sus tres cuartas partes por áridos desiertos y los pastos dependen del estado del tiempo, que no es allí tan regular ni tan abundante en lluvias como en otras partes del mundo. De ahí los "raids", "razzias" o batidas, las migraciones y los grandes movimientos traslatorios que desde los días del Profeta brotan de cuando en cuando entre las dunas y los negros riscos de las montañas, propagándose por los cuatro puntos cardinales hasta llegar al golfo Pérsico, al Mar Rojo y a las fértiles zonas del norte, para fortuna o desgracia del Islam. Es indudable que los "bouleversements", los levantamientos de las tribus beduinas se han operado siempre en el campo magnético de las aguas y de los pastos, motivo secular también de sus odios y sus rencillas. En más de una ocasión el propio Ibn Saud ha utilizado como aliado un año de sequía, porque el hambre empuja a las masas con más fuerza todavía que la política o la religión, y cuando a la sequía acompañan otras calamidades apocalípticas, como sucedió durante la Guerra Mundial, las tribus del Nejd avanzan en todas las direcciones, exceptuando desde luego los calcinados arenales del mediodía.

LA NATURALEZA, PROPICIA

Hay, sin embargo, al Sur del Hedjaz un macizo montañoso. los montes de Asir, que como los del Yeman reciben en determinadas estaciones la leve pero fecundante caricia del monzón y sus lluvias, y saltan en ellos las cascadas, coronándose de verdura en lo alto de las colinas la umbría de los valles. En esos montes, la mayoría de las tribus se han hecho "religiosas", como los guajabitas denominan a los árabes que abrazan su credo unitarista. Pero no ha mucho que en Tihamah, donde reina el Idrisi, surgió un problema que el Rey Ibn Saud ayudó a resolver de modo asaz concordante con el programa político que le es anejo.

El Idrisi estaba en guerra con el Imán Yahya, que había tomado Hudailah y otras tres ciudades adyacentes al Mar Rojo, por el Norte de aquélla, comenzando con caer sobre Jaizán, la capital. Saiyed Hasan, que hamía sucedido a su destronado tío, pidió en el acto protección a Ibn Saud, y éste se la prometió bajo ciertas condiciones que Hasan aceptó compendiándolas en el Tratado de la Meca concluso en Octubre de 1926 entre el Idrisi y el Rey Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud. Vése en dicho instrumento un notable ejemplo de la perfección con que un gobernante árabe es capaz de imitar a sus amigos los británicos. El Tratado de la Meca promete la protección de Saud a Saiyed Hasan a condición de que éste no venda o ceda parte alguna de su territorio, haga tratados con ninguna potencia extranjera ni otorgue concesiones a ningún sindicato extranjero sin el consentimiento de Ibn Saud. En otras palabras, Ibn Saud posee ahora un mandato sobre el Asir que, como el Hedjaz, ha perdido ya toda importancia como factor determniante de la política arábiga. Todo ese territorio, meseta y landa por igual, adyacente al Yeman, se encuentra ahora sometido al dominio guajabita.

Sin embargo, los conquistadores gunjabitas no pueden hacer, fuera del Yeman Indepnediente, uso de las armas contra una sola tribu o territorio que, de un modo u otro, no esté sometido a la protección o influencia británica. El Mascat es protectorado británico; Qatar, al igual que el sultanato de Oman en el Golfo Pérsico, constitúye una "esfera de influencia" británica; Bahrain es prácticamente una colonia de la Corona de los Windsor, y el Moguait está obligado por Tratado a acatar los consejos, y recibir la protección, el Gobierno británico. Dijérase que son estos los abrojos que se interponen en la senda de Ibn Saud al marchar en pos de la unidad pan-arabiga. Pero la cuestión tiene todavía otra faceta. Durante la Guerra Mundial, Ibn Saud hizo con la Gran Bretaña un Tratado en virtud del cual había de reconocer la autoridad de la Gran Bretaña sobre los mencionados territorios a cambio de una subvención de 60,000 libras esterlinas anuales. Y ese Tratado, que rescindió en 1923 al igual que la subvención, fué sustituído por el Tratado de Paz y Amistad.

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(Continuación de la primera página)

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Los ikhuaníes que constituyen el grueso del ejército de Ibn Saud, proceden en su mayoría de los "settlements", de los poblados de beduinos que renunciando a la vida nómada y a sus prácticas idólatras abrazaron con significativo celo la fe unitaria acabando por sedentarizarse. Los ikhuanies son gente temeraria, indómita, fanática y ferlz. "Ikhwan" significa "hermano": la hermandad en suma del guajabismo y el alfanje: la realización palpable del convenio hecho en 174 entre Ibn Abdul-Uuajab y el primer Saud. Estos ikhunies caliifcan a los mahometanos sunníes y shi'ahs de "mushrekines", es decir: gente que adora a los santos y a las tumbas en lugar de adorar al verdadero Alá, el único", y para ellos nada valen sus vidas ni sus haciendas mientras no se hagan "religiosos' o buenos uajabitas. Su intransigencia llega al extremo de negar el "salaam" a un mahometano que no sea uajabita s yirpo equivocación lo saludan, al darse cuenta del error corren a la mezquita a rogar a Alá que los perdone, devolviéndoles el malgastado "salaam".

Cierto día me tropecé frente al palacio de Ar Riyadh con un ikhuaní que al verme con la máquina fotográfica me pidió sin "salaamarme" que le hiciera un retrato. El ikhuaní posó en el acto, pero señalando el alfanje que colgaba a su costado dijo: "¡Y no os olvidéis de retratar también esto!". Todos los árabes que se dejan retratar quieren que se les de una fotografía; el ikhuani no la quiso, y al alejarse oí que decía a su acompañante: "También el alfanje salió en el retrato. ¡Ojalá se le clavara en el corazón!".

Ejemplo fehaciente de la sinceridad del Ikhuaní y de su inextinguible zelo religioso es el incidente que tuve ocasión de presenciar durante la invasión del Hedjaz por las huestes de Ibn Saud. El llavero de la Kaaba, hombre octogenario pero disoluto como casi todos los mecabíes, cayó en manos de una banda de ikhuaníes. El viejo se echó a llorar. "¿Y por qué lloras infiel?", preguntóle uno de ellos. "¡Lloro de alegría, oh ikhuaní—replicó el llavero—porque al cabo de tantos años de infidelidad, Alá ha querido, en su infinita clemencia, que muera buen musulmán, buen unitarista, buen guajabita! ¡Loado sea Alá y Mahoma, su Profeta!'.

Inmediatamente, los ikhuaníes devolvieron sus gumías a la vaina y sollozando también abrazaron a su nuevo hermano. Después, el viejo llavero de la Kaaba, llegó a ser presidente del Consejo Supremo de la ciudad de la Meca...

Hace ciento ochenta y cinco años en 1744, los guajabitas no eran más numerosos que los Santos Apóstoles. Con un puñado de prosélitos, Ibn Abdul Guajab se alzó en armas en la Arabia Central, en Neschd donde los árabes, que sólo eran mahometanos de nombre, habían retrogradado al paganismo. Adoraban las tumbas de los gualis (santos), hacían votos y ofrendas a los árboles cercanos a los sepulcros e impretaban la divina bondad por medio de los santos. Era el mismo paganismo que el Profeta Mahoma había combatido y la misma idolatría que el Alcorán debía abolir al sentar, como en efecto sienta, la unidad de Dios a quien únicamente se debe impetrar según sus dictados.

Con el inextinguible celo de un reformador y la fuerza dinámica de un resurrectista Ibn Abdul-Guajab quiso, por la palabra y la obra, hacer retornar a los árabes a la pristina pureza del Islam. Y no sólo escribió inflamados volúmenes contra las abominables costumbres de la Arabia Central sino que empuñando un hacha y secundado por sus prosélitos alzó el lábaro de la media luna en su propia aldea natal de Uyaínah, talando los árboles y hundiendo las cúpulas de las tumbas adoradas por el vecindario.

Los emires de la Arabia Central tildaron a Ibn Abdul-Guajab de innovador y descreído, y cuando el emir del distrito en que vivía lo condenó a muerte, Abdul huyó de Uyainah al amparo de la noche, recorriendo a pie las veinticinco millas que le separaban de Dir'yiah donde pidió protección al emir Saud, fundador de la presente dinastía reinante

Una de las esposas árabes del emir Saud intercedió en favor de Ibn Abdul-Guajab siendo así una de las primeras en propiciar el guajabismo. "Cuando Mudha oyó al reformador y supo de la misión que llevaba—dicen las historias árabes—Alá derramó su amor en el corazón de aquella mujer. Y también Alá derramó el amor de Mudha en el corazón del emir Saud, cuya favorita era. Porque cuando le dirigió la palabra diciendo: "Alá te envía este hombre; protégelo y alíate a él", el emir obedeció".

JERUSALEN, Palestina, septiembre 16.—(Agencia Telegráfica Judía). —Hállanse encarcelados en la ciudadela de Acre con exclusión de fianza cuarenta y cuatro judíos a los que se acusa de asesinato con premeditación, y disparos.

Esos hebreos, hoy presos en la misma fortaleza donde en 1920 estuvieron recluídos Vladimir Jobotinsky y los que con él defendieron Jerusalén, fueron detenidos en los molinos harineros de Haifa durante los encuentros arábigo-hebraicos.

Dícese que los detenidos están muy animados recibiendo alimentación especial de las cocinas de Haifa.

JERUSALEN, septiembre 16. (AP) —Fué prevenido un posible levantamiento de las tribus árabes de la trans-jordania en los primeros días de los motines de la Palestina por la intervención oportuna de la Policía de Jerusalén, según se supo hoy por informes obtenidos en fuentes

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ARABS AND ARAB POLITICS.

The Times - London

A BRITISH TASK IN ADEN.

Dec. 18, 1928

DESERT WELLS.

(By Ameen Rihani.)

Our Basra Correspondent telegraphs that the King of Iraq, attended by his Minister of Defence, Nuri Pasha Said, flew on Sunday from Basra to Bussiyeh and other police posts in the marches towards the Wahabi territory, the building of which by the Iraqi Government is considered by the Wahabi King to have been a violation, at any rate of the spirit, of the boundary agreement between Nejd and Iraq.

In the following article Mr. Rihani, who recently spent some time at the Wahabi and Zaidi Courts, explains both the Wahabi point of view with regard to the wells on the marches between Nejd and Iraq, and that of the Zaidi Imam of Sana' in the Yemen about the British Protectorate inland from Aden.

When the Imam Yahya of Sana' made certain proposals, through me, to the British Government at Aden, Hodeida and the coast towns north of it up to Midi were in the hands of the Idrisi, while Dhala, Shuib, Subbaiha, and Ajoud, in the Aden Protectorate, were occupied by Zaidi troops. But Hodeida at that time, together with Salif (noted for its salt works) and Loheia, was of more importance to the Imam than what he held in the Protectorate. He was, therefore, inclined to bargain, and he adopted the tactics, which are recognized as sound and efficacious in war or diplomacy, of striking in one direction to compel the opponent to yield in another.

The Seyyid Mohamed el-Idrisi, who was then Emir of Abu Arish and Sabia, was the strong man of Asir; and his military strength, aside from the assistance he was receiving from the British, was based upon the attachment and devotion of his soldiers. For the Emir had a magnetic personality and he was open-handed. Zaidi soldiers, during the Tehama campaign, on more than one occasion went over to him, because they received more pay and were better treated.

Besides, the Zaidi soldier, who is noted for his bravery, labours under a great disadvantage when he is fighting at a distance from his hills —in the plains, for instance, of the Tehama. This disadvantage is little known even to those Europeans who are interested in Arabia, and is often overlooked by those who make a special study of Arabian affairs. The Yemen, like most

countries in the world, has a "dope," and its people, men and women, young and old, are slavishly addicted to it. This "dope" is called "ghat" (*catha edulis*), which is like the spindle-tree and has the effect of a drug. The green leaves—the tenderer the better—are chewed as tobacco is chewed, and are supposed to give to the Yemeni the strength and the endurance which the hardships of mountain life require. As a daily function it is to them what tea is to the English.

ARABS AND ARAB POLITICS—

continued from page 17, col. 6.

Aden, which is all that the British Government needs in that part of the world, and let the Protectorate solve its own problems?

The question, often asked, whether the States of the Protectorate will be safe if British protection is withdrawn from them is, to say the least, amusing. When the Turks marched on Aden in 1915, it was the Arabs of the Protectorate who held them in check at Lahej. The irony is poignant. And it is about time that the obsolete method of the East India Company of setting up "independent" buffer States to protect British interests, be abandoned. The more honourable and consistent policy would be to find the strong man there and conclude an alliance with him.

The strong man is the Imam Yahya, and he is not unamenable if certain concessions are made to favour his political programme. Some such arrangement as the one outlined in this article is still within the bounds of realization.

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THE WAHABIS AND IRAQ.

In Central Arabia the Wahabi King has recently refused certain recommendations made by the British Government for the settlement of the dispute between Nejd and Iraq about wells and boundary lines. The situation is not as clear as it should be, and I shall try to shed some light upon it.

There are no boundary lines in Arabia as they are understood in Europe; for the Arabs only recognize watering places and glens of pasture as possible boundaries. That is why the experts shook their heads when the diplomatists at the Conference of Ojair mapped out, with amused satisfaction, a rhomboid of about 600 or 700 square miles as a neutral zone between Iraq and Nejd. In that rhomboid are several wells of importance, the nearest to which are the 'Amarat and Dhafir, of the tribes of Iraq, and the Mutair, of the tribes of Nejd.

These three tribes have disputed the ownership of those wells, and fought battles round them, and raided each other on account of them long before there were any treaties or political entanglements between Nejd and Iraq. Even northward, beyond the Neutral Zone, there are other wells which seem to be common property, according to the phrasing of the Second Clause of the Protocol to the Mohammerah Agreement; and because the outposts were built somewhere near these wells, Sheikh Feisal ed Dowish and his Mutair Arabs cried, *Ghazu!* (Raid!), while the Wahabi King was seeking diplomatically to get the Government of Baghdad to respect the Second and Third Clauses of the Protocol. The Second Clause reads as follows:—

> Since many wells fall within the boundaries of Iraq, the Nejdi side being thus deprived of them, the Government of Iraq agrees to permit the Nejdi tribes, which live along the edges of the border, to use these wells in Iraqi territory, in case of necessity, provided that the said wells are nearer to them than the wells within the borders of Nejd.

The situation of these wells is not specified. It may be within any distance, in the vicinity of Nejef, or of Basra for that matter, when necessity or a year of drought drives the Nejdi tribes northward for water and pasture. Who shall say, then, whether the wells of Nejd are farther for those roaming tribes than the wells of Iraq? Water and pasture, these are the magnets of the tribes; and when they gather round the wells in a year of drought or of little rain, even if they are not enemy tribes, they quarrel, they fight, and the strongest drives the others away. It may be possible to police the wells, but if this is not done by both Governments it will only aggravate the matter.

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An Ode to America

III

O Kindred of the Dawn, even thy day
Of doubt and darkness would again reveal
That truth is not a fashioned thing of clay,
And right is not a mighty thing of steel.
Give thou the sign that shall emancipate,
Utter the word the struggling people await.

Memory holds a promise made,
When valor drew a shining blade;
And so the bloom of poppies red,
Which heard the vow of our own dead,
Whose word and blow were one, indeed, to dread.

O Mother of our Power, we ask of thee
That thy soul
And thy goal
Unchanging and unfeigning ever be.

Go forth unheralded by giants of steel;--
Thine to inspire, to assure, to heal.
In freedom's name, through grief and pain,
The nations call to thee again.
O shall they be re-plunged in gory gloom,
Whom thine own hand hath saved from direst doom ?

AMEEN RIHANI

Freiké, Mt. Lebanon, Syria,
September 18, 1935

64

An Ode to America

TO AMERICA

I

No more shalt thou alone grieve or rejoice,
No more shalt thou withdraw the party sign
From thy front door;--there 's everywhere a voice
Of purest strain and purpose raised with thine
For peace and freedom and the people's weal,
And for democracy their wall of steel.

Aye, those who for them bravely fought
Are still the world's cheriched thought;
Those who for them nobly died
Will ever assure, inspire, and guide--
Their sacred pledge is echoed far and wide.

O Mother of our Faith, we ask of thee
That thy light
And thy might
Now and forever inseperable be.

Voices arise from depths of melting fear,
Voices that bridge the peaks of bard and seer,
Winging the words of him who spoke
For all the people who bear the yoke
Of centuries. O shall they bear it yet ?
Shall thy remembrance fail? Shall God forget?

II

America, the striving world appeals,
But not for arms nor bread--an ideal speaks;
For in the crimson furrows, where the wheels
Of conquest ploughed, it finds not what it seeks.
Thou art the sower true, upon whose hand
The earth hath pressed the seal of her command.

Cast forth the seed! the wind and soil
Have eyes and hands that naught can spoil.
Cast forth the seed ! and never cease,
The wind and rain their toil increase
That the whole world might reap, and reap in peace.

O Mother of our Vow, we ask of thee
That thy creed
And thy deed
One and inseperable ever be.

Over its alps of sorrow everywhere,
The world would rise thy simple faith to share;
Its young apostles lift thy name
Above the despot's power and claim;
For with thee, peace and freedom are supreme,
Without thee, they are but a troubled dream.

Poe

ATTAR

After

65

Poet Lore — Boston
Winter 1905

ATTAR AND SANAI

After Shams u'Tabriz

BY AMEEN RIHANI

FROM the Mist of Arcana we have risen,
Through the Universe of Secrets we have come,
And as Lovers we enter the Tavern:
~~As Lovers~~ as pale as the false dawn
~~And of stature~~ as lean as the new moon.
Like unto a jar is the body,
And our soul,
In the jar,
~~Takes the place of the water pellucid.~~

whose feature's
whose stature's
Is the silvery soul of the fountain

For your sake we have come,
In the shape of a jar, from the Sea;
For your sake we have come as Disgrace,
But glory incarnate are we.
O! think us not simple, for we
Are like to the fire and the sea.

Indeed we are like to the sun,
~~And are~~ infinite sources of splendors;
We are one
With the world's riddles and wonders.
We are the Palace, and the Garden, and the Gate,
And all beauty and grace out of us emanate.

The
all

We will interpret the Truth,
We will illumine and guide,
We will the Secret unveil;
For naked we come, —
Naked,
We speak and we pass:
Our garments were burned in the fire of the mind,
In the world where the Deaf still dispute with the Blind.
We are the Truth,
And into the skies
From the Mist of Arcana we rise;
Through the Universe of Secrets we are hurled
Into the world.

ATTAR AND SANAI

Attar was the essence divine, —
He was the soul;
And Sanai was its two eyes,
Now we are the whole.
We come both as Sanai and Attar, —
Beauty and glory incarnate we are.
And the men on the Path of the Life
Of beauty and goodness
Are one soul and one heart;
For they all have declared, —
That we came at one time in the shape of a flame from the fire,
And through pageantry rare in the shape of a sword did retire.

Every one is as full of the God,
As he is void of himself;
And we come in the shape of a jar from the Sea, —
We are filled,
And though sealed, we are free.
For your sake we have come as Disgrace,
But incarnate glory are we.
Oh! think us not simple, for we, —
We are like to the fire and the sea.

Yet higher than this is our rank;
But fearing the envious we come
~~Veiled from the eyes~~ [In the veil] of the crowd:
As vigilant warders we come,
And under the load of our trust,
We are bowed.

Perchance in our sleep we become unaware
Of the circumstance strange of our birth, —
Perchance a hair
The heaven divides, and the earth.
Albeit, we have come as the heroes of Him,
The Mighty, the Dear;
We have come as the mind and the soul
Of the turning sphere.
What place have the foot and the head
In the regions where we ~~belong,~~ [we were born,]
But seldom appear?

But when the Sun and the Moon of the Soul,
As a curtain, impenetrable, dark,
Stood against the skies,
Then were kindled the spheres of the Heart,
And flitting above them we came
To offer ourselves to all who would rise.
For your sake we have come as Disgrace from the Sea,
But glory incarnate are we.

A thornless and blooming rose-bush we have become
In the garden of Union divine;
And the habitants rude of the world
May camel-like thistles devour.
But we have the nature of the parrot,
And hither we came sugar-chewing.
Hither we came for your sake,—
Like the cypress are we in the grove,
Or the poplar, silvery, tall,
On the brink of the river of love.

To the fishes of love we are like
The Euphrates,—
We borrow and lend;
And on lovers like light drops of water
We gently descend.
Our bodies the foam had become
On the waves of the turbulent sea,
And hither the waves have compelled us.
And although we come here as Disgrace,
Yet glory incarnate are we.

Make use of our dust,
~~For like water it verily benefits much;~~ For in its music, and in it are flowers;
O take it, make use of it now,
And say not that we did come last year.
Sanai and Attar are one,—
They are the fire-fly and the sun,
They are the sea and the tear.

Make use of our dust, for we come
For your sake
In the shape of a jar from the Sea;
For your sake

[illegible]

Ily Amicana June 1898 Dr A. Ferris Rikoni

hitherto have been, and still are, wasted, withered and atrophied, and his said foot smaller than natural by more than one-half, and made thereby to turn inward and the sole thereof upward, and his said limb shorter than natural by more than four inches, and his said hip, side and arm, by reason of said negligence and injuries, became, were and are made shrunken, atrophied and paralytic, and his said limb without flesh thereon, and from thence hitherto have so been and still are, and said plaintiff thereby greatly and sadly crippled for life, and in endeavoring to be cured and healed of his said injuries, has laid out and expended the sum of two thousand dollars ($2,000) and more (the said Ada A. Allaire having heretofore, for a valuable consideration, settled with the said defendants for, and released them from all damages for said injuries to herself alone), to the damage of the plaintiff in the sum of fifty thousand dollars ($50,000), and therefore he brings his suit, etc."

A general demurrer was filed by defendants, which was sustained by the court, and judgment was rendered for the defendants. It being conceded that the action, if maintainable at all, must be so under the common law, the question presented was whether, at the time of the alleged injury, the plaintiff, in contemplation of the common law, had such distinct and independent existence that he might maintain the action; or was he, in view of the common law, a part of his mother? The majority of the court held, in an opinion by Adams, P. J., that the doctrine of civil law that an unborn child may be regarded as *in esse* for some purposes, when for its benefit, is merely a legal fiction which has not been recognized to the extent of allowing an action by an infant for injuries occasioned before its birth. Judge Adams further pointed out that, as a necessary corollary, if such action could be maintained, it followed that an infant might "maintain an action against its own mother for injuries occasioned by the neglect of the mother while pregnant with it." The court, as intimated, was not unanimous, however. Judge Windes, in a strong dissenting opinion, said:

"If the wilful and malicious conduct of a person causing an injury to an unborn child, resulting in its death after it has been born alive, will fasten on the person the crime of murder or manslaughter, there seems to me no sound and logical reason, since the crime includes the injury to the child, and since the public offense is also a private and special wrong to the helpless infant, why, if the child should be so fortunate as to survive the injury, which, had it caused death after being born alive, would have made the wrong-doer a criminal before the law, the child should not have his action at law against this same wrong-doer for damages because of his tort. It is the boast of the law that for every wrong it provides a remedy, but the law which says to the helpless infant, 'If your injury were inflicted, however wrongfully, while you were sleeping peacefully in your mother's womb, though pulsating with life and vigor, or while you were moving forward to the outside world in obedience to nature's law, with a power almost irresistible, though just beyond the light of day, still a part of your mother, there is no remedy for your wrongs, if you live through them, though crippled or deformed for life, but if you can only die because of your injuries, the man who wronged you shall be indicted for murder and punished,' gives but scant recompense — gives no practical redress — no adequate remedy to the wronged child. Such law is a reproach to civilization. It seems illogical to say the action cannot be maintained because the child is a part of the mother. Long before it sees the light of day it is a living soul, pulsating with life, making its presence known by most vigorous action ofttimes, a distinct entity moving and having its being, though carried by the mother and attached to her by the umbilical cord. Why may it not be wronged? Why may it not suffer injuries? It cannot be contended for a moment that the physician attending at the birth of the child would not be liable in damages to the child if, after delivering it from its mother, but before he cut the connecting cord, he should wilfully and maliciously wrench off both its arms. Could it be said that such an injury was to the mother, and that she must sue for and recover the damages to her child in such a case, because the doctor had not severed the umbilical cord, because the child was still a part of the mother? I think not."

While conceding that there was no precedent — no decided case like the one at bar — Judge Windes held that there was good reason, as matter of law, why the action would lie in behalf of the appellant in this case.

Contracts in Restraint of Trade. — In Carter-Crume Co. v. Peurrung, decided by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, Sixth Circuit, in April, 1898 (86 Fed. R. 439), it was held that a contract with an independent manufacturer for the entire product of his plant is not in itself a contract in illegal restraint of trade; that if an independent manufacturer contracts to sell his entire product without knowledge of similar contracts made by the buyer with other manufacturers, and without any knowledge of the fact that such contract was intended by the buyer as one step in a general scheme for monopolizing the trade in that article and controlling prices, such independent manufacturer cannot be held to have conspired against the freedom of commerce, or to have made a contract in illegal restraint of trade.

Federal and State Courts — Jurisdiction — Suit by State Against Citizens of Other States. — In Plaquemines Tropical Fruit Co. v. Henderson, decided by the Supreme Court of the United States in May, 1898 (18 Sup. Ct. R. 685), it was held that the provisions of the Federal Constitution which extend the jurisdiction of the United States courts "to controversies * * * between a State and citizens of other States," and give to the Supreme Court original jurisdiction "in all cases * * * in which a State shall be a party," do not exclude from State courts concurrent jurisdiction in such cases, but leave that question to the determination of congress; and congress not having invested the national courts with exclusive jurisdiction, the courts of a State have, so far as the Constitution and laws of the United States are concerned, jurisdiction of a suit brought by a State against citizens of other States; subject only to the right of removal by defendants where the nature of the suit brings it within the removal acts of congress, and the right to have the final judgment reviewed by the Supreme Court if the questions involved bring it within the appellate jurisdiction of that court.

Investment in Confederate Bonds by Fiduciary — Validity. — An interesting decision was rendered by the Supreme Court of the United States on the 7th inst., affirming the validity of an investment in Confederate bonds by a fiduciary during the war. The case was that of Baldy v. Hunter, administrator, and came up on writ of error from the Supreme Court of Georgia. Mr. Justice Harlan delivered the opinion of the court, in the course of which he said: "The transactions between persons actually residing within the territory dominated by the government of the Confederate States were not invalid, for the reason only that they occurred under the sanction of the laws of that government or of any local government recognizing its authority. The preservation of order, the maintenance of police regulations, the prosecution of crimes, the protection of property, the enforcement of contracts, the celebration of marriages, the settlement of estates, the transfer and descent of property, and similar or kindred subjects, were, during the war, under the control of the local governments constituting the so-called Confederate State. What occurred or was done in respect of such matters under the authority of the laws of these local *de facto* governments should not be disregarded or held invalid merely because the governments were organized in hostility to the Union established by the National Constitution; because the existence of the war did not relieve those within the insurrectionary lines from the necessity of civil obedience nor destroy the bonds of society."

STARE DECISIS.

"The law of England would be an absurd science we[re it] founded upon precedent only." LORD MANSFIELD.

"The lawless science of the law, that codeless myriad [of] precedents, that wilderness of single instances." TENNYSON.

"The progress of mankind is marked by the conversion [of] the unwritten into the written law, by the crystallization [of] the uncertain into the definite." HOADLEY.

THE doctrine of *stare decisis* has received a com[-] mon acceptation among the English-speakin[g] peoples. It is not only adhered to in the judici[al] departments of English and American govern[-] ments, but in the legislative and the executive a[s] well. Nay, the doctrine has also crept into liter[-] ary, religious and social circles; and now it i[s] recognized by every society that proceeds on par[-] liamentary tactics — practice has rendered [it] pleasing, and habit has played its rigid part. In[-] deed, in Americans, as in Englishmen, it has be[-] come a kind of a second nature. Mrs. Jones, [a] high society lady, will, for instance, give a recep[-] tion on a certain day. Why? A certain lady ha[s] established a precedent for it some fifty years ag[o.] The members of a certain club will go on an ex[-] cursion some Sunday in June. Why? Precedent[.] In churches, the collections on Christmas are sup[-] posed to be as light as possible, yet as refreshin[g] to the minister as the waters of granite rock[s.] Why? Precedent. To enlarge upon these refer[-] ences is to enter into the domain of the philoso[-] pher and the moralist, which task is prevented b[y] the scope and purpose of this article. I hav[e] glanced at the theory in a broad sense, however[,] to show that it predominates almost everywhere — it rules with an iron hand.

To speak of it in reprobation, therefore, is t[o] expose one's self to the missiles and arrows of [a] provoked community. But I will not extend m[y] discussion to touch every circle in which the the[-] ory prevails. I will confine myself to that branc[h] of the government in which it had its origin, an[d] to that which is now a votary to the system and [a] stickler for its tactics — the judicial branch. B[ut] before I animadvert upon the doctrine I mus[t,] with the indulgence of the reader, give a bri[ef] sketch of its origin, touching upon the ignob[le] motives of its promoters, and the political cr[aft] and brute force that were behind them. Leg[al] text-writers have failed to enlighten us on t[his] most important point. But if we read histo[ry] reflectingly we will find that the doctrine had [its] origin in the executive department of the Engli[sh] government. I use the term "executive" in or[der] to avoid confusion. But properly speaking, wh[en] the doctrine was first laid down as absolute positive law, the monarch was all in all. Like [the] Holy Trinity, the executive, legislative and jud[icial] branches of the government were united in [one].

In a word, every monarch in those days necessarily said to himself what the bold, courageous and arrogant Louis XIV said to the world, namely: "*L'Etat, c'est moi.*" Hence the feasibility and facility of making the doctrine prevail in the judicial as well as the executive or legislative branch of the government. But what was the motive and aim of the sovereign in establishing such a doctrine, and compelling his subjects to adopt and respect it on pain of death? What was the motive and purpose of his machiavellian and dissolute courtiers and statesmen in aiding him in such a flagrant imposition? An ignoble, an inhuman, a selfish, a feudal one! Their barbarous and infamous end was to keep the people in the dungeon of ignorance, where their only food was crass superstition, their only amusement the shedding of human blood, and their only pleasure the veneration of the relics of saints and martyrs and the treading in the path of their ancestors. All this was done to guard against innovations in political government, and to preserve all the ancient traditions and superstitions unimpaired. Thus the safety of a mad king would be perfectly assured; and the existence of dissimulators, sycophants and venal politicians depends, of course, on the existence of their crowned master.

Thus the doctrine was taken up by the judges, and all cases that came before them were decided upon it. Their only guide was precedent or adjudicated law, and their only authority was that of a former judge. It did not take long before the doctrine was equally binding, and equally mischievous in the judicial as well as in the legislative or the executive branch of the government. The judges knew nothing but previous decisions, and the barrister's task was simplified and facilitated by the setting aside of text-books and statutory law, and the adoption of adjudicated cases as authoritative legal principles. It is not surprising at all to observe how judges and solicitors adhered to the theory with all their might and main, because behind it stood the command, the power, the brute force of the kingdom, represented by a blind and narrow-minded individual. If the doctrine was only adhered to, and if through it justice was duly administered, it would be beyond reproach or criticism; but judges were so prejudiced against the slightest innovation that very often they were led to let fall from their lips expressions which indicated a blind submission to the theory, and which lead us to believe that a purely fanatical impulse was behind it. Indeed, it [is] amusing to read some of the opinions of mediæval judges on this most sacred doctrine. One of [the]m, for instance, in deciding a certain case, said: "[If] we judge against former precedents it will be [a ba]d example to the students and barristers at [law], and they will not give credit to the books, or have faith in them." While another judge said: "I cannot legislate, but by my industry I can discover what our predecessors have done, and I will tread in their footsteps." The judge was studying Confucius, perhaps, for the fundamental principle of the moral system of that moralist was to keep sacred the memory and the deeds of ancestors. "Walk in the trodden path" was the solemn injunction of that Touranian sage to his Touranian followers. How this wise and at the same time ridiculous statement gained foothold on English soil I know not.

Why should the decisions of a former judge on a particular case have any force upon the judges and upon the community existing centuries after his time? Is it because antiquity renders the decision sacred, independent of its reasonableness? Is it because the decision was delivered *en robe rouge?* Is it because the judges of a certain era are but the "ghosts of departed wisdom?" How can this be? The aim or end of the doctrine, as I look at it, has a two-fold explanation, viz.: It is either to keep the people in a state of darkness and gloom, as I said before, or it is a practical confession that courts and governments degenerate in wisdom as they increase in years, and can only "hobble along by the stilts and crutches of precedents." For the same persons who would proudly be thought wiser than their predecessors appear at the same time only as the living coffins of departed judges. Antiquity, it seems, is both blessed and damned — blessed by those who would have the world look back instead of forward, and damned by those who stamp it as characterizing ignorance, gloom, baseness, folly and superstition.

But I cannot reject the theory as having been positively and at all times unbeneficial to the world. Like every other mediæval institution or dogma, it directly and indirectly contributed to the progress of mankind. Everything has its place and performs its function,

> "And that which seems but idle show
> Strengthens and supports the rest."

I am not mistaken if I say that had there been no such doctrine there would have been no revolution in this country, and therefore no republic. Had it not been for this theory all the philosophies, all the sciences, all the principles that issued forth from the brain of France during and before the revolution would have been still in the bosom of the earth, unrevealed and unknown to the world. So I say there is wisdom in the lines of the poet quoted above.

Having thus given a cursory account of the origin of the theory, I will now proceed to discuss it from the standpoint of the case lawyer and the judge, the legal professor and the student. This doctrine, as is well known, has been adopted in

this country, and adhered to with firmness and austerity. It is recommended by judges, approved by the community, and regarded as necessary to preserve the stability, the certainty and the symmetry of any system of jurisprudence. I think otherwise. While previous decisions may be instructive, they should not be authoritative. The Constitution of the United States creates three branches of government for the purpose of facilitating its administration and "securing the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." Each branch is to exercise the duties imposed upon it by the Constitution, independent of the other. But now as the government stands the judicial branch comprises the legislator and the judge. The judge makes the law and the judge decides the law — an act which contravenes the purview of the United States Constitution. But it may be argued in opposition that precedents, which are regarded as law, receive the sanction of many able and learned judges, who are capable of formulating rules and laying down legal principles. Granted. But what about the innumerable single decisions on particular points that had the effect of reversing a prior case? Courts in general have always held so, and Bronson, J.,* speaking in reprobation of such an act, said: "It is going quite too far to say that a single decision of any court is absolutely conclusive as a precedent."

Again, what about a rule formulated by the Supreme Court having the force and authority of overruling a case decided by a lower court on the weight of authority supporting said case? Here the court is both the legislator and the judge. A doctrine is laid down by the court, which has the force and effect of abolishing all the former decisions on that point, though they have the support of all the judges in the land. This is, certainly, the duty of the legislator, and not the judge. The decisions of courts, even higher courts, which are always adopted as law, are not given the necessary amount of deliberation and reflection which they would duly receive in the legislature. Again, what about a decision rendered by a divided court, which, while binding on the case at issue, is not so binding as a precedent for subsequent cases? This is the rule laid down in the text. Is it ever followed? Never. When the lawyer discovers a case which is precisely analogous to his, he never troubles his mind as to whether it was rendered by a full or a divided court. And, by the way, if precedents are established for judges to regard and adopt, why should there be such a division, and if, nevertheless, the court is divided on a precedent, why not then abolish it entirely?

Let me first lay down this proposition, namely,

*Butler v. Van Wyck, 1 Hill, 438.

a precedent which is not regarded by
judges alike should never have the force
for "Law is a rule of action laid down
supreme power of a State commanding wh
and prohibiting the contrary." This is
nition of Blackstone. If, therefore, the ele
command is present, then every citizen, i
the judges, the legislators, chief magistr
all, should obey and pay respect to such
This law, then, laid down by a supreme p
definite and certain. We know that if w
gress it we will have to abide by the
quences; and we further know that judg
not, if the law on the subject is definite,
as to the transgression. In this case th
must exercise his judicial authority wit
bounds of the rule laid down by a supreme
but in the case of a precedent he is at lib
accept or reject it. Why? Because the fo
law, the latter is positively not. I cannot,
fore, see how a precedent which is not l
become so by adding to it a series of subs
decisions, which have no more force of bec
established law than that precedent itself.
in unity there is strength; but the union o
atoms of hydrogen, by themselves, will no
give us an atom of water than the union
group of ants will generate a camel. A ciph
cipher. That is the maxim. If, then, we ag
the definition of Blackstone, we must ca
confess that the decisions rendered by judg
not law, because they lack the element of
mand, and they are not laid down by the su
power of a State.

I have thus proven that precedents are no
and therefore not binding upon the comm
but for the sake of argument I will assume
they are, and proceed to show that judges
lawyers are never bound even by the fundam
rules of precedent. A fundamental principle i
doctrine, as is known by every lawyer, every j
and every student, is that it is in no way aff
by *dicta*. This rule is very often violated by
yers and judges; and were this a brief I woul
innumerable cases which would support this
ment. We must, therefore, admit that colla
hints, casual comments, inapplicable illustrat
flimsy reasonings, by-way analogies, anima
sive remarks, judicial sympathies and extra
cial opinions are in many cases converted
rules and legal principles, doctrines and establi
law.

Again the maxim that general expression
every opinion are to be taken in connection
the case in which those expressions are used
many instances disregarded. Moreover, they
only disregard it, but if in any instance the m
is ever observed they drag it to the mire o
surdity and monstrosity. As, for instance,

se† there was an indictment against the
the larceny of money, and it was held
he particulars should be set forth, includ-
llegation that it was lawful money of the
tates. This rule was afterwards followed
‡ of larceny of cattle, in which the indict-
ted the value of the cattle without adding
money of the United States." Attorney
dant argued a full day, to the effect that
ation in *this action* also should be set forth.
course, is an eccentric case, defended by
tric attorney; but eccentricities nowadays
plenty as blackberries."

, how can the judges account for a case of
ure. If a decision is reversed by a higher
hus upsetting or overlooking the prece-
on which it was based, what will become
ersons who have, in the meantime, acted
rdance with the overturned decision? Of
they would get around it with one of the
nored fictions of the law, by declaring it to
t law." But does this fiction in any way
wronged party? It satisfies the miserable
lities of the law, the caprice of the lawyer
whims and fancies of the judge; but does
dy the invaded right of the injured party?
ot!

n, in a few cases§ this rule is laid down,
: Where the decision of any tribunal is
to appeal to a higher court, such decision
affected by the doctrine of *stare decisis* until
upon by the higher tribunal of last resort."
a rule formulated by judges in deciding
s, and should be adopted as law in subse-
cases that come up for adjudication. That
ay, if, for instance, a case for the breach of
ract is brought in a district court, the attor-
n both sides should not refer to precedents
porting their respective views, because if
ase is decided upon, and afterwards ap-
, the court to which it is appealed might
le the decision of the lower court, and thus
se the precedents upon which that case was
ntrated. There is a little nonsense, a little
lity in this rule. Let us see. If this same
tried and decided in a district court, was ap-
l to a higher court, then the cases, or
rities, or precedents, upon which that action
sed should be cited, for higher courts are
ed by the doctrine of *stare decisis*. Now,
the court to which the case is appealed must
e one way or the other. Its decision must
r affirm or reverse the decision of the district
, together with the authorities upon which
ase on appeal is based. Its decision, whether

it affirms or overrules the former decision, must necessarily reject the authorities or precedents upon which the defeated party brings his action; for both parties always go to court armed with the weapons of innumerable authorities of adjudicated cases. Indeed, court decisions are so abundant that authorities can be found on any and all particular cases that can possibly arise for adjudication. I really cannot conceive how such a rule can receive a common acceptation among venerable judges and ingenious attorneys. For if a subordinate court of justice has not the power of settling disputes on the theory of *stare decisis*, then there is no need of clothing superior courts with that power. If an inferior judge decides a case without having recourse to the opinions of former judges on the same point, then I say that that judge is exercising his own faculties and appropriating his own reason without overstepping the boundaries described to him by statute, and therefore deserves the encomiums of every prudent and honest citizen. Such a judge should be stamped by human society as a faithful, diligent and prudent servant of the law. But, on the other hand, we have the superior judge — a judge regarded by the community as transcending inferior judges in civil wisdom and practical law — who decides cases coming before him on appeal by calling to his aid the opinions of his predecessors, and invoking the divine inspiration of the gloomy sepulchre, and thus annihilate his own individuality, extinguish the light of his own reason, and murder the very faculties of his intellect. This judge is called the superior, and the other the inferior, while, in my judgment, poor as it is, the adjectives should be transposed. But in the face of these circumstances, in the face of this unquestionable description of superior and inferior judges, in the face of the definite and ascertained mental labor put forth by both, in the face of the embarrassing attitude in which reason and justice have placed the superior courts, in the face of truth and wisdom, a learned and venerable judge,** to increase the horror of reason and disharmonize the vital organs of the body of the law, has gone a step further, and laid down this rule as an absolute principle. He said: "A decision of the Supreme Court becomes the law of the case upon the point involved *even though erroneous*." Is this reason? Is it justice? Is "Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne?" Or shall we take this rule as proceeding from a wise and cool head, relying on the truthfulness of Longfellow's lines when he says, "Sometimes we may learn more from a man's error than from his virtue."

People v. Cohen, 8 Cal. 42.
llen v. Allen, 27 Pac. Rep. 30.
Bridge v. Johnson, 5 Wend. 372.

**41 Am. Rep. 119; Lindsay v. People, 1 Idaho N. S. 438, and 6 Iowa, 71.

I leave this question open for the reflection of the candid and honest members of the legal profession.

Again, I must lay down another proposition, namely: The body of adjudicated law, which is adopted as statutory law, being incoherent and uncertain, untenable and unstable, wavering and indefinite, renders the administration of justice absolutely impossible. The reputation of judges and the character of the State from which a certain rule proceeds give it a complete fortification and render it almost impregnable.

Reputation very often misleads the judges and clouds the reason of the law. It plays a far greater part than the truthfulness and justice of the decision. The former absorbs and overwhelms the latter. Furthermore, I hesitatingly make this assertion — a bold one, it may be, but nevertheless it bears much truth, as to render its boldness both tolerable and justifiable: The decisions of courts based upon precedents have become so general as to excite a little suspicion and to cause us to ponder upon the presumption — a reputable one, perhaps — that a deeper policy than at first blush appears sometimes underlies the decisions of the courts. The judges of different States, having exhausted the reason of the law, very often take another course by turning legal differences into implied reflections on the characters of opposing judges, said reflections being based either on conscientious scruples or on the over-confidence in the wisdom and strength of one's opinion. This, of course, impedes the administration of justice and bars out just conclusions. No one can read the account of the dishonorable proceedings in the cases cited below†† and entertain the same opinion of the doctrine of *stare decisis*, by means of which justice will always prevail, as is always alleged. Prof. Chase§§ openly declares that "the force of adhering to precedent will cause an established principle of law which has been long acquiesced in to be firmly maintained, though it may *appear unreasonable and injurious in its tendency*."

What is the reason for this? I ask again, Is it because it has antiquity behind it? Or are judges constrained to pay much deference to former decisions, even at the expense of justice? If they are, they do not do so. They sometimes acquaint themselves with former decisions, with the ultimate purpose of overturning them. Surely, it is violating the laws of decorum and comity to acquaint myself, for instance, with another for the purpose of "turning him down" subsequently,

if I am allowed the common expressio[n]
disregard the person entirely by re[n]
stranger to him. However, I am not [...]
the subject from a moral standpoint, and
I will leave morality to combat its own [...]

We see, then, that when a law is both [...]
and incoherent it is impossible for the [...]
decide definitely and soberly upon it. [...]
judge sees nothing before him but a cha[os]
judicated cases held up as authorities, as [...]
when he learns the embarrassing fact tha[t]
posing counsel are equally armed wi[th]
authorities, on the different and conflicti[ng]
of able judges, on the points at issue, he, n[...]
is placed in a position critical and seriou[s]
nature, and will subsequently give up deli[...]
in disgust, trusting to fate and confiding to [...]
No reasonable being can say a word agai[nst]
conduct either, because human nature is s[o]
tive that no man can possibly maintain his [...]
rium in the face of such distressing and per[...]
circumstances.

This is the ultimate outcome of judicia[ry]
which, notwithstanding the common acce[...]
it receives in this country and in England, [...]
practicable, unsystematic, imperfect, bulk[y]
encumbering. What is worse, it has render[ed]
statute law both insignificant and imperfect[...]
natural right and justice the statute law shou[ld]
the sanctuary of liberty, the mother of all th[...]
and the edifice of justice, truth and wisdom. [...]
by the side of judiciary law it is merely "a s[...]
irregular or unsystematic patches stuck from [...]
to time upon the edifice reared by judges." I [...]
not imagine, then, how we can possibly turn a[...]
from the fact that the function of the legislat[...]
being exercised by the judge who, by mean[s]
the miserable and vile fiction of the law, justi[...]
his conduct and asserts his rights. Another s[...]
then, and this glorious and grand country will [...]
converted into a monarchy clothed in the garb [...]
a republic. Another step and the three branc[hes]
of the government will again be absorbed by O[...]
almighty and all powerful, forming a political tr[...]
ity of superstition, ignorance and tyranny.

I close in saying that our progress is but [...]
evolution from, and at the same time a revo[...]
against, the past, for one poet tells us that "Th[...]
thoughts of man are widened by the process [...]
the suns."

And another: "Yet the mighty dead still rul[e]
us from their urns."

And both poets are right.

This apparent contradiction is harsh. Neve[r]-
theless it exists. We meet with it in every w[...]
of life, and especially in the courts. Huma[n] [...]
and evolution, therefore, are left to fight it ou[t] [...]

New York, *June*, 1898.

A Ferris Riha, [...]

†† Hoyt v. Mackenzie, 3 [...]rb. 324.
Duff v. Fisher, 15 Cal. 382.
Sauer v. Steinbauer, 10 Wisc, 370.

§§ Annotations on Blackstone, note 2, page 36.

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The Moon. By William Henry Pickering, author of "Lunar and Hawaiian Physical Features," &c.

Class. By Ralph Pulitzer, author of "Over the Front in an Aeroplane," &c.

A Declaration of Interdependence. By George Haven Putnam, author of "A Prisoner of War in Virginia," &c.

From a Note-Book. By George Lansing Raymond, author of "The Psychology of Inspiration," &c.

Monseigneur. By Ameen Rihani, author of "The Lily of El-Ghor," &c.

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"Asia"
Oct. 1919

THE SOUFI

By AMEEN RIHANI

Lulled in the purple darkness is my soul,
Behind the curtain, Allah, of my sight,
Where recreative waves of wonder roll
From sad seas of color over dead seas of light:—
I close my eyes and lo, the laden Night
Stops at the ivory gate to pay thy toll
To my soul.

And with it Wealth in Destitution's van,
And Power in the chariot of dole,
And Fame upon the skeleton she stole
From Death, Ambition too amidst her clan,
Spurring her jaded nag:—the Caravan
Of Life is at the gate to pay thy toll
To my soul.

They pass: I open my eyes: and as I try
To con the cruel pages of the scroll
Which Censure left in fragments at their goal,
Then suddenly, illumining the sky,
A Form of grace and beauty I descry.
'T is Love, O Allah, come to pay thy toll
To my soul.

But once, while lingering in the doleful shades,
Among the fallen, wine-stained colonnades
Of what was long thy temple, where still troll,
With languid step, the spirits of pagan maids,
I saw thee, Allah, coming through the glades
With food of Love and from thy scrip I stole
A jasmine for my hungry soul.

New York, September 14, 1921

To the Editor of The Fortnightly Review,
LONDON.

Sir;

In his article on The Transition in Modern British Art in the July Number, Mr. Julius Price, speaking of Cezanne more or less disparagingly says that he "made no secret of his delight in the art of Bouguereau, or, as he jocularly termed it, <u>Le Salon de Bouguereau</u>." Jocularly, is putting it mildly. The fact is--and both Duret and Vollard confirm it--that Cezanne disliked the art of Bouguereau and always delighted in denouncing and ridiculing it. It is well known that he only cared for Delacroix and Courbet, whose work he really admired. Here is an instance, which I take from the latest and most interesting book on the subject--Gustave Coquiot's. A young friend of Cezanne in Aix, Jouven the photographer, persuaded him once to send one of his pictures to the exhibit of the Aix Society of the Friends of Art. Cezanne also attended the Society's banquet at which the president, in a pompous address, burned incense before Bouguereau, "chef ~~xxxxxx~~ vénéré des Salons officiels." Up to that time Cezanne sat quietly, silently. But when Bouguereau was being praised--let me quote from Couiot. "Cezanne, bon Dieu! se lève d'un coup; et, tapant du poing sur la table, renversant des bouteilles, il s'écrie: 'Il n'y a que Delacroix et Courbet! Vous otes tous des c...!' Et la porte claque."

Respectfully yours,

Ameen Rihani

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AUTHORS CLUB BULLETIN

48 W. 76th St.
New York

The Authors Club

May
1930

THE AUTHORS CLUB

Its History, Resources and Opportunities

New York, the literary center of the country, needs today more than ever a club where writers of distinction may meet and discuss modern trends in writing and publishing, and have opportunities for that social intercourse which leads to friendship and inspiration.

With its background of shining names, and with a renewing membership possessing the same character and ideals, The Authors Club provides such association.

April 3, 1930 is a memorable date in the history of The Authors Club. On that day the Club, with a desire that its splendid past should be a background for a useful and illustrious future, made important amendments to its Constitution.

The most noteworthy changes were:

1st: To admit to membership women of literary distinction.

2nd: To enlarge its membership in the way described on page 9 of this Bulletin, and to include, beside authors, members who have won distinction as editors, publishers, painters, sculptors, actors, musicians, and in pursuing other cultural interests.

Already, as a result of this action of the Club, many authors and editors of first rank have accepted invitations

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to become members. Among them are: Ida Tarbell, Arthur Train, Fannie Hurst, Ray Long, George Bye, Alice Duer Miller, Dorothy Canfield, Sara Teasdale, Margaret Widdemer, Leonora Speyer, Charles Hanson Towne.

The officers of the Club are:

President............JOHN ERSKINE

Vice-President............JAMES HOWARD BRIDGE

Secretary............DANIEL HENDERSON

Treasurer............WILLIAM FREDERICK DIX

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

Ex-officio: The President, the Vice President, the Secretary and the Treasurer. Julius Henry Cohen, Ernest N. Henderson, Charles de Kay, George S. Hellman, Harold T. Pulsifer, McCready Sykes, Don C. Seitz, Arthur Guiterman, Fulton Oursler.

Chairman of House Committee
W. ADOLPHE ROBERTS

Chairman of Membership Committee
MONTROSE J. MOSES

Chairman of Entertainment Committee
FULTON OURSLER

ROUND TABLE TALKS

At the Club's historic fortnightly dinners—with President John Erskine or Vice-President James Howard Bridge in the chair—conversation has a wide range.

An informal talk by a member of The Authors Club of London on Thomas Hardy; our President's memorable address in memory of Woodberry; a journalist's recollections of Presidents from Garfield to Hoover; a critic's account of his contacts with William Watson and Marie Corelli; the story of the Sphinx; an account of Major Putnam's Civil War adventures; the experiences of a newspaper columnist; a debate on the Book-of-the-Month clubs; a discussion of the new copyright legislation; a talk on how magazine articles develop; a protest against literary poachers, and a suggestion as to how to trap them; a member's story of wanderings in Indo-China and Siam—such recent subjects, along with reminiscences and repartee, reveal resources of rare entertainment among our members and guests.

These fortnightly gatherings may also provide opportunities to listen to little groups talking intimately about matters of copyright, book and magazine publishing, the production of plays, the advertising of books and other practical aspects of authorship or editorship.

Then also, to satisfy a desire on the part of a number of members for a weekly luncheon in some hotel convenient to the publishing district, a committee has been appointed to arrange for such luncheons.

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THE CARNEGIE FUND

The Club does not pretend to incessant activity. Yet it is not possible to overlook a fine effort it has continually carried on since April 3, 1889, when Andrew Carnegie, one of its members, gave the Club a fund of $10,000, later increased by him to $250,000, the income of which is used for the temporary relief of authors and those dependent upon them, in time of financial distress resulting from illness or misfortune.

This fund has been sacredly administered by a group of trustees whose actions therewith are confidential. Mr. Carnegie established this fund because he well knew the financial uncertainties of a life devoted to literary work, and the idea was that the income should be used first of all for needy members of The Authors Club, any income remaining to be distributed to equally needy and worthy writers who were not members. During the three decades of its existence probably less than 10 per cent of the benevolent fund income has been distributed to Club members or their dependents. Approximately 90 per cent of the income gladly has been sent to deserving writing men and women who have had no connection with The Authors Club; to widows and orphans of men of letters.

Since its organization The Authors Club has not departed from its policy of conducting its affairs on the plane of simplicity and avoidance of unnecessary expense. For this reason it is one of the least costly of the great clubs of this country. The initiation fee remains at $25. The present dues for resident members is $25, and for non-resident members $10, and while the Executive Council has power to increase the dues if found necessary, it is provided that they shall not exceed $50 for resident and $20 for non-resident members.

THE CLUBHOUSE

While the old rooms in Carnegie Hall were full of pleasant associations, the new Clubhouse, valued at $70,000, offers many more opportunities and conveniences than were available in its former rooms.

The Clubhouse is open at all times, under the care of an efficient house committee. There is a literary atmosphere to the rooms of The Authors Club that is unusual among clubs in New York. Its portraits, busts and books and furniture have treasured associations. Yet there are modern notes too: for instance, the billiard room. The attractive and fairly spacious marble-floor entrance hall leads to this billiard room. A few steps down in the rear is the room that has been furnished as what in the old days—and still in Germany—would be called the *weinstube*—and this leads into the yard where, in the summer, members may chat or rest under awnings.

The second floor is made up of two large rooms; the one facing the street being a combination of library and lounging room, and the other the dining room. The two can be thrown into one for the purposes of large dinners.

In view of the recent admission of women as members of The Authors Club, a spacious room on the third floor will be given over for the exclusive use of women members; the other large room on this floor to be generally reserved for men. In both these spacious rooms bridge tables, etc., offer opportunities for diversion in games.

The fourth floor is devoted to rooms which members may use for reading and writing. The fifth floor is used as quarters for the Chairman of the House Committee and the steward.

There is, for members or guests, the opportunity to take advantage of the thousands of books to be found throughout the Clubhouse. The library includes books that are the works of the members themselves; a notable library of poetry; a special collection on psychical research, a collection of literary biography; many reference books, and hundreds of volumes of general literature.

The Club is further the possessor of a very valuable collection of rare books, manuscripts, etc., that are the envy of book collectors, including unpublished letters of Edgar Allan Poe; a series of unpublished letters of Edwin Booth; manuscripts of Walt Whitman, William Cullen Bryant and Bayard Taylor; poems and letters of Robert

Burns, Leigh Hunt, and other famous British authors; books from the libraries and with the autographs of John Milton and John Keats, and even a volume which has a signature that may be that of Shakespeare. There are also many highly prized engravings, etchings, paintings, and sculptures.

Some of the unpublished manuscripts mentioned will, from time to time, be used by the Committee on Publications for little books to be privately printed for distribution among the members. At the present moment there is going through the press, as the Club's contribution to the celebration of the Virgil Bimillenial, the first issue in separate book form of George E. Woodberry's great essay on Virgil.

* * *

One of the developments to which the Club looks forward in connection with the admission of women members is an increase in its hospitality toward foreign distinguished men of letters. Recently Tagore and Hauptman were elected to honorary membership and invitations are being extended to other brilliant writers abroad.

In the past the Club has had many writers both foreign and native as honorary members and as guests. The Club plans to act as hosts to men and women who have achieved an important place in the field of literature. This aim should come to even more notable fruition when the social flair and the gracious presence of our women members will add to the charm of such gatherings.

For afternoon or evening gatherings of a literary nature the Club is well adapted. With the completion of the Eighth Avenue subway to Central Park West it will be easily accessible from all parts of the city. At present it is just a few blocks from the elevated station at Columbus Avenue and 72nd Street.

Tea and coffee and light refreshment can be had at any time. Luncheons and dinners, informal or formal, can be arranged by a message to the Steward a few hours in advance.

A BIT OF HISTORY

The Authors Club—designed to promote friendly association between writers, and to inspire them, by generous rivalry, to greater literary accomplishments, was organized in 1882, at the home of the late Richard Watson Gilder. It was designed not to be a literary club, but a club of literary men. The idea of forming the club was conceived by Charles de Kay, Mr. Gilder's brother-in-law. Those who met on October 21, 1882 in the Gilder home, in addition to those we have mentioned, were Noah Brooks, Edward Eggleston, Lawrence Hutton, Brander Matthews and Edmund Clarence Stedman.

On November 13, 1882, The Authors Club was definitely formed, with these organizing members: Henry Mills Alden, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, Noah Brooks, Samuel Stillman Conant, George William Curtis, Henry Drisler, Edward Eggleston, George Cary Eggleston, Richard Watson Gilder, Edwin Laurence Godkin, Parke Godwin, John R. G. Hassard, Bronson Howard, Laurence Hutton, Charles de Kay, Charlton T. Lewis, Jonas M. Libbey, Hamilton W. Mabie, Brander Matthews, William S. Mayo, Raphael Pumpelly, Allen Thorndike Rice, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Richard Grant White and Edward L. Youmans.

The constitution prescribed as a standard for eligibility that the candidate must be "the author of a published book proper to literature or hold a recognized position in other kinds of distinctively literary work." The membership limit was placed at fifty.

The Authors Club was never designed to be a local club. Out of twelve members elected at the meeting of January 3, Thomas Baily Aldrich and Henry James resided in Boston; Henry Beers in New Haven; George H. Boker in Philadelphia and Samuel H. Clemens and Charles Dudley Warner in Hartford.

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On February 18, 1887, the Club was incorporated. By January, 1889, the membership limit had been raised to three hundred.

On October 24, 1883, Matthew Arnold was elected the first honorary member.

Looking back through its roll one will find the names of many distinguished foreign authors, including Robert Louis Stevenson, Thomas Hardy, James Bryce, Jean Jules Jusserand, Alphonse Daudet, Matthew Arnold, Austin Dobson and Maurice Maeterlinck.

The Club worked actively in the movement to secure copyright protection for English authors in America and American authors abroad. Its rooms were headquarters for the American Copyright League, and the names of many of its members are associated with the successful movement to secure an international copyright agreement.

* * *

The list of American honorary members of The Club (some of whom passed from the active to the honorary list) includes the names of Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Stedman and Howells.

* * *

SPECIAL BUSINESS MEETING

April 3, 1930

President John Erskine Presided

A duly-called Special Business Meeting of the Members of The Authors Club was held on Thursday evening, April 3, in accordance with Article V, section 2 and with Article VI, of the Constitution. Thirty members were present.

It was unanimously voted:

(1) That the Constitution of The Authors Club be amended by striking out all provisions relative to Associate Membership heretofore adopted.

(2) That Article II, section 6, of the Constitution, relative to eligibility, be amended by inserting after the words "sufficient literary merit" the following: "or whose work as editors, publishers, painters, sculptors, actors, musicians, or otherwise eminently associates them, in the judgment of the Membership Committee, with the cultural interests of America."

(3) That Article II, section 3, of the Constitution, relative to resident active members, be amended by inserting after the first sentence the following:

"The number of resident active members elected on a basis of authorship shall not exceed four hundred, and the number elected on other bases shall not exceed one hundred; and the proportion of at least four members who are authors to one member elected on other grounds shall be maintained."

(4) That Article II, section 4, of the Constitution, relative to non-resident active members, be amended by inserting after the first sentence the following:

"The number of non-resident active members elected on a basis of authorship shall not exceed four hundred. No non-resident active member shall be elected on any other basis."

It was voted (with one dissenting ballot) to amend as follows the Section of the Constitution regarding annual dues:

Sec. 4. The yearly dues of members shall be determined by The Council from time to time, but shall be, in the case of Resident members, not less than twenty-five dollars nor more than fifty dollars, and in the case of Non-resident members not less than ten dollars nor more than twenty dollars, and shall be payable for each year on the first day of January of that year.

With 21 votes in the affirmative and 8 votes in the negative (the required two-thirds vote having been secured), it was then

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VOTED: That Article II, section 6, of the Constitution, relative to eligibility, be amended by striking out the word "gentleman" and substituting in place thereof the word "person," and by adding at the end of the section the following:

"Women shall be eligible to membership on an equality with men; but in no single year shall the number of women admitted exceed the number of men admitted in that year."

* * *

MEETING OF APRIL 17, 1930

Vice-President James Howard Bridge Presided.

Thirty-two men (28 members and 4 guests) attended the Club dinner on the evening of April 17. Montrose J. Moses, Chairman of the Committee on Admission, announced that the names of a number of distinguished writers, men and women, had been posted for membership. He asked that proposals for membership be made on the official blanks provided for that purpose, giving full name, address, and literary record of the candidate, and signed by proposer and endorser.

Mr. Don C. Seitz spoke informally about our member, Homer Greene, whose letters on rural subjects have recently been appearing in the Sunday New York Times.

Arthur Guiterman, who appeared before the Congressional Committee that has to do with the new copyright bill, told of the benefits that would come to authors if the bill became a law; the copyright would last through the author's lifetime and fifty years thereafter, and the author, by his act of creating, would control all rights in his work: first and second serial rights; books, plays, television, etc.

Mr. Gustavus Myers and Mr. Hermann Hagedorn spoke of their experiences with literary poachers and suggested ways of dealing with them.

Mr. Herbert Francis Sherwood spoke interestingly on new trends in modern business, provoking a lively discussion.

* * *

Arthur Guiterman read this significant poem:

ADAM AND EVE

Adam found the cantaloupes of Paradise digestible,
Wherefore should he meddle with a fruit beneath the ban?
Eve pronounced the apple a superior comestible,—
There's the proper story of the Fall Of Man.

Man throughout the centuries remains the true conservative,
Ancientry he venerates and novelty he loathes;
Faithful to his shabbiness and tenderly preservative,
What he has he treasures and he Loves Old Clothes.

Woman is your radical, sensational and changeable
(Virgil tagged her rightly and her reputation clings);
Nothing is so perfect that it isn't rearrangeable;
Fashion rules her fancy and she Wants New Things.

Adam blessed his idleness; he knew when he was fortunate
Coasting down the cataract or basking in the sun.
Eve demanded prodigies, outrageously importunate:
Adam sighed and shook himself and Things Got Done.

viting hedges. Men, women and children riot and frolic under the silver spangled ceiling of the poplars in that promiscuous and unconventional fashion, which has long been the dream of poets in every land. With them the kiss seems to slip from the laughing, languid lips without permission. And the secret plaintive whispers in the ears a-brim

Damascus—A Syrian Sybaris

HANEM.

Hanem, we must have met before,
  Perhaps some thousand years ago;
I still remember when I tore
  Your virgin veil of lunar snow.
By Allah, I remember, too,
  When, sousing in my mortal bain,
You bit my lip and said,—"Adieu,
  When shall we, Janem, meet again?"

Hanem, your eyes are brighter far
  Than when in mine they swam one day;
I wager every moon and star
  The tax of lustre to them pay.
And those who dared with them to jest,
  Where are they now, those lovers slain,
Who whispered dying on your breast,—
  "O, Hanem, shall we meet again?"

The victims of your eyes are here,
  In pyramids they keep their clay;
And even your sister Years are near,—
  They fain would kiss my soul away.
Full many a time from them you bore
  This mortal love, this mortal stain;
Remember Nubia's sable shore,—
  When shall we, Hanem, meet again?

L'Envoi.

Why quickly pass through Cairo street?—
  Will you return,—shall I remain?
Fate might not e'er the chance repeat,—
  When shall we, Hanem, meet again?

* * * *

A heap of terraced homes, enclosed in an atoll of emerald groves—~~green and~~ cinctured with a chain of mountains high and barren,—this is the ancient city of Damascus, famous

by A. R.
Freike, Mt. Lebanon
July 11, 1905

viting hedges. Men, women and children riot and frolic under the silver spangled ceiling of the poplars in that promiscuous and unconventional fashion, which has long been the dream of poets in every land. With them the kiss seems to slip from the laughing, languid lips without permission. And the secret, plaintive whispers in the ears a-brimming with song are only made to end in that cachinnation which in the groves is so agreeable, so relishing, so suggestive of primitive innocence. If there be a real Arcadia anywhere, it is here in these verdant alcoves of Anti-Lebanon.

I can still hear the murmuring sadness of those rolling rivers and the joyous, silvery echoes of their amorous children arising from the dulcimer, the arghool and the lute.

No, I do not think the ancient Thyiades and Bassarides were ever so oblivious and untrammeled as the sweet-voiced Damascenes in their junkets on the bowered banks of the river Barada. And not only in their outings, but in their homes as well, their manners and speech and bearing are marked with that freedom and ease and grace that truly fascinate. But there are degrees of fascination, and if the Damascene woman does not reach the highest in the shapeliness of her figure, nor in the prettiness of her hands, she certainly does so in her voice. Ah, that soft, sweet, sibilant voice, rich with intonations softer, sweeter still, giving utterance to those ready-made Oriental speeches of praise and flattery and ending with the characteristic, long-drawn sound of the dialect! Nothing more bewitching, I assure you, except it be,—ah, yes, her sensuousness takes the shine off all her other virtues. Sappho, I think, would have been happier had she lived in Damascus. The relations between the sexes, I am told, are neither of the loose nor of the strait-laced kind. The spontaneous has free play on the broad highway of honor. In other Eastern cities, this broad highway is but a narrow path hedged about with religious canons and conventional codes. In this sense, then, Damascus is at once Oriental and Occidental. The social freedom its people enjoy is as natural as the freedom of its streams, meandering through the gardens and groves. As natural, too, is their voluptuousness. And

nce for its tempered steel, famous to-day for its criblé brass nd to-morrow,—it might become famous for its ruins. Certainly the natives are not doing much to eternize the city of he seven rivers. But so long as the sources of these rivers continue to gush and flow, so long will life upon their banks persist and swarm and languish. Going through the rich valley of Barada, one is struck with the abundance and the variety of its fruits and flowers. What a succession of riant gardens and heavy laden orchards! What hedges of pomegranate trees, what arches of walnut boughs, what fascinating vistas, and what inviting shades! Here the apple, or the fig, or the grape vine is seen growing in wild and disorderly fashion beside the poplar, the cypress, or the plane. Not a trace of human labor is evident; everything is the work of omnipotent Nature. The gardens perhaps are never cultivated, the trees never pruned, the soil never turned or fertilized; but the rivers are never remiss. They seem to reach every inch of soil, and, with their magic wand, conjure forth from it perennial life. But this spontaneous fructification of Nature is in part responsible for the *laissez faire* and indolence that characterize the Damascenes. Here is a Lubberland equally bountiful and beautiful. The lotus-land of the poets does not hold a candle to it. In Spring it is one whole sea of flowers; in Summer it is one whole sea of fruit-laden trees; and in Winter the fountained courts and gardens are so many untrodden patches of snow.

And the people of Damascus are no more than what Nature makes them—no less either. Fond of music, and song, and wine, lovers of beauty, and pleasure, and repose, these Damascenes. They seem to accost Time and say to him,—"What's your hurry?" In Spring and Summer you behold them in groups on the bowered banks of the river Barada. And in the surrounding groves the blackbirds and the sparrows are always calling. Here they are singing and sighing and simmering with desire; there they are junketing and jesting and laughing away life. Here the children are making bridal wreathes of pomegranate blossoms; there the women are smoking their narghilas, or plucking wild roses from in-

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O ZAINAB

Which is the Plaint of the Arabian Lover, Sung in the Dark Alleys of Baghdad, in the Tenth Century of the Hegirah.

By Ameen Rihani

O Zainab, why should we not meet,
Though once a week or once a moon?
Must I forever then repeat
My song—shall I not see thee soon?
Our souls a hundred times a day
Meet and embrace and run away.
This may be sweet;
But I confess I cannot see
If our souls meet,
Then, why not we?

Zainab, how long will this thing last?
How long will screens between us stand?
When wilt thou, Zainab, break thy fast,—
When shall I hold in mine thy hand?
Our dreams a hundred times a night
Meet and embrace and take to flight.
This may be sweet;
But I confess I cannot see
If our dreams meet,
Then, why not we?

"Home" January 1911

perfectly established of second sight, or to speak more exactly, an example of those strange psychic synchronisms which science is studying to-day with more zeal than success?"

"Perhaps it was something else," I replied. "Are you very sure that there was nothing between Marcel Geraud and Madame Buquet?"

"Why . . . I never noticed anything. But even so, what difference would that make?" . . .

ANATOLE FRANCE.

[Translation by the Editor.]

❧ ❧ ❧

A Cry.

Only thus far to go,
But to the gates of love
(Long have I been!)
Only to glimpse
The glories within—
Ah, let me enter and know,
Even by sin!

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

❧ ❧ ❧

Andrew and Amru. by Ameen Rihani

The one, to a Christian reading public, is a philanthropist; the other, to Christian historians, is a rogue. The name of the Arab General lives through the very instrument he attempted to destroy; that of the American millionaire will be buried in one of the great edifices he is building,—and forgotten! Such has always been the fate of philanthropists. Andrew and Amru, a builder and a destroyer of libraries, a philanthropist and a rogue,—I am going to prove to you that the one in a sense is as good or as bad as the other, according to your view-point of the question. He who destroyeth is a brother to him who buildeth. Nay, that famous decision of Omar the Khalif, which Amru the General executed, and which, by the way, Mohammedan scholars and historians deny, is in very truth the quintessence of wis-

Please turn over

are the Mohammedans of this degenerate age. Another great war we shall have, whether the Kings and the Socialists of Christendom will it or not. And what a war it will be, my countrymen!—a war in which both the Cross and the Crescent together with the Libraries of our great philanthropists, will moan in the sweeping dust, will sigh in the hissing flames, will cry aloud in the coruscating fire. Indeed, the Future is for the Little Pagans of the Far East. Mankind will begin again at the beginning, will rejoice again in Paganism. Christianity, an illusion kneaded in milk and sesame oil, and Mohammedanism, an illusion dressed with the spices of Arabia Felix,—these we shall throw to the whispering Devil as a child throws his biscuit to a mewing cat. And will we be so sorry for it? Ask the child if he be sorry for regaling the pussy. Ask him—but I am losing again the thread of my argument.

With only the Koran the jehad of the Arabs was a triumph; with the Koran and a Library their jehad would have been a failure. Omar was wise, and Amru was brave and daring. And I am almost certain that, when Youhanna the Grammarian asked him for a section of the Library to take home, Amru must have told him that within a few days, if he went to the public bath, he would find that particular section rising around him as vapor, ready to be assimilated through the pores. History does not represent him as saying this, but Amru was also one of wondrous wit and humor. After all, what is the use of books? Answer the Khalif Omar that. The more one reads, the less one thinks; the more one absorbs, the less one radiates. It was Renan, I think, who said, that in the future only two books will be read, namely: Homer and the Bible. But that great exponent of the fantastic and fabulous in Philosophy forgot to add The Arabian Nights. And he might have named the Vidas instead of the Bible. For the Vidas, A Thousand and One nights and Homer, are a Library sufficient unto man. A library this, in which the most primitive and the most developed minds can warm their drooping wings. Poetry, Romance, and Religion, —are not these the sun and air and water, as it were, of the Spirit? Indeed, I might not try to save even Homer if an

Please

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Amru come forth. For Religion and Romance have written, as it were, their final will and testament, and their codices too, in the Vidas and The Arabian Nights. And Religion and Romance are the two immortal goddesses of the Kingdom of Dreams. They are the two gardens in which the Soul, accompanied by her Sisters, Fable and Mystery and Enchantment, delights to take her airs; they are the two hemispheres of one soul-planet. Religion and Romance are the face and lining of the soul's garment; the one is woven by the Prophet, the other by the Poet; the one—but the thread of my argument, where is it now?

I was saying that with the Koran as a whole library the jehad of the Arabs was a triumph. And the influence of a divine Fiction on the minds of men can not be compared to the influence of the fiction of mortals. A single book with a single purpose can establish an empire; a thousand different books with contending purposes, will destroy it. And what with the diversity of opinions, the clash of ideas, the antagonism of political creeds, the relentless struggle between the opposing wings of science, and what with the infinity of new cults, new sects, new fads, new humbugs, the complexity and perplexity of civilized life is such that the miracle of peace and restfulness can only be achieved by those who take to the back woods. And were it not for the tendency, the fashion rather, to popularize nowadays even the sciences and arts, the state of things would not be half so bad. Every institution has its crimes, Churches and Public Libraries included. Had not the people of Egypt been fighting among themsel[illegible] at the time of the great Arab invasion, they could hav[illegible] pelled the attack of Amru's army and preserved their int[illegible] as a nation. But these Egyptians, particularly these Alex[illegible] drians, were enervated by scholarship, befuddled, so to spe[illegible] with books. They dawdled in the porticoes of knowled[illegible] theorizing, philosophizing, moralizing. Their time was was[illegible] in dialectic controversies, in acrimonious religious discussi[illegible] (not less acrimonious and profitless are the scientific disc[illegible] sions of our time) and in pouring over dusty tomes, which [illegible] being reincarnated to-day in the illustrated novel. Their knov[illegible]

[illegible]dge was, indeed, the very cause of their downfall; their books were the very stumbling blocks in the way of their salvation. They did not even have the originality and presence of mind [illegible]o improvise a fort or a barricade with them. On comes Amru with a single book in one hand, written then on the skin of the gazelle, and a sword in the other, to teach these gentry, these hair-splitting scholars, this ultra-refined people, [illegible] lesson in warfare. And he did well to destroy their Public Library, for that would have been the curse of Islam when [illegible]n later days, the ferine Europeans, maddened by the Hermit Peter, marched on Jerusalem and ransacked what they were [illegible]upposed to save. Omar the wise one wanted his people to [illegible]ight, not to argue. And Amru the mad one said, They shall. Hence the destruction of the lethal source of indolence and [illegible]naction. And in truth, such wise and heroic men are needed [illegible]o-day. The madness of Amru the rogue is needed to offset [illegible]he madness of Andrew the philanthropist. For philanthropy [illegible]owadays is like an acetylene lamp; the more light it emits, [illegible]he more is the malodorous residue at the bottom.

But the thread of my argument? Here is the end of it. Amru is as good as Andrew, and Andrew is as bad as Amru. For if knowledge, as the wise Sulaiman saith, be infinite worry [illegible]nd pain, or something to this effect, the builder of Public Libraries is certainly making things worse. In a certain [illegible]ense, he is sowing broadcast the seeds of strife, dissension, [illegible]nmity, class-hatred, prejudice, selfishness, petty jealousy,—[illegible]ll of which are the spawn of individualism dangerously im[illegible]gnated with knowledge. And a certain amount and quality [illegible]norance is needed to keep Society patched together. If [illegible]terior motive of the great Library Builder, however, be [illegible]estruction of the present social state, his mania is pardon[illegible], if not laudable. Let us have more Libraries, by all [illegible]ans. And when the time is ripe, the Prophet of the Future, [illegible]h a single book in one hand and a sword in the other, will [illegible]sign our millions of volumes to the flames, raze our [illegible]drous edifices to the dust, and compel us to begin again at [illegible] beginning. And we shall willy-nilly obey, for we shall [illegible]e been enervated by popular knowledge and effeminated

relatives, the young Japanese wife endures perils and hardships worthy

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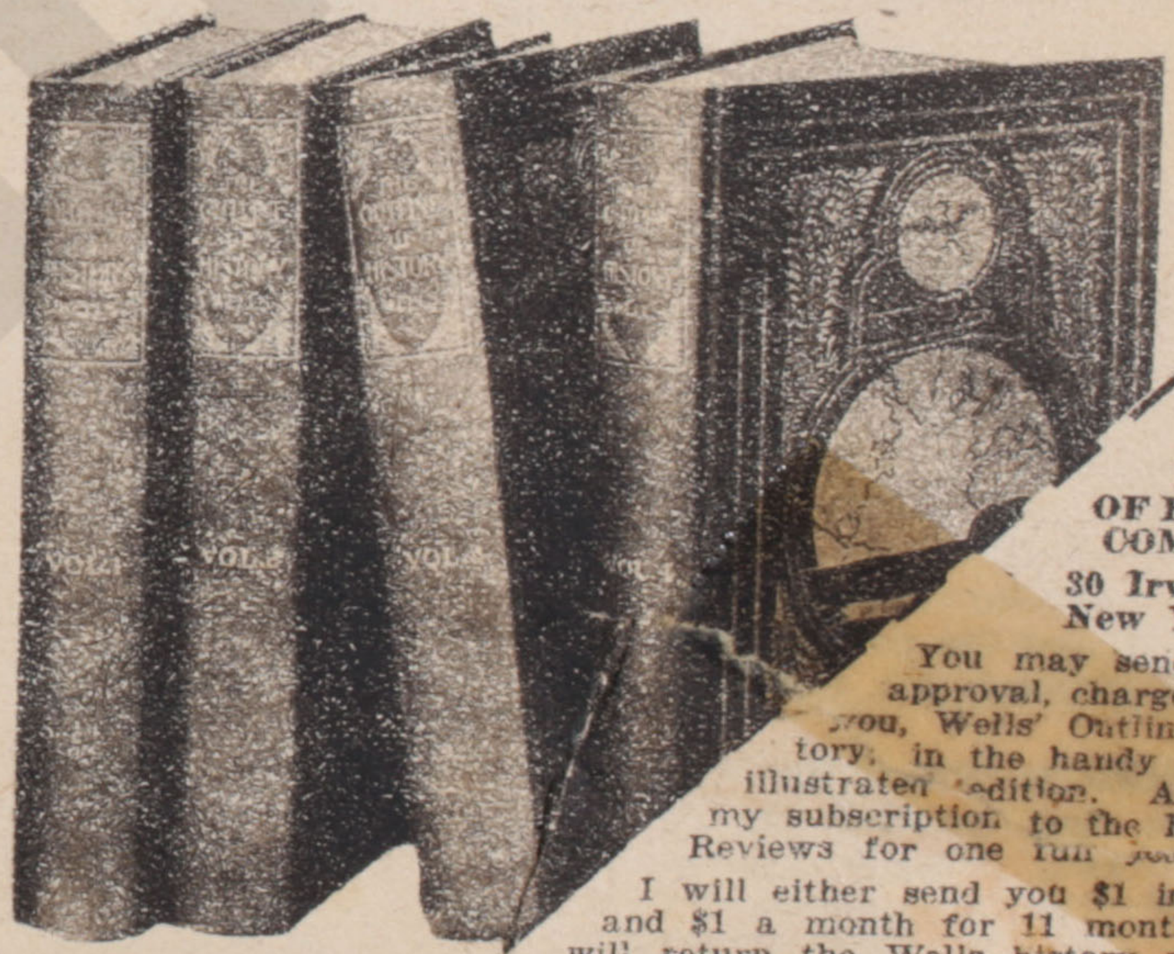

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imam has written a poem, and you shall see it. The subject? That is ... seek ... selling his antiques ... going back to Stamboul. 'San'a,' he says, 'is too dull.' If he read in the books, he would not think of San'a. * * * But the most important news—a man in Dhamar has the seventh volume of the 'Iklil,' and he wants $150 for it. I may go to Dhamar to see—it is worth a hundred. * * *"

The "Iklil," a history of Yaman in ten volumes, from the day its first city was built by Sam, son of Noah, down to the Prophet Mohammed's descendants, is only found in odd volumes in San'a. There are two or three manuscript copies of it, one of which, complete, is said to be in the library of the Imam. But he will not admit it.

"I have a book which you will greatly enjoy," said Hasan ibn Ali, opening his bag. "It is a book of poetry, the only copy extant, and it is perfect and complete. Beautifully written—behold, O worthy one—on most beautiful paper—a silken page, whose edges are gilded by Time. The illuminations in red and blue and yellow—see, are they not exquisite? The title page, is it not a gem of decoration? The leather binding, is it not rare? And the colophon—read it, O most worthy one, and here is my beard!—I swear by Allah, it is authentic."

He caressed the volume as he spoke and would not let me touch it until he had finished his speech. "Read this first," turning to the colophon "* * * and he finished the writing of it on the evening of the seventh day of Ramadhan of the year 930 of the Hajrah.' This is the seventh day of Ramadhan, Allah prolong thy days, O worthy one, and the book is 410 years old exactly. Kiss a book on its birthday, and it will bring you good fortune for a whole year after that; buy it, and it will be a charm against the evil eye forever." I kissed the volume where Hasan had pressed his reverential lips.

"Now, open it where you list—taste of the first qasidah that unveils before you. This is not common poetry; the author was a native of San'a and, by the testimony of the critics of his day and of ours, he was the greatest poet of his time. But no testimony is needed to prove what my lord the model of excellence will readily observe. A singer who shames the bulbul, a wine to surprise even the vineyards of Rowdha, a flame that was stolen from the Yaman

Thy hand from want, O Master, frees;
Thy wont to give and mine to health,
If I sing not thy praise?

Hasan ibn Ali el-Hujri was pleased, and I considered myself honored, when he left. A few days later he came with the eight volumes of the "Iklil" and the secret of the Imam's poem. The latter was no longer necessary, for the poem itself was in my possession.

Every nation it seems has a stimulant, an intoxicant of some kind to which it clings with religious devotion. After coffee in Yaman comes poetry, but before and above both is ghat (katha edulis), a precious little tree in whose tender twigs and leaves, which the Yamanites chew, is the magic property that refreshes, stimulates, invigorates and delights. Poets have praised it in extravagant rhymes, philosophers have philosophized about it, doctors have approved it, the Iman himself uses it even when at work.

Come with the tender twig of ghat, the new,
With still upon its leaves the forest dew.

Thus begins one of the many poems in its praise.

Now, I had a traveling poet-companion with me whose indiscretions were exceeded only by his facility in rhyming. And one evening, with paper and reed pen in hand, he deliberately set out to attack, in fierce phrase and burning rhyme, the Great Dope Ghat. And the poem was sent to his Eminence the Imam Yahya with a note saying that if any of the bards of San'a wished to reply, they should hasten to do so ere the poet leaves the city. It was a challenge, which resulted in a poetic contest; for every poet, every rhymester in San'a was busy defending and praising the ghat—the god—of Yaman. Two or three replies were received every day through official sources or direct by a simple messenger. One poet sent his long qasidah with his grandson, a youth of 20 or more; another came in person with his precious rhymes.

There was but one harsh note in this ghat-glorifying orchestra. One poet threatened to put his dagger in the heart of the vile Nisrany (Christian) "who not only attacked the most cherished boon that Allah in his mercy chose to bestow upon his slaves in Yaman, but made many mistakes, which a beginner in the craft of prosody would have avoided,

rhymes.

And in the note: "This is the best we could do in the midst of ... exist outside of Arabia in these prosaic times.

Contrary to his wont, Hasan Ibn Ali came in scowling and he forgot to doff his sandals at the door. Our lord the Imam has set a bad example—by Allah, a very bad example. For as soon as San'a knew that he himself had descended into the arena to defend the ghat, every one, even the sakia boy, was sharpening his rusty steel, jingling a rusty rhyme.

I could not persuade Hasan to lay down his bag and have a cup of coffee. He was too angry even to talk business. For although he had promised the day before to bring me an ancient manuscript, written by a Muslem astronomer, entitled "The Marriage of the Stars," and although he had the said manuscript in his bag, he would not sell it, under the circumstances he would not even show it to me.

And as he was going, our servant Madani was returning from the broker with a handkerchief in his hand containing the silver change which we needed for baksheesh. They met at the door; and Hasan ibn Ali, laying a chastising hand upon the boy, said: "What is the difference between a donkey that brays and a donkey that runs? Excrescence of the rhyme! you should be locked up in the vapor room of the hammam for three days."

Madani, in breaking away from him, dropped the handkerchief, and the sound of silver at our door was responsible, methinks, for the following epistle, which I received the day before my departure. I translate it, not only for the delectation of the reader, but as one of the many examples of the quaint ancient manner that still prevails in Arabia.

To the Exalted Place of the Light of Learning and the Luminary of Wisdom our Brother Ameen, ever in the Protection of Allah:

It came to me that thou art going,
O peerless one, and my tears are flowing
For thy departure. Strange how Fate
The joining hearts will separate.
If I had wings, I'd follow thee
To Aden and beyond the sea
But they have clipt my wings and said:
Here is a gun for thee instead

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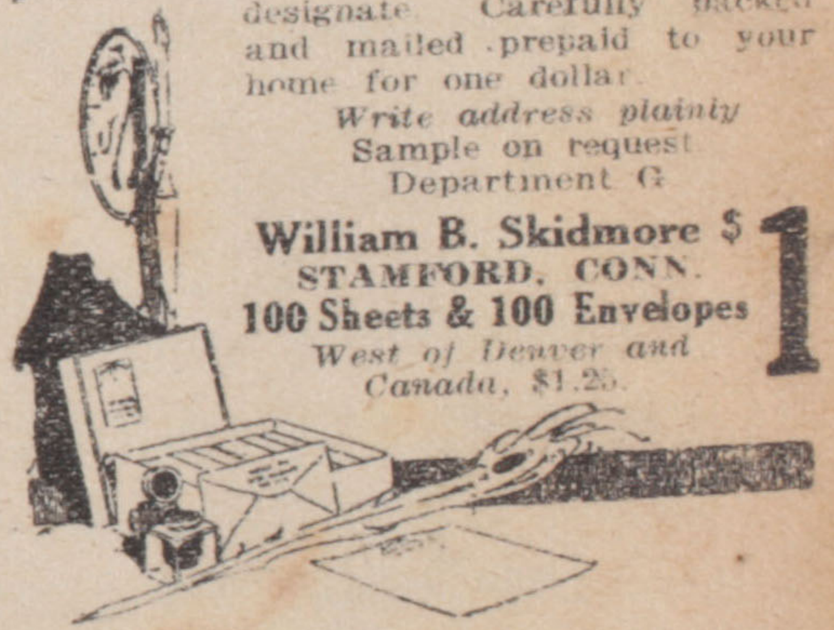

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Pilgrims of Mecca

By AMEEN RIHANI

The Camel Market—Mecca.

FROM Kairawan and Samarcand and Cairo and Damascus they come; from Colombo and Singapore, from Java and Sumatra, from India and Afghanistan and the African wilds they seek the fountain of eternal life and bliss. Color and race and rank, like the distances of land and sea, yield to the supreme purpose, make the world of the pilgrim move in a common faith toward a unique goal, a shrine in the desert. And only a cup of brackish water has Mecca to offer to the pious and weary—brackish water, indeed, but from the Well of Zemzem—the well of eternal life and bliss.

At Yambo and Djeddah they land in multitudes of shifting squalor and picturesqueness. From every ship a scene from every land and a fashion. The Takroun black, a giant with a rag around his loins; the fastidious Somali in a florid gingham apron and a white toga; the Javanese with their unveiled women in short skirts of gorgeous colors or just a piece of rich material clinging to their stunted forms; the gentleman from India, in graceful folds of silk and cashmere traveling third class with the multitude; the fellah of Egypt in red slippers and a blue julabiyeh; the Transcaucasian in a huge turban crowning a truculency of aspect unassuaged; and the Moroccan, graceful and stately and proud, in the ample folds of an immaculate white burnous—they are all brought together in the most democratic spirit by the faith that was born in the wilds of Hejaz.

Across the desert, through the Nejd hills and the Great Nefud, they come from Persia and Arabistan, from Bukhara and Bagdad in caravans that link the rising with the setting sun. The leader gives the word—a gun is fired—woh-haw!—the sun is setting—we start. And the camels grunt and gurgle and growl, and the pilgrims, after the sunset prayer, jam and huddle and clamor for attention, and the copper utensils rattle in the pack, and the sword of the Arab clatters at his side against his water can, and the old sheik rates the impatient one for pulling in the tangle at his sleeve and beads, and the caravan, thus slowly and tumultuously composed, moves to the tinkling of bells and the squeaking of saddles and the rhythmic cry of "Allah! Allah!"

still be found at Kamaran (the Red Sea quarantine for those who come from the East), where English doctors apply the disinfectant and English nurses supply the heartache, or at the islands (the Djeddah Quarantine), where a Turkish doctor and a few Turkish servants in baggy trousers—souvenirs of the old régime—darken the gateway to the Kaaba.

Nevertheless, King Husein thinks his Quarantine the best in the world, and thinks, moreover, that the English at Kamaran are usurping not only his rights but also his own Arab Islands. Let them come and see how well we can disinfect and how well we can care for the health of the pilgrim. They cannot be more solicitous concerning him than we; for is he not of our children? Our Quarantine is incomparable. You come with me, O worthy one, and see with your own eyes.

His Majesty clapped for the servant and ordered his launch. In a few minutes, while every one in the house was in a flurry of preparation, a soldier came in to say that the launch was ready. Nothing else was. The King put his shoes on with his own hand and walked out without his black slaves, without his secretary, and without uttering a word of dissatisfaction.

We were accompanied by Emir Zeid and the Minister of the Navy. In a few places, as we steamed out of the landing, the launch touched bottom and the sailors had to get out and push it through the sands. Once we were in the open sea, however, the engine hummed and in an hour we were at the Island. The pilgrims, seeing the royal launch, crowded around the landing. The Turks, in baggy trousers, yelled at them and tried to drive them back. King Husein motioned Nay with his head and hand. The Turks withdrew and as soon as he landed he was besieged by the pilgrims.

They came rushing from every direction to kiss the royal hand. Not a word was spoken, not a voice was heard. Of all the pilgrims, the Javanese are the most welcome at Djeddah, and the most liked; for they are rich in piety and devotion as well as the things of the world. And they are the first to arrive and the last to depart. To them the pilgrim season is seldom short of six months. Six months in the vicinity of Allah and the Prophet!—and they shed tears of sorrow when they

patting their cheeks, their backs, their hands. I could see that the King himself was moved, and his words were few. He made no effort to move, but stood there, the centre of the most extraordinary demonstration, the rarest human devotion—a victim of his own faith and the faith of his fathers, which, transplanted in the tropics, in equatorial regions, sapped every vestige of other faiths and developed to proportions that border on the ugly and grotesque.

For more than a quarter of an hour we could not proceed; and when we did we encountered other groups. There were about 2,000 Javanese in the island then. Out of one of the houses the women came and stood near the door, hesitating, some of them looking beseechingly, with outstretched hands. The King turned in their direction, and in a moment he was swallowed up. Now and then his white turban would become visible, as the harem surged and resurged around it and carried it eventually into the house. We stood watching and waiting. The King was again visible. He stood at the door and clapped for one of the servants, who came, cringing and trembling, and, with tilted head and folded hands, received a good rating

these buildings look clean, airy, hygienic. The only complaint seemed to be about water. Had they had any previous knowledge of Djeddah, however, their present thirst would be more supportable. They would accept it, one said, as a test of faith—the only one remaining, and lasting only three days. Those who have contagious diseases are removed from the steamer direct to another island, with a hospital in it, and beds in the hospital, and doctors and nurses in charge. And they have little to do in the pilgrim season, in spite of Kamaran at one end of the Red Sea and Tor at the other.

Only a few, however, escaped with their contagion to Djeddah; but most of them have among their baggage a pack of precious merchandise. Oriental treasures—pearls and jades and precious stones, and silks and cashmeres and rugs. The rarest sometimes and the oldest are brought to Hejaz by the pilgrims. They pawn them or sell them when their money gives out. Or they carry them as presents to those in the Holy City who are entrusted with the keys and the favors of the Kaaba. But they all eventually find their way to the merchants of Djeddah. And these

the baksheesh—is listed. This much and no more must you pay, O most worthy Hajji, and please report to the authorities any violation of the tariff.

The only item the pilgrim has to bargain for is the transportation to Mecca. The circular says the fee depends upon the availability of camels. But I do not think the circular is exact; for I suspect that the camel market cannot be controlled, and the cameleer remains mercenary and unrepentant. He and the Turkish doctor and servants at the Quarantine may be designated as the pilgrim's only remaining test of faith. Allah be praised!

For what is a pilgrimage without the hardships to suffer, the "sharpers" to endure, the dangers to survive? Some of the pilgrims, I was told, used to throw themselves in the well of Zemzem because they believed it to be the shortest cut to Paradise. King Husein, by having it covered with iron bars, put an end to that boon. The open streams in Mecca, where the pilgrims go to stone the devil, were carriers of pestilential things which were taken in the drinking water and thus supplied rapid transit to the realms of eternal bliss. King Husein, by hav-

setting sun. The leader gives the word—a gun is fired—woh-haw! —the sun is setting—we start. And the camels grunt and gurgle and growl, and the pilgrims, after the sunset prayer, jam and huddle and clamor for attention, and the copper utensils rattle in the pack, and the sword of the Arab clatters at his side against his water can, and the old sheik rates the impatient one for pulling in the tangle at his sleeve and beads, and the caravan, thus slowly and tumultuously composed, moves to the tinkling of bells and the squeaking of saddles and the rhythmic cry of "Allah! Allah!" It slowly moves into the dusk and soon out of it, in a generous moon, toward the Holy City.

Down the Syrian steppes and the lava-strewn waste they come, huddled in the cattle cars of the Hejaz Railway, the engine puffing at its steam ration of war days, wheezing, coughing, snorting, uttering sibilants of despair, stopping for hours between stations, for a day and a night, waiting for Allah knows what at station points—the regular soldiers have something to do, perhaps, with the Bedouin bands—and filling the poor, wilted, dazed, crumpled-up hajji with such longing for a camel, such visions of caravans moving in the moonlight to rhythms of devotion and delight, as only Allah, in his mercy, can assuage. But—marvel of constancy!—they reach Medina with the same faith, undiminished and unadulterated, that moved them from home.

But Djeddah is still the main gateway to the Kaaba—the same ancient Djeddah that was cursed by the pilgrims of Granada for its harbor, which for two miles is a tangle of reefs and shoals; for its water, which when found is more precious than attar of roses; for its tradespeople, who were more mercenary in those days than the infidels of Aragon, and Castile; for its motaweefeen (guides), who were as rapacious as the Berbers of Africa, and for its Bedouin bands, waiting outside the Mecca gate for their booty. Exciting times they had, those pilgrims of old.

Even up to the last days of the Turk, before the Husein era of independence and the fear of the Most High was inaugurated, the pilgrim's faith was still subject to such spite as only Iblis could conceive. But the pilgrim withstood and endured; he came out of the fire of Hejaz, moreover, pure and whole and laden with grace.

The test of faith is no more the same. In a mild degree, it may

and hand. The Turks withdrew and as soon as he landed he was besieged by the pilgrims.

They came rushing from every direction to kiss the royal hand. Not a word was spoken, not a voice was heard. Of all the pilgrims, the Javanese are the most welcome at Djeddah, and the most liked; for they are rich in piety and devotion as well as the things of the world. And they are the first to arrive and the last to depart. To them the pilgrim season is seldom short of six months. Six months in the vicinity of Allah and the Prophet!—and they shed tears of sorrow when they leave.

They shed tears of joy, too, when they saw the Descendant of the Prophet. I have never seen such expressions of reverence, of devotion, of ecstatic servility; and as they crowded around this man, groveling, bending, whining words of worship, they seemed at a loss how to bow or kneel. Those that fell on both knees kissed the hem of his robe, others rubbed their faces against his shoes, others against his breast. Having done, they withdrew, but not their gaze, and stood at a little distance in a stupor with outstretched hands. More than King was he to them, and more than Sherif; they stood before a revelation; as it were, a substantiation.

The Prophet himself seemed to be Javanese in the island then. Out of one of the houses the women came and stood near the door, hesitating, some of them looking beseechingly, with outstretched hands. The King turned in their direction, and in a moment he was swallowed up. Now and then his white turban would become visible, as the harem surged and resurged around it and carried it eventually into the house. We stood watching and waiting. The King was again visible. He stood at the door and clapped for one of the servants, who came, cringing and trembling, and, with tilted head and folded hands, received a good rating in Turkish. One of the women had complained, we learned afterward, of the lack of water.

The Quarantine consists of about ten buildings, mostly one-story, each with two doors facing each other in the centre. You enter into a vestibule on either side of which is a concrete floor about a foot high. There the pilgrims, after they had passed through the fumigating room, spread their mats and rugs and bedding and piled their luggage as a partition between one another. In a sense, the place reminded me of our Ellis Island. But here are no iron bars, no dark rooms, no stuffy sleeping quarters, no smelly berths, no heart-eating suspense, and no danger of deportation!

The utter lack of furniture made

other.

Only a few, however, escaped with their contagion to Djeddah; but most of them have among their baggage a pack of precious merchandise. Oriental treasures—pearls and jades and precious stones, and silks and cashmeres and rugs. The rarest sometimes and the oldest are brought to Hejaz by the pilgrims. They pawn them or sell them when their money gives out. Or they carry them as presents to those in the Holy City who are entrusted with the keys and the favors of the Kaaba. But they all eventually find their way to the merchants of Djeddah. And these merchants are careful not to expose or advertise their treasures. Not for them the tawdriness of the bazaar; in their homes they transact business, and only through the courtesy of a native can the stranger find them. It is the East, indeed, reticent and retiring, and content with what the day will bring.

Even the motawefeen are acquiring again this native quality, thanks to the legislation of King Husein's Government. For as soon as the pilgrim lands in Djeddah, he receives a circular printed in his own language in which his attention is called to the fixed tariff. Everything, from the sanbook (rowboat), in Djeddah to the last ceremony of the Hajj in Mecca—board and lodging in the two cities, the trip to Mount Arafat, the Zemzem drink, the guide's fee, even

Hejaz Soldiers—Mecca.

faith. Allah be praised!

For what is a pilgrimage without the hardships to suffer, the "sharpers" to endure, the dangers to survive? Some of the pilgrims, I was told, used to throw themselves in the well of Zemzem because they believed it to be the shortest cut to Paradise. King Husein, by having it covered with iron bars, put an end to that boon. The open streams in Mecca, where the pilgrims go to stone the devil, were carriers of pestilential things which were taken in the drinking water and thus supplied rapid transit to the realms of eternal bliss. King Husein, by having them covered with tile and cement and fitted with pipes and hydrants, destroyed another of the pilgrim's chances of immediate translation.

Indeed, he has even gone so far, this King, as to establish hospitals and combat disease in a scientific manner. Of the two hospitals in the City of Mecca, one is exclusively for the poor. And both have examination and operation rooms completely equipped, competent doctors and nurses, a drug department and special wards for women and children, as well as for the pilgrims. If by any special dispensation, therefore, the pilgrim should be favored by any bodily ill, modern civilization, by the grace of science and King Husein, is there to save him and destroy his immediate chance of eternal bliss.

Once at Mount Arafat, when the pilgrims were all crying,

"Labbeik, labbeik, O God of Jinn and men!" some one exclaimed:

"And I'll be damned if I come to thee again." If he did come back these days, he would be disappointed. I think, with the even tenor of the pilgrim's way. He would miss some of the propitious dangers of the pilgrimage. He would not encounter on the way to Mecca a single old-fashioned Bedouin. True, they still carry swords and guns, but only to decorate their raggedness. He would look with a sigh through iron bars into the well of Zemzem. He would drink from the English-made hydrants of Mecca and live. He would pinch himself to see if he is walking in his dream and if the man at his side is a motawef or an angel. And with another lease on life, he would go back to the world nursing his patience and submitting at Tor or at Kamaran to a fumigation and a Turkish bath.

The Prophet Mohammed foresaw many things; but I doubt whether he could foresee the life-saving innovations and the money-saving legislations of his worthy descendant Husein ibn Ali, Grand Sherif and King.

A Booklover in Djeddah

By AMEEN RIHANI

WHEN I left Egypt I had in my pocket a letter of introduction from a booklover in Cairo to a booklover in Djeddah. It was more than a letter of introduction. It opened, after the peace and blessing of Allah, with these words: "Forget not, O Beloved One, the white doves of Mecca, which thou didst promise, many moons ago, to send us, that Cairo, too, might hear them praise Allah and the Prophet."

And he commissioned me further to see that the doves are forthcoming. "Prowl in the house of the Sheik Mohammed, and into his back yard and garden, and loiter, O my Brother, and steal, if necessary. The white doves of Mecca are a sacred treasure—the most precious possession of man."

The Sheik Mohammed was not among those that met me at the landing place when I arrived in the Pilgrim City. And I confess that there was another reason why I was eager to deliver the letter. But I did not know what standing a booklover in Djeddah might have, and I was afraid of prejudicing my prospects of a pilgrimage to Mecca by owning to an acquaintance of a lesser rank than eminence or excellency. Secretly, therefore, I went about, a few days after my arrival, seeking my booklover and the white doves.

Djeddah did not seem new to me. I felt that I had been here before, not with Burton or Burckhardt, however, but with one who had preceded them by about a thousand years. Ibn Jubair of Granada, who made the pilgrimage to Mecca when Saladin, the mighty and good, was on the throne, is a chronicler of accuracy and courage. His book is still considered the best of its kind; for his description of the Kaaba, the Mosque and the Holy Places, as well as the ceremonies of the Hajj, particularly the parts played by the Khateeb and the Grand Sherif, which remain till this day the same, is graphic and vivid and accurate. His style is lucid and flowing, and his freedom of opinion, moreover, is exemplary.

The Andalusian Arabs did not tolerate anything that shackled the mind and spirit. They had the courage of their convictions and opinions: they were Protestants. Like the Pilgrims that crossed the Atlantic eight centuries later, they also had fled from the tyranny of Princes and Kings. And so, if the Djeddah of those days was a den of thieves who preyed upon the pilgrims, and if the high road to Mecca was held by Bedouin bands who took from the pious multitudes what the Djeddah thieves had overlooked, Ibn Jubair said so in plain Arabic and protested to high heaven against the rank irreligion that nested in the Holy Places of Islam.

I do not know how much irreligion is still nesting in the dark and cobwebbed corners of Mecca and Djeddah; but the den of thieves, I am glad to report, is gone and the Bedouin bandits are no more. The pilgrimage, in these happy days of Husein I., Sherif and King, is, indeed, safe. With this exception, however, the Djeddah of Ibn Jubair has not changed. The same five-story houses, with their attractively walled roofs for Summer nights; the same narrow, winding streets, which in places enable the housewives in opposite buildings, to borrow things from each other through their balconies; the same woodsheds in the markets and bazaars to shut out the fierce Arabian sun; the same squares and camels and shokdoufs (litters), for the transportation of the pilgrims; the same hodge-podge of humanity which Islam brings together from every corner of the earth; the same barefooted, half-naked Arabs carrying their only heritage of power and grandeur—a sword; the same winds that beat Djeddah one day on the right and one day on the left, the s[...] the Bedouin notwithstanding same fruits and vegetables that Fatima yields to a frugal p[...] tion, and the same watermel[...] suppose, whose delicious [...] raised Ibn Jubair to poetic he[...] of description—they are all still h[...] And a few things more, only a fe[...] the tables, for instance, and ch[...] in the café.

Yes, there are cafés in Djedd[...] ramshackle affairs, where a Bedo[...] might rattle his sword for a dri[...] of water, or a city tramp might [...] over a narghilah; and there are [...] where Takrouni blacks, the porte[...] of the town, might stretch their weary limbs and hear the ha[...] gossip of the day. Throu[...] street thus adorned I made my [...] seeking the booklover, the S[...] Mohammed. And I met them [...] the friends of the Ibn Jubair [...] Bedouin in a rag and the Sheik [...] silk coftan, and the Moslems [...] Ind and Iran, and the Faithful [...] Java and Turkestan, and the ca[...] of the morning caravan, and white donkeys that ran, up[...] the tray and pan of the groce[...] confectionery man, and the [...] Takrouni carrying an oil can [...] water from Ain Rumman f[...]

(Continued on Page 15[...])

The New York Times Book Review and Magazine
May 21, 1922

"My friend the booklover," I said to myself, and I raised my hand to my head and made salaam. He stopped and smiled and did likewise.

"Thou art the Sheik Mohammed, the booklover of Djeddah?" I asked.

"I am a booklover, praise be to Allah," he replied, "but I have not the honor and good fortune of being the Sheik Mohammed."

A camel just then brushed by and snorted at us. He took the hint and moved from the centre of the street, taking me by the hand.

"Thou art a scholar," I pursued, in a bold American manner.

"I read in the books," he confessed modestly, "and try to learn somewhat of the secret of life and death. And thou, art thou of the land of the Arabs?"

"I have not the honor and good fortune," I said, as we walked together to the house of the Sheik Mohammed. "I come from a country where they make books for the delectation of the young girl and where people have ceased to worry about the secret of life and death."

"And what do they worry about, I pray thee?"

I was glad we had reached the house of the Sheik Mohammed, for I did not come to Arabia to expose the American people.

The reverend Sheik, a portly and dignified gentleman in a huge white turban, a blue silk coftan and a black jubbah, laid down the narghilah tube as my kind young guide entered and came to meet us at the door. He led us into a room, which was apparently his library, and up to a carpeted divan, between six beautifully carved cases of teak wood, with glass doors, full of books. The binding is modest and uniform—black cloth, with the title on the back in gold. The narghilah of the Sheik Mohammed and his rugs are more imposing to the traveling eye. He ordered a smoke for me as he opened the letter I had presented.

And, while he read, his face gleamed and gloomed, his brows met alternately and separated, and I

[illegible] a book. And such care and such respect do they show it! Look, for instance, at this book: it has been out for the tenth time, and is it not still as if it were new?"

The book he showed me was Carlyle's "Hero and Hero Worship," an excellent Arabic translation, by the way, in which most of the idiomatic humor of Thammis is faithfully reproduced in Arabic dress. The Hero as Prophet in this book, which he has chosen to complete his cycle and add another string to his peculiarly conceived and strangely constructed spiritual Harp, is not having the right effect among Mohammedans. It humors the ignorance of the many and confirms the learned few in their perversity. Had Carlyle had access to Ibn Jubair, or had he taken the trouble to acquaint himself with the present state of Islam, he would have added to the Hero as Prophet a chapter on the quackery of mechanical religion.

Even the most learned Sheik Mohammed admired unreservedly the book, accepted it as Gospel, or rather Koranic, truth. He was curious to know more about this philosopher of the English. And to my story of a visit to the house in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, they all listened with rapt attention. The double wall in the attic amused them. "Had he come to live here among us," said one, "we would have invoked the great Allah to silence even the south wind for his sake."

"And did he lend out his books?" asked the Sheik Mohammed, combing with his fingers his trimmed white beard.

I spoke of our public libraries in reply. "We also have what we call circulating libraries, which lend out books for a period of time to the young girl and the young man who thirst for knowledge — and for thrills."

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Meanwhile, there were visitors, a few of whom accepted the invitation to the divan, while the others, in a modern, practical manner, remained standing. And they asked of the Sheik Mohammed astounding questions.

"Did you receive the book of the English Lady who disgraced the English Court and nobility?" (Meaning the "Memoirs" of Margot Asquith, which had been recently translated into Arabic.)

"Is it true that the men of science of America have discovered that the rays of the sun are crooked?"

"Give me, of your kindness, the name of the historian who opened his history of the world with the biography of the devil."

And the Sheik Mohammed, the living encyclopedia of Djeddah, in his habitual calm and his benignant manner, would answer each question, taking out a book now and then to refresh his memory or confirm his opinion, and allowing the inquirers, the thirsters for knowledge, to take the books home if they desired. A few of them did so; a few others

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He asked for more detail about the circulating library system, intending, I suppose, to improve his own.

"The circulating library is an excellent name," said one of the guests.

"By Allah!" exclaimed another, who dropped his narghilah tube in excitement, "we shall call it the circulating library of Djeddah."

"Yea, O most worthy Sheik Mohammed," said the third, who moved his turban back and forth to air his shaven skull, "henceforth it shall thus be called. And we thank thee, O Honorable One, for the noble idea."

When I got up to go, my host recalled that I had come to him recommended by his worthy and beloved friend the Sheik Hassan of Cairo, and he asked me to be his guest during my stay in Djeddah, and placed his library at my disposal.

"Here is the index. Please take it with you and glance over it. There may be a book among this small collection of the slave of your virtue which you may desire to read."

I asked if he had one on Yemen.

"A few," he replied, and showed me the index.

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The Arab in his travels does not worry about his baggage. The camel that carries a man, he is certain, can also carry his doves.

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Djeddah, Arabia, April 14, 1922.

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By AMEEN RIHANI

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Djeddah did not seem new to me. I felt that I had been here before, not with Burton or Burckhardt, however, but with one who had preceded them by about a thousand years. Ibn Jubair of Granada, who made the pilgrimage to Mecca when Saladin, the mighty and good, was on the throne, is a chronicler of accuracy and courage. His book is still considered the best of its kind; for his description of the Kaaba, the Mosque and the Holy Places, as well as the ceremonies of the Hajj, particularly the parts played by the Khateeb and the Grand Sherif, which remain till this day the same, is graphic and vivid and accurate. His style is lucid and flowing, and his freedom of opinion, moreover, is exemplary.

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I do not know how much irreligion is still nesting in the dark and cobwebbed corners of Mecca and Djeddah; but the den of thieves, I am glad to report, is gone and the Bedouin bandits are no more. The pilgrimage, in these happy days of Husein I., Sherif and King, is, indeed, safe. With this exception, however, the Djeddah of Ibn Jubair has not changed. The same five-story houses, with their attractively walled roofs for Summer nights; the same narrow, winding streets, which in places enable the housewives in opposite buildings, to borrow things from each other through their balconies; the same woodsheds in the markets and bazaars to shut out the fierce Arabian sun; the same squares and camels and shokdoufs (litters), for the transportation of the pilgrims; the same hodge-podge of humanity which Islam brings together from every corner of the earth; the same barefooted, half-naked Arabs carrying their only heritage of power and grandeur—a sword; the same winds that beat Djeddah one day on the right cheek and one day on the left, the sword of the Bedouin notwithstanding; the same fruits and vegetables that Wadi Fatima yields to a frugal population, and the same watermelons, I suppose, whose delicious quality raised Ibn Jubair to poetic heights of description—they are all still here. And a few things more, only a few—the tables, for instance, and chairs in the café.

Yes, there are cafés in Djeddah, ramshackle affairs, where a Bedouin might rattle his sword for a drink of water, or a city tramp might doze over a narghilah; and there are holes where Takrouni blacks, the porters of the town, might stretch their weary limbs and hear the hammal gossip of the day. Through a street thus adorned I made my way seeking the booklover, the Sheik Mohammed. And I met them all, the friends of the Ibn Jubair—the Bedouin in a rag and the Sheik in a silk coftan, and the Moslems from Ind and Iran, and the Faithful from Java and Turkestan, and the camels of the morning caravan, and the white donkeys that ran, upsetting the tray and pan of the grocer and confectionery man, and the naked Takrouni carrying an oil can, full of water from Ain Rumman for the

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(Continued from Page 7)

bath of Miladi Juman or the cook of Milord Seiyed Othman, and the fierce-looking chieftain of the clan, and the dandy of Djeddah "sporting" a fan, and the moonstruck lover, sorrowful and wan—O thou Ibn Jubair, they are all still here. And among them is one whom I do not think thou hast seen. He, too, is thin and wan, and wears a silk coftan; but he carries a book instead of a fan!

My friend the booklover, I said to myself, and I raised my hand to my head and made salaam. He stopped and smiled and did likewise.

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"Does the most learned Sheik," I asked, "lend out his books?"

"Not to every one, O most esteemed Sir, but to those only who prove to us that they have a thirst for knowledge."

"And what is the proof that my lord the Sheik exacts?"

"They come to this diwan and participate in the discussions, which reveal, of a certainty, the quality of their minds. I am proud of every one to whom Allah in his bounty has enabled me to lend a book. And such care and such respect do they show it! Look, for instance, at this book; it has been out for the tenth time, and is it not still as if it were new?"

The book he showed me was Carlyle's "Hero and Hero Worship," an excellent Arabic translation, by the way, in which most of the idiomatic humor of Thammis is faithfully reproduced in Arabic dress. The Hero as Prophet in this book, which he has chosen to complete his cycle and add another string to his peculiarly conceived and strangely constructed spiritual Harp, is not having the right effect among Mohammedans. It humors the ignorance of the many and confirms the learned few in their perversity. Had Carlyle had access to Ibn Jubair, or had he taken the trouble to acquaint himself with the present state of Islam, he would have added to the Hero as Prophet a chapter on the quackery of mechanical religion.

Even the most learned Sheik Mohammed admired unreservedly the book, accepted it as Gospel, or rather Koranic, truth. He was curious to know more about this philosopher of the English. And to my story of a visit to the house in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, they all listened with rapt attention. The double wall in the attic amused them. "Had he come to live here among us," said one, "we would have invoked the great Allah to silence even the south wind for his sake."

"And did he lend out his books?" asked the Sheik Mohammed, combing with his fingers his trimmed white beard.

I spoke of our public libraries in reply. "We also have what we call circulating libraries, which lend out books for a period of time to the young girl and the young man who thirst for knowledge — and for thrills."

And while one of those present was asking what I meant by thrills —it is perturbing, the thrill—not good for the soul—my host was repeating to himself, the young girl, too.

He asked for more detail about the circulating library system, intending, I suppose, to improve his own.

"The circulating library is an excellent name," said one of the guests.

"By Allah!" exclaimed another, who dropped his narghilah tube in excitement, "we shall call it the circulating library of Djeddah."

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Turnover to page 62 in this book

This is thought, ...

EL TIEMPO PARA HOY

Buen tiempo. Vientos del Nordeste al Sudeste llegando a brisote. Cielos en general despejados. Pocas turbonadas.— O. N

EL M...

AÑO XXIX. NUM. 9568 Diario de la mañana ..., Martes ...

DESCUBRESE EN JERUSALEN UN VASTO PLAN ISLAMITA CONTRA LA DOMINACION DE INGLATERRA

Comenzaría la Revuelta en el Irak

Los guajabitas no pierden la esperanza de restaurar su antigua gloria, en una gran rebelión pan-mahometana.

DETENIDOS VARIOS CAUDILLOS DE LA INSURRECCION

Por AMIN-ER-RIJANI.

JERUSALEN, Palestina, septiembre 16 (I. O. P.)—Por tercera vez surge en la Arabia el reino de los guajabitas. ¿Caerá como cayeron todos los que le precedieron? Para contestar a este interrogante hay que tener presentes tres cosas: que no existe ya un Islam acaudillado por un califa capaz de arrojar del Hedjaz a los guajabitas; que la enemistad de los sunníes con el guajabismo se va trocando rápidamente en amistad por reconocer en éste un islamismo mucho más puro; y por último que los anhelos y designios del caudillo actual, el Rey Aziz Ibn Saud, no son exclusivamente religiosos, puesto que abarcan un ideario político y racial afirmado y subrayado vigorosamente de siete años a esta parte. El pan-arabismo y el guajabismo son alfa y omega del programa político de Saud.

La Arabia propiamente dicha, es decir: la península, es algo mayor que el Estado de Tejas, contando con

(Termina en la P...)

en la página 22

Turnover back to p. 62 of this book

... circulating library of Djeddah."

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l you the paper the most imp
has translated one of your arti

MUNDO

, Martes 17 de Septiembre de 1929

Acogido ...
Fra...

LIKE A THIRSTY PLANT.

This ghat is grown only in certain districts and at certain altitudes; and when it is carried to a distance of more than two days' journey by camel it loses its freshness and its potency, but is sold, nevertheless, at a prohibitive price. The soldiers cannot afford to buy it, and when they can they do not find in it what the Americans call a "kick." In the Upper Yemen, the soldier receives a daily ration of ghat; but when he is in a ghat-less land he pines for it and his spirit droops like a thirsty plant. It is a fact that the farther Zaidi troops are from the ghat-grown hills the less fit they are for fighting. That was the case, to a certain extent, in the Tehama; and the Imam Yahya realized that he could not in a protracted campaign conquer the Idrisi. He, therefore, invaded the Aden Protectorate, and, having occupied certain States which are virtually in the shadow of ghat-gardens, held them as against Hodeida and Salif, intimating that he would withdraw his troops if the British would eject the Idrisi from the three coveted coast towns. Another condition was imposed—namely, that the British Government should exercise no authority in the Protectorate, which was to be ruled autonomously by its own princes, and that he should appoint the judges. On the other hand, the Imam was ready to sign a treaty of friendship and trade with the British, his exact words being, "We will trade exclusively with the Ingliz."

A few months after, however, the strong man of Asir died, and he was succeeded by his son, a hare-brained boy who could not manage the affairs of a tribe, much less a tottering State which was the prey of the ambitions of his cousins, all intriguing for power. Here was the Imam Yahya's supreme chance. His army swooped upon Hodeida and occupied all the other towns north of it up to Midi. The boy was subsequently deposed and his uncle, the Seyyid Hasan, succeeding him, entered into a treaty with the Wahabi King similar to the British treaties with the princes in the Aden Protectorate. Now the Zaidi Imam holds Hodeida, the strip of coast up to Midi, and the Wahabis have what amounts to a protectorate over the rest of Asir. The Idrisi are no longer a factor in Arabian politics.

BE INDEPENDENT!

But the Idrisi Emirate, which was divided between these two rulers, is a significant commentary upon the general political tendency in Arabia to-day. It is most unlikely that the Zaidi Imam and the Wahabi King, made stronger by the acquisition, will exercise their strength upon each other. The Imam will not embark upon a perilous campaign outside the Yemen, and the Wahabi King is too wise to follow in the fatal path of the Turks. But both of them will use their strength in other directions.

The Imam, who recently evacuated that part of the Aden Protectorate which he had occupied, will not rest until he succeeds in freeing it at least from British control. Be independent of both the British and the Imam—this is the gist of the propaganda that is being conducted in the Protectorate. Will it succeed? Even if it does not, it will add to the difficulties and complications of the task of the British at Aden. Why not simplify the task by holding

Turnover to page 83 this book

As for the Second Clause of the Protocol, it affords no hope of peace and order, because of its loose phrasing.

There is a vagueness also in the *atraf el-hudoud* of the Third Clause. No forts or anything else of a military nature shall be built on *atraf el-hudoud*, or "the extreme ends of the boundary lines." What this means, where the extreme ends do end, I do not think anybody knows. It seems, therefore, that the first step towards a proper solution of the problem is the policing of the wells by both Governments and the more precise re-wording of the Second and Third Clauses of the Protocol of Ojair.

THE FRONTIER RAIDS.

But more important than the wells in dispute is the question of the Shammar, or that section of the Tribe of Shammar which migrated to Iraq after the fall of Hail. Long before this migration, however, other sections of Shammar had made their home north of Baghdad, round Mosul and east of Aleppo in the Syrian desert. The recent immigrants were not, therefore, strangers in the land. They were welcomed by their fellow-tribesmen in Iraq and they were also helped by them in their raids on the tribes of Nejd. A few years ago the Government of Iraq was not able to prevent some of these raids and did not punish the raiders when they returned from them and were again within its territory. Sir Percy Cox, who was then High Commissioner, in a letter to the Wahabi King promised to take the necessary measures to prevent the raids; and the Prime Minister, Abdul Muhsin Beg es Sa'dun, who was then, as now, in office, sent a strong note to the Mutessarif of Mosul and to the Chief of the Shammar about them. "The Iraq," he said, "should not be made a base of operations for raids against the tribes of Nejd."

But the raiding did not stop. There were raids and counter-raids, and there are many outstanding claims for the restoration of plundered property and for reparation on both sides of the border. Now, why did the Wahabi King not prevent his tribes from raiding the tribes of Iraq, when he could have done so? We find an answer to this question in the Green Book of Nejd, which says that because the Government of Iraq was unable or unwilling to punish the offenders the Wahabi King had undertaken to do so. In other words, the Wahabi raiding parties were what might be called punitive expeditions. That is virtually what we are told in the Green Book of Nejd. But such publications issued by Governments in trouble as honest confessions do not always confess everything. The old feuds, the *amour propre* of the chiefs of the tribes, and the necessity in a year of drought of seeking water and pasture and taking them, even at the muzzle of a rifle, wherever they are found—these are the snags in the problem. But they are not unyielding to diplomacy when it is inspired by candour and good will.

ABSENT TREATMENT.

They are not, on the other hand, subject to what might be called absent treatment. The British Government in Iraq proposes to prevent the raids by building outposts about 500 miles away from the raiders' base of operations. That is what I call absent treatment. The reader will bear in mind that the home of the Shammar is north of Baghdad in the Mosul region. Now, a raiding party sallying forth on *ghazu* cannot travel 500 miles without being detected by the Government's Desert Patrol. Is it not reasonable, therefore, to suppose that an efficient Desert Patrol will render the outposts superfluous?

One word more about the Shammar. There is in the Syrian desert, as I have said, another section of this powerful

(Continued at foot of next column.)

tribe. I met its chief, Mijham Pasha, some few months ago in Damascus, and I asked him about the old feuds between them and the people of Nejd. "There are no more feuds between us," said Mijham; "we and the people of Nejd are brothers." He then invited me to his tents in the desert. "Come to us," he said, "and we will go together to King Abd'ul-Aziz." Why is not the attitude of the Iraqi Shammar that of their brother tribesmen, the Shammar of Syria?

These are the bare facts in the dispute. But there is more behind the facts, as I have attempted to show, than there is in them; and only by removing the screens on both sides can a satisfactory and lasting agreement be achieved.

THE REVOLUTION IN ARABIA

III. SOCIAL FORCES: ITS DESTINY

BY AMEEN RIHANI

Never in the history of Europe have its Great Powers made such solemn pledges, such pompous declarations about the freedom of the small nations of the world and their inalienable right to govern themselves; but when the day of liberation comes, as we hope it will, the question will be asked, and with justice, Are these nations morally and socially and politically fit for the high task of self-government? I am now concerned with one of them, who, by the force of its arms, circumstances too favouring, has recovered its freedom and achieved its independence. But will the Arabs be able to maintain this independence and profit by it? Are they capable of establishing a government worth the name? Will they be able to defend it against foreign aggression? Are they willing to adopt modern methods for the improvement of their social conditions and the development of the resources of their land? Have they the men, the money, and the means? Without partiality or prejudice, I propose to answer these questions.

I wish to say at the outset that in treating of the Arabs, I do not include the Syrians, whom I shall consider apart. The Arabs themselves, it is well to recall, are not now making their first attempt at self-government. They had, as all the world knows, a glorious past; were supreme masters once of the world's most enlightened centres, their vast empire extending from Ind to Aragon; and they gave the world a religion which is professed to-day by three hundred million souls. The reign of the first four Khalifs of Islam was noted for its righteousness and justice; the Omayiad dynasty was marked for its brilliancy; the Abbassides of Bagdad, for its culture; while the Arab Empire of Andalusia, though short-lived, reflected the brilliancy and culture and justice of them all. Arabia in those days could boast of great generals, great statesmen, great poets; and its khalifs, whether in Damascus, or Bagdad, or Cordova, encouraged literature, the sciences, and the arts, brilliant examples of which are furnished by the reign of Haroun-al-Raschid, Al-Mamoun and Al-Mo'tasam Billah. Theirs was the golden age, indeed, of a civilisation that survived, in various incarnations, their many empires. But their language and their literature have continued to flourish in their own soil. The Arabic language is one of the richest in the world—poetic, musical, flexible, capable of development; and Arabic literature is a treasure-house of the knowledge and art and culture of the Orient and the Occident.

And though they themselves were not the founders of a civilisation that has the stamp of a pure nationality, a characteristic of its own, like the English and the French of to-day, were it not for them the lights of Greece and Rome would have been extinguished forever. They kept the torch burning and passed it to Europe, in its dazzling splendour, representing the living genius of converging worlds. And yet they were not a people without initiative and invention, without a distinct national spirit. If their country was the filter, so to speak, of the civilisations of Greece and Rome and Persia—the one penetrating the Orient through Arbela, the other through Antioch, the last through Bagdad—they were the creators of a wonderful transmitting medium. Nay, more; for a people without genius and enthusiasm cannot absorb and transmit a

ceed in establishing a strong government based upon justice and reason and the broader principles of humanity.

There is a possibility, of course, and a justification of such a government; but there is no fear to-day of an Islamic empire bent on conquest, as in the past. "Islam, or tribute, or the sword!" can never more become its cry to the world. But there are questions affecting the social conditions, the moral and political status of the individual in his relation to Islam and to the world, about which we would like to be assured.

The kingdom of Arabia, I have shown, is purely Islamic; and any polity to-day, whether based upon a religion and sanctioned by it or not, must conform to the elemental principles of equity, justice and freedom that are recognised by the civilised world. Now, in Islam, the written civil law, or *sunnah*, often clashes with the natural or what is called the common law, which is expounded in the secular or civil courts and which has on its side the executive power of the government. Is there no danger, therefore, in a purely Islamic polity, of the secular courts being abolished and the religious or Koranic tribunals re-established? In these, were the tenets of the Book of Allah to be strictly observed, slavery would be sanctioned; the adulteress would be stoned; theft would be punished by cutting off the hands of the thief; the cudgel, whose virtue and efficacy even the Arabs proclaim, would descend again from heaven; a witness to a contract or in a court of justice would have to be a Moslem; and wilful murder would be compounded by the payment of a fine—a man's blood is set in the *sunnah* at a hundred camels—to the family of the deceased, who have a right, however, of avenging their dead by insisting that the criminal be delivered to them to dispose of in such a manner as they see fit.

Most of these laws, however, are in desuetude to-day; but the civilised world would like to see them formally repealed, abolished legally forever. Will the Legislative Counsel of the new Kingdom of Arabia do this? Will King Hussein encourage or sanction such reforms? We learn that he has begun his constructive work by establishing public schools, encouraging journalism, appointing competent and able Syrians to high offices in the government, and signing a treaty of alliance on board of a French cruiser with France. This is promising, indeed. And the Moslem, Arab or otherwise, is not made of inferior clay. He can appreciate the blessings of self-government if they are not forced upon him with a sword, and he can also abuse them if they are showered upon him with a free hand. But is his sense of right and justice as highly developed as that of a European? I quote, as an answer to this question, a learned sheikh's definition of a Moslem, which is equally true in theory of a Christian and ofttimes in practice equally false: "A Moslem," says the sheikh, "is one who inflicts no injury with either tongue or hand upon anyone; who neither slanders nor abuses anyone; who helps his neighbour, whoever he may be; who succours the orphan, the weak and the oppressed; who is truthful in word and deed; who is loyal to his friends, true to his promise and honest in his measure." No higher principles of human conduct could be found in any ethical system or any religion.

Apart from this, however, and as showing the scope and limitations of a Moslem's mind, it is necessary to inquire how far will the Koran, which is the basis and support of the new government, encourage the pursuit of scientific knowledge. Let me give a few examples of how this book is regarded even by the most advanced of their thinkers and scholars. All human knowledge they claim can be found in the Koran; and they can find a few Orientalists, particularly Germans, to titillate in this their humour. One of these, a physician, pointed to certain passages in the Koran as foreshadowing the discoveries of Pasteur and Faraday and Kough, which led the ultra-zealous Moslems to declare that if the great astronomers also will

شرع
shar'

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of secular education, the religious guise it assumes in the first stages of a country's development seems to be necessary. One cannot fail to observe, for instance, that the popular educational system of Europe and America is wholly materialistic: it has but one ideal, that of success—success in the world at any cost. It has little or nothing in it of the spiritualities of life, and its tendency is to destroy the higher aspirations of the mind. Not so with these clerical institutions whatever their vices may be. And they are many, to be sure.

As many, too, are the various nationalities in Syria and Palestine. The French, the Americans, the English, the Russians, and recently the Germans and the Italians, have all contributed to the enlightenment of the mind of Syria, it must be admitted, as well as to the decomposition of her national spirit. That is why the Syrians have in the past been so divided in their political affiliations. The Maronites were French in spirit; the Orthodox, Russians; the Druses, English; the Protestants, Americans; and recently, as I said, the German Catholics of Cologne and the Italians have made a bid for a share of the nation's sectarian units. Their schools seem to have been established with the purpose of rivalling the French and the English: indeed, they were more anti-French than anti-Turkish or pro-Syrian.

The Moslems of the country, however, have remained Moslems; and now the Christians are becoming again Syrians. In their unprecedented calamity they found themselves alone, abandoned by their self-styled protectors. Europe has been deaf to their cries, and only America, and their brethren in America, hastened to their relief.*

But to revert to our subject. Some of the educational and benevolent institutions in Syria are said to be subsidised by their respective governments; others are said to be supported by private charities; but neither the one nor the other seems necessary. For in a short time after their establishment they become self-supporting, such is the avidity of the Syrian mind for knowledge, such the desire of Syria for education. The Jesuits, for instance, first entered Syria with little or nothing to set up even a hedge-school; but their university and their property, which were seized by the Turks, are the largest of any foreign institution in the country. I have been told that they filed a claim with their government against the Turks for twenty-five million francs! And their great success is not due, as some suppose, to France's foreign policy, which is based on Gambetta's saying, "Anti-clericalism is not an article of exportation"—that is, to France's support and protection; but mostly to native support, moral and financial, and to their own commercial genius.

Yes, I wish to record here the fact that most of the foreign schools and benevolent institutions in Syria have been supported and maintained, at least for twenty years past, by the Syrians themselves. But educated Syrians could hardly find a field for their talents at home. They, as well as the peasants of the Lebanon hills, were driven out of their country to distant lands—to North and South America, to Egypt, to Africa—by the tyranny of the Turks. And wherever they settled their intelligence and activity have been quite marked. In Egypt they are the leaders of public opinion; in Africa they are noted for their industry; in America they have made considerable fortunes in commerce. Lord Cromer, in his book on Egypt, says that the best collaborators of the English there have been the Syrians. They are indeed a shrewd and active and ambitious people; their dormant spirit, when evoked and given a chance, awakens with renewed energy and hope. And their leading minds are not, as is

*The Syrians in the United States have sent over a million dollars, through the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, to their suffering people, and the Syrian-Mt. Lebanon Relief Committee, co-operating with the American Committee for Syrian and Armenian Relief, has sent a ship load of provisions to Beirut.

on the boulevards, rises to-day in orchestral crescendo and grandeur.

<u>C'estla Guerre,</u> indeed. And how often, I mused, as I was crossing the bridge that was built with the stones of the Bastille, how often has she said this before. How often has she gone through this tragic and heroic experience! How often has she destroyed palaces to build monuments to her brave children and then destroyed the monuments to build temples for her new gods.

مرتين

Two moves to p. 87

. Destroyed? Before I had pronounced the word, indulging the mood of the hour, a gust of wind blew the snow in my eyes and all around me for a moment was grey infinity. The steps of another man I could hear, and soon, too, his voice.

---Are you also going to the ball?

---What ball? I asked in amazement.

...and they are always singing ... circulating library of Djeddah."

سراقب

Turn over to p 135

---But I am not invited.

---Nor am I.

---But may I have the pleasure--

Before I had finished my question, he replied,

---I am the Spirit of Eternal Recurrence.

Paris, January 1917

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Poet Lore Boston
Nov. 1904

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Where the low sunsets lie,
I, hid by light of noon,
Follow thee far,—
Thou, the low crescent moon,
And I its star.

Re-enter FATHER ANTOINE *and* the page *surpliced bearing candles.*

Ant. [*starts back on seeing* GERALD *dead.*]
I came to do the office of the Grail
Unto its knight; but slow is the advance
Of churchly rites, beside the eager feet
Of love, that challenges what creeds accept.
—And love has brought him his last sacrament.

They stand silent and downcast on the threshold. The flames of the candles stir in the draught of the open doorway, and the shadows pass over the painting on the easel. The evening star and the thin crescent shine in at the mullion.

ANDALUSIAN LOVE SONGS

BY AMEEN RIHANI

THE Arabian poets of Andalusia were so many, and their productions so diverse, that any attempt to classify and assign places would be a failure.

In the days of Al-Moutamad Ibn-Abad, better known to readers of Washington Irving's 'Conquest of Grenada' as Bouabdil, the ringing sword and the sounding rhyme flourished remarkably side by side. And while the clash of arms was heard behind the walls of the city, Ibn-Abad, himself a poet of no mean ability and lover with no mean passion, would sit on his throne to listen to the effusions of the legion of bards that constantly darkened the doors of his palace.

These versifiers of Andalusia are chiefly noted for their *mowashahat,* or songs and ballads. In these they were not hampered by academic rules, being free to adopt any form of stanza and rhyme arrangement they pleased; and in the absence of rules, the resulting diversity is indeed remarkable. In

Poet Lore, Boston
Nov. 1904

the *mowashahat* the Mohammedan Arabian singers sounded the trumpet of revolt against the classic *kaseedah* and the academic rules that govern it. Chief among these is the rule, most rigorous and subversive, that the rhyme-ending in a *kaseedah,* regardless of its length, should all be the same. Imagine an ode of a hundred or more lines, in which the rhyme-ending of every consecutive line is, for example, *raha, laha, faha, ramaha, nakaha,* et cetera.

The western Arabian poets have broken these fetters, and only obeyed, in their constructions, the dictates of their taste and caprice; and these are by no means common or freakish. They have had an influence which has only been noticed by scholars and historians; they have given rise to the variety of forms and structures from which the ballad, the rondeaux, the triolets, etc., have been evolved. The Arabians were never skilled in baptizing Forms, so to speak. The daughters of their Fancy have always been nameless. The Spanish and the French troubadours have caught these waifs, adopted them, clothed them with formulas and given them ranks.

In the preface to a collection of these songs and ballads, published recently from original Mss. found in the Vatican Library, it is stated that the rhyme was introduced into Europe by the Arabians, and that before the conquest of Andalusia by the followers of the Prophet the European world of poetry was still shivering in blank verse. The concurring opinions of several scholars are quoted to prove this point, and the Spanish Romances, together with the Odes of Petrarch are brought in as corroborative evidence.

In this case then, the French singers borrowed from the Italian; the Italian, from the Spanish; the Spanish, from the Arabian; and the Arabian —well, from the Arabian singers themselves, in the absence of proof to the contrary.

A LEAVE TAKING.

I COME to make a little love to you,
  I come to sing a little song and go;
I bring along my lute from Andalue,
  And leave behind your yester evening's 'No.'

Tumorrow

But like the cloud;
Be not avowed
To noiseful glee;
Hear thou my plea—
Kiss not so loud.

The moonbeams kiss
The heaving breast
O' the dreamy sea
In silent bliss;
O do thy best
And—thus kiss me!

moonlit

THEN, WHY NOT WE?

O Zainab, why should we not meet
Though once a week, or once a moon?
Must I forever then repeat
My song—shall I not see thee soon?
Our souls a hundred times a day
Meet and embrace and run away;
This may be sweet;
But I confess I can not see
If our souls meet,
Then, why not we?

Zainab, how long will this thing last?
How long will screens in our way stand?
When wilt thou Zainab, break thy fast—
When shall I hold in mine thy hand?
Our dreams a hundred times a night
Meet and embrace and take to flight;
This may be sweet;
But I confess I can not see
If our dreams meet,
Then, why not we?

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Atlantic Monthly
May 1911

THE SONG OF SIVA

BY AMEEN RIHANI

Chant

'T is Night; all the Sirens are silent,
All the Vultures asleep;
And the Horns of the Tempest are stirring
Under the Deep;
'T is Night; all the snow-burdened Mountains
Dream of the Sea,
And down in the ~~Wadi~~ the River valley
Is calling to me.

'T is Night; all the Caves of the Spirit
Shake with desire,
And the Orient Heaven's essaying
Its lances of fire;
They hear, in the stillness that covers
The land and the sea,
The River, in the heart of the ~~Wadi,~~ valley
Calling to me.

'T is Night, but a night of great joyance,
A night of unrest; —
The night of the birth of the Spirit
Of the East and the West;
And the Caves and the Mountains are dancing
On the Foam of the Sea,
For the River inundant is calling,
Calling to me.

THE FRUITS OF DEATH

BY AMEEN RIHANI

Said the folded Leaves upon the Heath
To the opening Leaves upon the Tree:
'Soon will the Warders of the Storm
Bring us to our Mother-Sea,
Even as they opened yesternight
Our prison doors of Destiny:
We envy not the Birds now nor the Dew,
To them we leave the Forest and to you.'

The infant Leaves thus made reply:
'But we rejoice that we are here;
We stand in the cerulean Gate
Of Life to crown the dying Year.
Him who emancipates we love,
He who enchains is also dear:
You are ~~the Flowers~~ of the Storm, and we,
We are the Fruits of Death upon Life's tree.'

Renunciation

BY AMEEN RIHANI

Harper's.
August 1915

Chant

At eventide the Pilgrim came
And knocked at the Belovèd's door.
"Who's there?" a voice within, "thy name?"
"'Tis I," he said.—"Then knock no more.
As well ask thou a lodging of the sea,—
There is no room herein for thee and me."

The Pilgrim went again his way
And dwelt with Love upon the shore
Of self-oblivion; and one day
He knocked again at the Belovèd's door.
"Who's there?" "It is thyself," he now replied,
And suddenly the door was open wide.

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from The Bookman – N.Y.
January 1916

A Chant

THE HOUSE OF NIGHT

BY AMEEN RIHANI

Her sable robes the gloaming trails
  From golden strand to purple height,
And softly, over the wealds and dales,
  Into the vacant house of night.

But lo, where first her footsteps mark
  The sunset's last extinguished pyre,—
Above the hills,—a saffron spark,
  A gleam of unconjectured fire.

Between the foliaged zone and sky,
  Where sentries of the forest stand,
It peeps and flits—a firefly;
  It soars and glows—a firebrand.

A sacred flame from hemlock shades
  Rising like a mystic sign
Above the silence of the glades
  Into the solitudes divine.

A sign perchance from those who pass
  To those who follow in the gloom,
Dancing round a moulten mass
  Above the grudging gulfs of doom.

A new-born world, though years untold
  Have fed the forge that gave it breath,
Where Life still casts of beaten gold
  Cressets for the shrine of Death.

A dying world, though like a gem
  Of sapphire hues in nacre bright,
Dropt from the zone or diadem
  Of the immortal queen of night.

A world! From depths to heights as dark
  It leaps anon into the dance
And whirls away—'t is but a spark
  From the anvil of the God of Chance.

But Faith and Fancy often mar
  The mystery of things divine;
For that which is a rolling star
  Was fluttering neath a lonely pine.

O'er the abysmal tracks of doom.

For aeons thus, from hill to sea,
  Athwart the grudging gulfs they glow;
And waning tell of the worlds that be
  And the ghosts of worlds of long ago.

For aeons thus, their torches high,
  The gods unseen, as when the light
Of day conceals the starry sky,
  Illuminate the house of night.

A chant

June 1914

The Lost Disciple.

O Master, I can not adventure with thee;
  At the door of the dawn, in my lone wandering,
I have broken my staff; for the true dawn is she
  Who comes every day with her jar to the spring.

Ay, Master, I tarried last night at the gate
  Of her garden, which kisses the Lake Galilee;
She was gathering flowers and fruits for the Fete,
  And with tulips and poppies she beckoned to me.

In her lamp there was oil, in my hand there was fire;
  In her house cried a voice, O make haste with the flame!
On my lips were the names of the daughters of Tyre,
  On her breast were the lilies that whispered thy name.

I have dared, O my Master, to envy thy feet,
  And to yearn for the love of a Magdalen fair;
I have dreamt that mine, too, in the heart of the street,
  Were laved with her own hands and dried with her hair.

O Master, my lips her devotion have stained,
  For her soul's precious ointments were offered too late;
I have lost in the fire of my lust what I gained
  In my longing and love for her love and thy fate!

AMEEN RIHANI.

a chant

June 1914

From the Arabic

O, why art thou so hushed and sad,
  So thin and wan?
Who robbed thee of thy flesh and song,—
  Was't Ramadan?

Nay, Ramadan is not to blame;
  But somewhere from the distant west
Last winter to my dwelling came
  The sweetest and the dearest guest;

And in my heart he eats and drinks:
  He drinks my blood, of wines the best,
He eats my burning flesh,—ah, yes,
  My love for Najlah is that guest.

O Tomb, by Allah did her beauty fade,
  Or dost thou still preserve it in thy gloom?
O Tomb, thou art nor firmament nor glade,
  Yet in thee shines the moon and lilies bloom!

AMEEN RIHANI.

The Cata…

Even through the C…
  passed,
Her sack of Horror'…
And lo! into the unt…
With a million han…
  of her will.
But in the bone-str…
  snail
Crawling out of the …
Exultant still—
Rising from the uni…
To thank the rain.

And in the thorny …
  tomb,
Gorged yesteryear …
  fear and doubt
The nations bear wh…
  out,
I saw the crocus …
  bloom
Into the ivy's tangle…
While struggling ou…
To praise the air.

The Cataclysm, pas…
Turned inside out …
  world—
Not sparing even th…
Which at the crad…
  hurled.
But when at last sh…
Across the sill of he…
I saw in her incalcu…
A butterfly
Winging out of the…
  God
Toward the sky—
Rising with the Fai…
To serenade the sun…

…library of Djeddah."

From The Bookman — N.Y.
January 1916

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a chant

THE HOUSE OF NIGHT

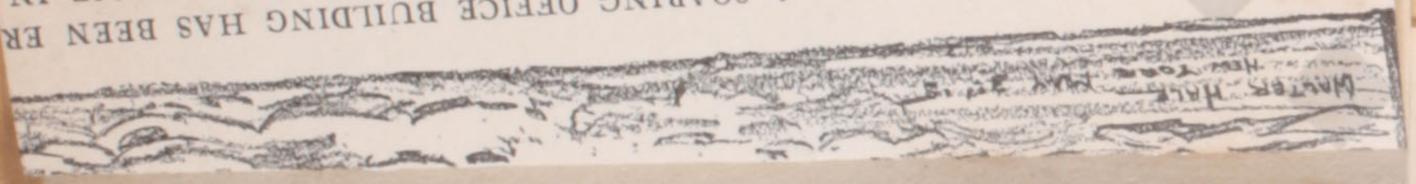
BY AMEEN RIHANI

Her sable robes the gloaming trails
  From golden strand to purple height,
And softly, over the wealds and dales,
  Into the vacant house of night.

But lo, where first her footsteps mark
  The sunset's last extinguished pyre,—
Above the hills,—a saffron spark,
  A gleam of unconjectured fire.

Between the foliaged zone and sky,
  Where sentries of the forest stand,
It peeps and flits—a firefly;
  It soars and glows—a firebrand.

A sacred flame from hemlock shades
  Rising like a mystic sign
Above the silence of the glades
  Into the soli...



NO. 10 WEST STREET TO-DAY. A SOARING OFFICE BUILDING HAS BEEN ER... THE SITE OF THE OLD REUNION HOUSE, STEVENSON'S FIRST HOME IN ... COURTESY OF DOUBLEDAY, PAGE AND COMPANY

On the Road of Luár

And lo, another orb doth roll
  Above the groves where once it trod;
And still another seeks its goal
  In the infinities of God.

From where the eagle marks his flight,
  Across the void that earth-bound seems,
They twinkle forth, a circle of light,
  Around the gloaming's couch of dreams.

And thus they first themselves disguise
  As glow worms in the gathering gloom,
And suddenly refulgent rise
  O'er the abysmal tracks of doom.

For aeons thus, from hill to sea,
  Athwart the grudging gulfs they glow;
And waning tell of the worlds that be
  And the ghosts of worlds of long ago.

For aeons thus, their torches high,
  The gods unseen, as when the light
Of day conceals the starry sky,
  Illuminate the house of night.

a chant

June 1914

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a chant

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  Or dost thou still preserve it in thy gloom?
O Tomb, thou art nor firmament nor glade,
  Yet in thee shines the moon and lilies bloom!

AMEEN RIHANI.

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The N.Y. Eve. Sun Sept. 6, 1919

God of the Distances, Hear Us.

I.

God of the Distances, hear us,
Hear us and guide us to-day.
Thy footsteps, though never so near us,
Are lost in the dust of the fray.
Thy high priests, who often have spoken
The word that was heeded, are mute;
Their torch is extinguished; their token
Is distrust and discord and dispute.
God of the Distances, never
Was man, though still fettered, so free
To challenge his star and to sever
Himself from the past and from thee,
But we, though our spirit is broken,
We heed thee again and anon;
We trust thee, O God, though thy token
Be the desert, thy promise the sun.
Forever the Distances call us—
The Distances veiled of the Dream;
And we come, whatsoever befall us,
Our pledges and thine to redeem.
We come; and though often we altered
Our course at the gate of dismay,
We never looked backward or faltered—
Never regretted our way.
God of the Distances, hear us,
Hear us and guide us to-day.

II.

From the cave of the first Dream we
wandered
Through the forests of Fate and of
Chance;
And on many an illusion we squandered
The treasures of Faith and Romance.
We fared with the Fairies of noontide,
We roved with Jinn of the night;
Our high priests we left on the wayside,
Our prophets we lost on the height
Of rebellion recurrent. We passed
Many a temple and shrine,
Where the shreds of old creeds were re-
cast
And traded as tokens divine.
We passed them, forever consoled
And cajoled by the Voice,—"'Tis the
way
Of your goal; your forebodings allay."
But thousands of cycles we told
And millions of leagues we unrolled,
O God!—and we're only of clay.
God of the visions of old,
Hear us and guide us to-day.

III.

We sailed all the seas of the Mind,
We rounded the capes of the Soul,
We crossed all the channels that roll
Over the dead of our kind.
And on many a beckoning strand,
Furrowed with silvery streams,
We lingered, but lo, in the land
Were the desolate gardens of dreams—
Onward! the sails of Desire
Born of the Distances' fire,
Tattered but ever unfurled,
To worlds undiscovered aspire—
To the life-giving worlds of our world.
Onward! though no signs appear
Where once rose the phares of the Seer
And the Prophet. On, on! to the goal,
Though veiled by the billows that roll
Over Orion—The fear
Of the Distances never was liege
Of our hearts; but the Mazes besiege
The bridges of Faith on our way,
O God, and we're only of clay.
God of our vision austere,
Hear us and guide us to-day.

IV.

Hear us the captains of sorrow—
The tillers of the soil of defeat—
The lights of the oft promised morrow
Whose false dawns thy promise repeat.
Our name and our purpose are written
In blood on the tablets of time;
Our spirit, though frequently smitten
To the dust, has arisen, sublime
And triumphant, again and again;
Our torch, though extinguished, was
never
Relinquished; our sword and our pen
Are brandished forever and ever.
Yea, the Ideal's undying desire
And the wreaths of defeat it has won,
Their story, in letters of fire,
Is limned on the brow of the sun.
And not till a new world's begotten
Of the loins of our own will the word
Of the soul of the earth be forgotten
Or the cry of the earth be unheard.
Our word and our cry are her own
And the voice of a longing maternal—
The seed that the ages have sown—
Should quiet our doubt and dismay.
But God, we are only of clay;
God of the vision eternal,
Hear us and guide us to-day!

—AMEEN RIHANI.

N.Y. Evening Sun (Dial) - 1919

The Cataclysm.

Even through the City of the Dead she
passed,
Her sack of Horror's harvest to refill;
And lo! into the untilled world she cast
With a million hands the black seeds
of her will.
But in the bone-strewn waste I saw a
snail
Crawling out of the socket of a skull,
Exultant still—
Rising from the universal bane
To thank the rain.

And in the thorny flanks of the riven
tomb,
Gorged yesteryear with the fruits of
fear and doubt
The nations bear when their sinews run
out,
I saw the crocus weave her tender
bloom
Into the ivy's tangled hair,
While struggling out of the gloom
To praise the air.

The Cataclysm, passing to her goal,
Turned inside out the pockets of the
world—
Not sparing even the altar of the soul,
Which at the cradle of the soul she
hurled.
But when at last she fell
Across the sill of hell,
I saw in her incalculable toll
A butterfly
Winging out of the riddled emblem of
God
Toward the sky—
Rising with the Faith rewon
To serenade the sun.

—AMEEN RIHANI.

Constantinople.

When Othman's sword, as Paleologue's,
is broken,
And Othman's gods are smitten to the
dust
And naught remains, not even a rusty
token,
Of their hierarchal cruelty and lust;—
When church and mosque and syna-
gogue shall be,
Despite the bigot's cry, the zealot's
prayer,
Unbounded in their bounties all, and
free
In every heritage divine to share;—
When thou shalt rise, rejoicing in thy
loss,
Upon the ruins of a state nefast
To reconcile the crescent and the cross
And wash thy hands of thine unholy
past;—
When with the faith newborn of East
and West,
Which spans the azure heights of
man's desire,
The spirit of thy people, long op-
pressed,
Is all aglow with undying fire;—
When thou thyself, Byzantium, shalt
stand
In the minaret of Freedom and thy
voice,
Rising above the muezzins' in the land,
Bids all the seekers of the light re-
joice;—
When in thy heart the flame of free-
dom sings,
And in thy hand the torch of freedom
glows,
And in thy word the sword of freedom
rings,
And in thy deed the seed of freedom
grows,—
Then shall we call thee Mistress of
the Morn,
Bride of the Straits, Queen of the
Golden Horn.

—AMEEN RIHANI.

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RIGHTS OF POLYGAMISTS.

PRESS. 77. 7/.

Correspondent Who Thinks the Immigration Law Works Injustice.

To the Editor of The Press:

Sir—A fortnight ago seven Mussulman immigrants landed at the Barge Office, and being suspected, were held for examination. After they were questioned in the usual way it was discovered that they were Mahometans, and because the Koran upholds polygamy they were excluded. The press of this city took up the question and discussed it at great length, while the Turkish Consul reported it to the Turkish Legation at Washington. But it made no difference. The Mussulmans were sent away.

I desire to show the narrowness and defectiveness of the chapter of the Immigration law which applies, and also the strictness and rigor in which it is construed.

It is no light matter for a person to be turned back after having planned a new life in a new land. It is better, I think, for this Government to disregard all the treaties existing between it and other countries and absolutely suspend immigration than to return these poor creatures after their arrival.

The exclusion of the Turks, however, because they are polygamists—nay, mere believers in polygamy—is against every rule of law and justice. I do not think the framers of that law intended to exclude people who entertained a mere belief in polygamy. On the contrary, it is to be presumed that it is a bar against those that actually practice polygamy. If the latter was the real intention, then the Turks were excluded unlawfully, for they neither practiced nor advocated, nor were they to practice or advocate, polygamy in America. They said simply that they were Mussulmans and believed in the Koran.

If the intention of the legislators was to exclude every one that believed in polygamy, then the law is aimed directly at the Koran. That would make it unconstitutional, as destroying religious freedom. Mind you, I am pleading neither for the Koran nor for polygamy. I would not be a bit surprised to see the Ottoman Government pass a law excluding every foreign monogamist from the empire. It would be only fair retaliation.

But there is still a greater defect in that one chapter of the Immigration law. It excludes, or tends to exclude, only a certain class of people that believe in or practice polygamy. Those believers in it who come as first-class passengers are not interefered with. Many Orientals who actually practice polygamy come to this country in this way. Have they any special privileges? Have they a "pull"?

Such is the equity of the law! Such is the justice of the Board of Immigration! I always thought that this coutnry was devoid of classes, but now I discover my mistake.

In olden times a man was placed on the rack and tortured for dreaming that he had assassinated a ruler. In the nineteenth century men are excluded from the United States for believing in the Koran or imagining or dreaming of polygamy.

A. FERRIS RIHANI.

No. 85 Washington street, Dec. 1. 97.

SAYINGS OF CHRIST.

Remarks Prompted by a Recent Yellow Headline.

To the Editor of The Press:

Sir—We are again met with Journal janglings and flip-flaps. In its article headed "New Sayings of the Lord," it demonstrates to us that its hunger for news—of whatever sort it may be—is still unfed, and its inaccuracy and exaggeration are developing latitudinally and longitudinally. Moreover, and foremost of all, is the incapacity which it exhibits in its articles of the 13th and 14th inst., on the foregoing subject in dealing with logical questions. When it prefixed to the "Sayings of the Lord" the word "New," did it ever reflect upon the time the papyrus was written and upon the time the four Gospels were written? I think not. When Christ preached His doctrines, He commissioned His disciples to promulgate them throughout the land. They were never written during His life, not even by His disciples, who had to suffer their memory to retain all His utterances.

This fact begets another and a sounder fact, which strikes heavily upon The Journal; for if Christ's sayings were not written during His life, they must have been written after His death, if they were written at all. And then none but those that saw Him and heard the utterances dropping from His sacred lips could write them. That's logic. Every line of the Christian Bible, therefore, was written after Christ's death, and those that wrote them had to cleave their memory for every word, because they had no written account of such events and sayings. How, then, could a man of the third century—allowing him the highest limit of old age—record upon papyrus the thoughts and sayings of a person of the first, unless he has some chronicle or biography to which he can refer? In this case what is the difference between chronicles and histories, originalities and imitations, old and new? Can it be said that the matter written on papyrus and which was discovered recently, is "New Sayings of the Lord?" Or is it more probable and nearer to the sense to say that an enthusiast of the third century—and one of mighty poor memory, too—quoted these lines from the original writings, the same as any man would quote Shakespeare or Spenser nowadays? I'll leave that for The Journal to decide upon.

A. FERRIS RIHANI,

New York, July 15.

Weird Epitaph on a Baby's Grave.

From the Solomon City (Kan.) Tribune.

In the Prairie Mound Cemetery there is a small tombstone erected over a child's grave, seemingly by its parents, which bears this most singular inscription: "A little weazen-faced baby, head too big for its body; two great staring eyes seeming to wonder why it was born."

The Press
July 15, 1897

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SYRIA SEEKS AID IN FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

Ameen Rihani Admonishes Countrymen Here to Support Move of Nation.

Syria is undergoing the same sort of crisis America experienced years ago; it is fighting for freedom, civil and religious, and is demanding fulfillment of a promise made by the Allies during the war, Ameen Rihani, eminent author and philosopher, told a large audience which overflowed the assembly hall of the St. George's Syrian Orthodox cathedral, Elm and Erie streets, Wednesday night.

The speaker was the guest of Archmandrite Samuel David, pastor of St. George's. Mr Rihani came to Toledo from New York City and is in the process of a lecture tour, speaking for the cause of his countrymen.

Wants Only Freedom

He urged the Syrian people to help their fellow-men across the ocean in their fight for justice. He told them Syria wanted only what other countries had fought for and attained—freedom.

"Because you people are in America and have become citizens of this country, and are enjoying its fruits you should not lose interest in your own country. Now that it is in the midst of a terrible strife it needs your help as never before," he said.

Mr. Rihani outlined the conditions existing in Syria, and told how the people were being oppressed by their enemies.

He presented his talk to the audience, first in Syrian, and then gave a brief summary in English for the guests present.

Judge O'Donnell Speaks

Archmandrite Samuel David gave the introductory address and presided at the meeting. A dinner was served to more than 40 persons in the Commodore Perry hotel Wednesday evening as a welcoming to Mr. Rihani.

Judge O'Brien O'Donnell was among the other speakers, and was profuse in his praise of Mr. Rihani and his remarks. He compared a man or woman who deserts his country for another which offers him more advantages, to a child who deserts his parents. Neither can ever result in anything of any consequence when it matures, he said.

Other speakers were Charles Lawton, John McMahon and representatives of several Toledo churches.

Supposedly 1916

Our Weaknesses.

THE PATH OF VISION. Pocket Essays of East and West. By Ameen Rihani, 16mo, cloth, gilt top; $1.50. New York: James T. White & Co.

The author of this small volume of charming essays—ten of the West and ten of the East—is a native of Syria whose contact with the West appears to have aroused in him a broad-minded spirit of comprehension of both the faults and virtues of both the Occidental and the Oriental. Mr. Rihani has a most extraordinary gift of felicitous expression, and his essays on various social phases of the two sections are of a character that one may hope will win for him a wide reading. That he has been with us long enough to acquire intimate knowledge is suggested by his statement that "it is not my purpose to startle and provoke the reader with sweeping generalities, or to bamboozle him with dogmas old in garments new."

"Weak and oppressed nations are fundamentally spiritual; strong nations are, as a rule, chiefly materialistic," is a conclusion with which one can hardly disagree, for we now recognize that it was commercialism that brought about the upheaval in 1914, and that it is commercialism that is in the way of a settlement of the world's affairs. Therefore, as this author puts it—

"Once we used to pray; now we philosophize. Once we were good because we believed in a future reward or feared a future punishment; but now, that we neither believe in the one nor fear the other, we are seldom inclined to make the sacrifice that goodness often entails. And in our desire to achieve the good and true—far be it from me to deny the existence, even the sincerity of such a desire—we often choose the line of least resistance. We must be practical, and we must have our creature comforts. Moreover, we expect, we insist upon, our reward within a certain time in the material things of the world, even though it be a column of gossip in the daily press. No checks on heaven, please, no promissory notes—and no ethical evasions. We are a practical people—very busy—in a hurry. We have no time for ethics.

"This is the gospel of trade, which we hold sacred. Barter is one of its cardinal tenets. We are no longer such fools as to throw our bread on the water or to squander our goodness on the wind. Visionaries, to be sure, we are not. Now, it is this attitude, this commercial consciousness, which we have faithfully upheld in precept and practice, that is creating in us a subconscious reaction. This is the source I maintain, of all our restlessness, our dissatisfaction, our gropings and longings for that something which materialism does not give. The principle of barter leaves us in the end disconsolate, devoid of sympathy, and deploring the lack of sympathy in others."

The ten essays on the Oriental side of the picture are worth careful reading, for they afford a pretty good insight into Oriental thought and character—calculated to cause a revision of a few of our prejudices and to strengthen others.

Rochester Herald, May 15/21

1921

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The
AUTHORS' CLIPPING BUREAU
WILLIAM M. STUART, Manager
553-555 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

Clipping from
PORTLAND, ORE.—OREGONIAN
APR 17 1921

The Path of Vision, by Ameen Rihani. James T. White & Co., New York City.

Twenty exquisitely written philosophical and psychological essays on serious subjects, and decidedly worth reading.

Our author says he is an American, as this country is "the land of his second birth" (p. 125). He discusses: The mysticism of reality; a footnote of nature; the question of Pontius Pilate; over ancient Babylon; on church and mosque; the oriental heritage, and others.

TO THE PUBLISHER

The Literary Department of The Herald is a weekly feature during the season, and its courtesies are extended to publishers of books of the better class. Efforts are made to notice new books without delay, and the receipt of each volume is acknowledged in the next issue of the department.

THE ROCHESTER HERALD.
Literary Department.
Rochester, N. Y.

From the ROCHESTER HERALD of
APR 17 1921

The Oriental coloring possessed by Ameen Rihani's "A Chant of the Mystics," makes these poems delightful reading. It is a brief journey through a fairyland of song. The volume is published by James T. White & Co., New York.

The
AUTHORS' CLIPPING BUREAU
WILLIAM M. STUART, Manager
553-555 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

Clipping from
CLEVELAND, O.—PLAIN DEALER.
APR 23 1921

A book of charming essays of east and west is Ameen Rihani's "The Path of Vision." They are essays on many subjects, but all breathe grace and beauty and a fine sincerity.—James T. White & Co., New York.

The Montreal Daily Star

May 17, 1929

The Montreal Daily Star

SAYS BRITAIN HAS FRIEND IN ARABIA

Ameen Rihani Asserts Ibn Sa'oud is Strong Ally of Empire

REVOLTS LESSEN

Native Author Here to Open Lectues Throughout Canada

Ameen Rihani, author, and self-styled "vagabond on the highway of education," who was responsible for translating into English the works of Abu'l-Ala, the philosopher-poet of Arabia, whose outstanding work was his Suzumiyat, written in the 11th century, arrived in Montreal yesterday at the invitation of the Syrian National Society of Montreal, to commence a lecture tour.

He recently arrived in America from Arabia, where he is well known to every king, including the powerful Ibn Sa'oud, master of two-thirds of the great Arabian country, whose ultimate object is to gain mastery of the whole of Arabia, with the intention of instilling nationalism into his race.

"I am an Arab, self-educated by many trips into the West among your peoples, said Rihani in an interview with The Star yesterday.

AID DEVELOPMENT.

"I am striving to bring to the Western races an understanding of my peoples, so that they can assist instead of hampering, their development as a nation. For years my people have been fighting among themselves, and have now awakened to a sense of nationalism under the leadership of my friend Ibn Sa'oud, the strong man of Arabia.

"It is to him that we are looking for salvation, and it is chiefly for him that my lectures are being given in different parts of the world. I think

that Great Britain should foster his friendship.

"Arabia is in the centre of the world, and the mandatory Powers cannot afford to have fighting, discontent and unrest all the time in this spot. It costs them money and worry, and it is probably due in part to the policies that they pursue.

"The spirit of nationalism is growing all over the Near East and the ...ner the mandatory Powers realise ... and make concessions the sooner ... peace prevail. The mandate for ...ectorships has not been carried ... in the spirit that it was given. ...d of the mandatory Powers ... the nations weaker than they ...ome self-reliant with decent ... government, they look after ... one,' that is themselves, ...hen they look to the comfort ...poor nation that they have ... help and protect.

... PEACE

...s not the way to gain the ... and esteem of Arabia. I ...t at the recent conference ... Percy Cox and Ibn Sa'oud ... as intermediary for them ...liberations. A protocol was ...up, but it is not lasting. Ibn ... is a good and honorable man ...s looking for peace and greatness ... his country.

"In this respect he has accomplish... much. Where he ...s the Bedou...n has disappeared. They are an orderly and peace seeking people, but outside in the desert in other parts of Arabia, the old feuds and enmity is being carried to the limit. Raiding, plundering, and killing still goes on, and it is impossible for Britain to stamp it out without the aid of Ibn Sa'oud.

"If he is given concessions, and allowed to spread his protection over the desert, the desert will be a peaceful spot. He can and will maintain order, and will be ready to come to Britain's aid at any time. On the other hand, these concessions are being given out to minor rulers who are under British protection. They cannot do anything with the country, and cannot render any effective assistance to Britain at any time.

SOVIETS BUSY

Soviet Russia is now entering into the field. She is trying to ingratiate herself into the good graces of both Ibn Sa'oud and Imam Yabya. The latter is not on good terms with Great Britain at the present time because of Great Britain's refusal to give him the protectorates in the vicinity of Aden. He has pointed out to Great Britain that Aden does not need the protectorates because she has the Royal Air Force stationed there. Russia is gaining a hold in the same manner as Italy because they are offering the rulers concessions. Great Britain could gain the friendship of these powerful men in the Near East in the same way, and I, as a friend of both countries, would like to see this friendship extended. I, myself, hope one day to see Arabia represented on the League of Nations doing her share to preserve the peace of the world," he concluded.

Ameen Rihani is the author of several works on Arabia, chief among them being "The Maker of Modern Arabia", "Around the coast of Arabia", and "The Yaman, or the Arabian Phoenix."

PEACEFUL COUNTY.

LONDON—Rutland County has probably one of the smallest police forces serving a same number of people in the world. The country's population of 18,000 is protected by only a chief constable, an inspector, two sergeants and 12 constables.

RUDOLPH SAID-RUETE

رودولف سعيد رويتي ابن سالمة
بنت سعيد سلطان حاكم عمان وزنجبار

15, KAPUZINERWEG,
LUZERN (LUCERNE).

TEL. 4510.

April 10th 1932

THE TIMES, 29.III.32

CAMELS OF ARABIA

BEASTS FROM OMAN AND NEJD

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir,—The notice in your columns of the 24th inst. about Mr. Philby's Arabian journey declares, with reference to the camels of which his caravan is composed, that "the beasts of Nejd have few rivals and no superiors." This statement is apt to imperil the high reputation of the camels of Oman, and I ask your permission to stand up on behalf of these deserving animals to defend their time-honoured character by quoting only a few opinions from well-known sources of authority.

John Lewis Burckhardt (Notes on the Bedouins and Wahabys, 1830).—In Arabia, the best camels for riding, those of the most swift and easy trot, are said to be in the province of Oman. The deloul el Omány is celebrated in all the songs of the Arabs. While I was at Djidda, Mohammed Aly Pasha received two of these camels as a present from the Imám of Maskat; they were sent by sea.

Lieutenant J. R. Wellsted (Travels in Arabia, 1838).—Camels in all parts of Arabia are esteemed a gift of inestimable value, and those of Omán enjoy a deserved celebrity for strength and swiftness. Nejd is equally the nursery of the camel as of the horse; but the Omány in all ages is celebrated in the songs of the Arabs as the fleetest.

Colonel S. B. Miles (The Countries and Tribes of the Persian Gulf, 1919).—The dromedaries raised by the Omani and Mahra tribes are celebrated for their speed, beauty, and endurance, and the Shereef of Mecca receives an annual present of a few for his special use from the Sultan of Muscat.

Ameen Rihani (Ibn Sa'oud of Arabia, 1928).—"But I must not deny a share of the credit to my Zelul, which, being an Omaniyah, did not relax her pace till it had reached her goal." And, when mentioning the gift of 10 beautiful Oman dromedaries made to Ibn Sa'oud by a sheikh of Oman: "The Zeluls, naturally the best of their kind, which is the best of camelkind, were the most beautiful I had seen."

To wind up with an official stamp from "A Handbook of Arabia" (compiled by the Admiralty, 1920): "The dromedaries of Oman are esteemed among the best in Arabia."

It would give me great satisfaction to have established the fact, by the opinions cited above, that the camels of Oman—besides having distinguished themselves more than once as messengers of friendship and good will between the land of their origin and neighbouring countries—not only compare favourably with their brethren in Nejd, but are also considered to be superior to them. Honour to whom honour is due!

I am yours very faithfully,
RUDOLPH SAID-RUETE.

Lucerne, March 26, 1932

With warm regards

R. Said Ruete

بعيد عن العين لكن ما بعيد القلب

Gazette

Gazette May 16.

VOL. CLVIII. No. 117

AUTHOR TO LECTURE

Ameen Bihani Is Here for Week's Stay

Supposedly 1937

Ameen Bihani, author, poet, lecturer, and during many years secretary to Ebn El Souud, King of Arabia, is expected in Montreal this morning for a week's stay at the Mount Royal Hotel where he will be the guest of the Syrian National Society.

Mr. Bihani was born in Arabia but received his education in the United States. He is the author of "Modern Arabia," "Around the Coast of Arabia," and many more books, and is the translater of poems from the Arabic. Nicholas Saab, of Montreal, a director of the Syrian organization and a friend of the author, declared that no arrangements had been completed for Ameen Bihini to lecture in Montreal. These will be announced later.

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From Boston

The Federal, Sept 28, 1940

Ameen Fares Rihani

The cabled news of the sudden and untimely passing of one of our most brilliant minds, shocked and saddened not only the whole Arabic-speaking world, but a countless host of American friends to whom he had endeared himself, either on the speaking platform, or by his prolific writings. Death came to him quietly, in the little Lebanon village of Frieke where he was born some 63 years ago. It was from that village that he first migrated to America at the age of ten to remain here an equal number of years and then to return to his native land. He received his formal education both here and abroad.

His reputation as an author, both in Arabic and English, rests on solid ground. He wrote prolifically on a wide range of subjects in the fields of sociology, history and politics. He was an outstanding poet, and a well recognized literary and art critic besides being a frequent contributor to Prose and Verse, The Atlantic Monthly, Harper's, The Bookman, The Forum, Asia, and many other leading newspapers and magazines, both here and abroad. Space will not permit the listing of his many books.

With his passing, the Arabic world has lost one of its most precious gems. His loss is the more keenly felt now, at a time when the Arabic-speaking world is so badly in need of men of vision and action, to lead and guide it at a critical period in its spiritual reawakening. For the importance of Ameen Rihani to us, and to the world, lies in the qualities of leadership which he displayed, in attacking the difficult problem of bringing the East and West closer to one another. He firmly believed that "the twain" could meet and he set forth with all the zeal and energy at his command to preach the idea of bringing together the best that the Eastern and Western civilizations could offer.

poisoned, in frightful pain,—these lovers innumerable, alas! whom she had preferred to me.

CATULLE MENDES.

* * *

The Open Road.

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me, leading wherever I choose.

Henceforth, I ask not good-fortune, I myself am good fortune,
Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms:
Strong and content I travel the open road.

From this hour I ordain myself loos'd of limits and imaginary lines,
Going where I list, my own master total and absolute.

WALT WHITMAN.

by A. R.

Aug, 1907

* * *

A Syrian Symbolist.

What have I brought with me from the Paradise of the New World, you ask. What have I gained in the country of gold and iron, of freedom and trusts? How much have I accumulated in the land of plenty and profusion—how big a draft do I present at the Imperial Ottoman Bank? Ah! yes. These are pertinent questions, my neighbor. I went to the States with a lean purse; I came back, alas! not purseful, but purseless. Do not conclude from this, however, that I am poor. On the contrary, I deposit in many banks, including the Bank of Wisdom; and my credit is good in many kingdoms, including the Kingdom of the Soul. And be sure that the more I draw on my accounts, no matter how big the sum, the bigger my balance becomes. This is indeed a miracle of the Soul—a paradox not defined or described in the illustrated catalogues of market-men.

I may tell you, too, that mine are the millions of Morgan and Rockefeller combined; but I have arranged with these

worthies to keep and manage and invest my untold wealth during my absence. This idea, however, is not wholly mine; but I do not think that the author of the lines,—

"His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth,"

had any lien upon it, in whole or in part. Besides, I am not offering it for sale. A gift-horse—but need I remind the reader of that proverb? Very well, then, I came back to my native country with no ulterior political or other maleficent purposes. I am not here to undermine the tottering throne of his Eminence, the Patriarch; nor to rival his Excellency, the Pasha, in his jobbery and his *eclat;* nor to supersede any decorated chic Boy-in-office; nor to erect a filature near that of my rich neighbor; nor to apply for a franchise to establish a trolley-car system in the Lebanons. "Blameless and harmless, the sons of God." And I share with them at least the second attribute, Excellencies and worthy Seignors. I return to my native mountains only to negotiate a credit for my muscles, to consummate an alliance with my nerves and to transact a little business with my Soul. And in order to accomplish anything worth while in this direction, I deem it necessary and wise to leave my encumbering belongings behind. Hence, I bring with me from the Eldorado across the Atlantic nothing more than a pair of walking shoes, a bath-tub and three books published respectively in Philadelphia, Boston and New York. The good Gray Poet of America, the Sage of Concord, and the Recluse of Walden are my only American companions in this grand congé. Whitman and Emerson and Thoreau are come to pay you a visit, my beloved Syria!

But who are these strangers, I am asked. Why do they come so late? What is their mission to Syria, that is to say, their design upon her? Ah! dear Mother, my companions are not of those pugreed-solar-hat-chaps who come to gaze at your ruins and rob you of the remnants of your temples and gods; they are not of that class of pious folk, missionaries

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and preachers and educators, who come under the guise of consecrated sham to sap the life-blood of your hardy children. My companions have known and loved you long ere you became the helpless victim of cormorant hierarchs and decorated obscurants and rogues. Not that they ever visited you in the flesh; but, clothed in the supernal and eternal mystery of imagination, they become in a certain sense omnipresent and omniscient. With a little digression, I shall endeavor to make these Brothers of my Soul better known to you. . .

The elecampane, that most peculiar of perennial herbs, is not a stranger to your roads and fields. Its odor is strong, acrid, penetrating, and the mere touch of it has an immediate and enduring effect. If you approach it, you must, willy-nilly, carry away with you some token of its love. And one of its peculiarities is that it only blooms when the fields and hills are shorn of every other variety. It is the message of Spring to Autumn—the *billet doux*, as it were, of May to September. It bursts in small yellowish flowers to console the almost flowerless season. And when all the bushes and herbs of the Lebanon coppices and fields are glorying in their fragrance and beauty, the elecampane waves its mucilaginous and wilted branches in perfect self-satisfaction. But when Nature withholds her favor from these wild daughters of Spring, then the flowering of the elecampane begins in good earnest. Ay, the life beautiful is not denied even this bold and ungainly plant which is ubiquitous in these mountains. On the waysides, in the fields, on high ridges, throughout the pine-groves, over terraces and under grape-vines, you see it grow and glory in its abundance. See, how it fans and flatters the thistles; how it nestles round the lilies in the valley; how it spreads itself beneath the laden grape-vines; how it waves its flag on yonder height. Here, beneath an oak or a pine, it stands erect in its arrogance; there it is bending over the humble daisies, or sheltering the delicate little saffrons.

Whitman is the elecampane in the field of poetry.

The furze, on the other hand, is the idol of your heaths and copses. The smooth plant and tender stems, the frail and fragrant yellow flowers—these soft little shells of amber

-the profusion and the symmetry of its bushes, the delicacy of its tone and odor, all tend to emphasize its attractive and inviting beauty. A furze-bush in full bloom is the charm of our rugged heaths and copses thickly overgrown. In the ~~valley~~ one seldom meets with the furze; it only abounds on hill-tops, among grey cliffs and crannied rocks and smooth boulders. And a little rest on one of these flags, under the cool and shady arches of furze-bushes and in the ethereal mysticism of their fragrance, cannot but engender the sweetest and most glorious of dreams. Here is a happy image of Transcendentalism. And here is Emerson for me—a furze-bush in full bloom.

Now, let us go down the valley to introduce you to the third of my companions, the stern and unique Thoreau. You are no doubt acquainted with the terebinth and the nenuphar. They are very rare in your valleys and forests. The terebinth is mantled in an atmosphere of vague charms; its little horns filled with gum and incense bespeak an esoteric and suggestive beauty. Not that Thoreau ever dealt in incense. No. What he had he kept for his own beatific self.

The terebinth is a symbol of the moralist in Thoreau, while the nenuphar, with its delicate and cream-colored flowers—the choicest in your dells and dales—is a symbol of the poet. The first might be chosen to represent the ruthless and vigorous thinker; the second, the singer, sweet and quaint. For see how the terebinth stands alone in a pine-grove, or beneath some mighty ridge, or over some high and terribly abrupt precipice. And so does the great water-lily. Moreover, the terebinth itself often blossoms into poetry. Graft upon it a pistachio, and it will give forth those delicious and esthetic nuts—those little emeralds in golden shells—so rare outside of Asia.

Thoreau then is the terebinth and the nenuphar of your valleys; Emerson is the flowering furze-bush on your hill-tops, with a smooth and mighty boulder for his foot-stool; and Whitman is the elecampane in your fields, on your waysides, in your vineyards, everywhere.

These are my companions, dear Mother. And if ~~my sym-~~ the symbol does not fit the subject or the subject is not at ease in the symbol, the fault is not mine.

for my American walking clubs are new and friendly g[...] are old. But those who step on the way often see deeper than those who do not.

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The Bookman N.Y.

THE REVOLUTION IN ARABIA

I. INTERNAL CAUSES AND PURPOSES

BY AMEEN RIHANI

For four centuries the Arabs have been loyal to the Turks. They have been loyal because they are pre-eminently religious. To them the Ottoman Dynasty was more than a worldly power: it was an Islamic hierarchy. They cherished it, enriched it, fought for it, upheld its claims and ambitions, helped to promote its interests at home and abroad, submitted to its tyrannous rule, bore nobly, heroically, its iron yoke for no other reason than that the Sultan was the official representative and protector of Islam, the vicegerent of the Prophet.

For the sake of their religion they sacrificed their own national ambitions, their civil rights, their wealth and blood, and at times even their honour. For with the Mohammedan Arabs the Koran is the corner-stone of nationalism. It follows, therefore, that Islam, in its worldly aspect at least, must always depend more or less upon a powerful dynasty to represent it, a strong empire to uphold and promote its interests. Turkey was this empire up to the Revolution of 1908. Since then the Young Turks took the reins of power in their own hands, re-established the so-called liberal Constitution and proclaimed in pompous fashion, with alarums and excursions, the Reign of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

But it soon became a Reign of Terror unparalleled even in the days of Abd'ul-Hamid. The Constitution failed to give the nation the threefold blessing: it worked exclusively for the Turks, and only the Young Turks at that. Liberty with them was but a means to selfish ends, an instrument of criminal power, while Equality and Fraternity, even among them and non-Turkish Mohammedans, were but high-sounding words. The Revolution was a sham, indeed, a hollow mockery, and its leaders floundered from one wretched, criminal experiment into another, leaving in their blood-stained path the mark of their successive failures and crimes.

Nevertheless the Arabs, Christians and Mohammedans, in Egypt and Syria and the Peninsula, continued to support them and be loyal to them up to the very last stage of their unhappy adventure, still believing that they, the Young Turks, were eventually to succeed in regenerating the Empire and maintaining the integrity of Islam. They condoned their crimes, blinked at their mistakes, overlooked their broken pledges, tolerated their high-handed methods, took the loss of Tripoli and the Balkan possessions as a bitter fatality, poured their wealth into their coffers, gave their army its best officers and best fighting men, and with an infinite patience and fortitude awaited the time when the golden dream of equality and liberty, of union and progress, would be an accomplished fact.

But what happened? Instead of Turkey joining her steadfast and loyal friends, France and England, in the war, instead of remaining at least neutral and occupying herself with her own internal affairs, she cast her lot with Germany and thereby alienated from her the strongest and most intelligent element of her population. More than this and worse. The Young Turks deliberately sought to weaken Islam as a political and religious power. The basis of Arab nationalism, they said to themselves, is Islam: crush it and we crush the Arab movement.

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government in a way with the Vali and the Sherif, both appointed by the High Porte, exercising nominally separate authorities, but often, as circumstances favoured, usurping each other's power. The Vali was supposed to have exclusive control of the revenues and of the army stationed there, while the Sherif acted as supreme judge in matters concerning the life and strifes of the tribes. The Velayet of Hijaz, under the Turks, had a high tribunal presided over by the Chief Justice of Mecca, with the Treasurer of the Velayet, the Steward of the Kaaba, the Mufti and the Secretary of the Vali as Members. There was also established a special tribunal, wholly of a religious nature, which derived its authority from, and based its decisions upon, the Koran. But seldom if ever was either of them free from the insidious influence of Stamboul.

The Sherifate, however, was respected throughout its checkered history, but seldom did the Sherif enjoy the independence with which his office was originally invested. For the first Governor of Mecca was appointed by the Prophet Mohammed, who, in the Hadith, or Traditionary Sayings, enjoins that the Sherif shall always be of his own lineage and shall be responsible before Allah for the integrity and preservation of Islam.

At certain times, following this injunction, the Sherifate became hereditary; at others, as during the Fatemite dynasty of Egypt, it was maintained by appointment; while in the periods that marked the end of either form it was subject to the intriguing influences of ambitious chiefs, and more than once was won or lost by assassination. The Wahabis of Nejd, in 1787, waged a war for it; and they would have triumphed completely over Galeb, Sherif at that time, were it not for Mohammed Ali, first Khedive of Egypt, who, at the instigation of the Porte, sent an army under his son Teisoun, and another under his son Ibrahim, to check the advance of the Arabs of Nejd upon Hijaz, to save the Holy Cities, Mecca and Medina, from what was considered an alien power.

The Wahabis were defeated, and Mohammed Ali rewarded himself for the success of the expedition of his sons by acquiring the right of appointing the Sherif himself and holding Hijaz up to 1840 as a dependency of Egypt. But since then the prerogative reverted to the High Porte, who appointed the Grand Sherif, bestowing upon him, as upon a Vali, the title of Pasha. It will be seen from this that while the will of the Prophet was respected more or less by the Arab chiefs and the foreign rulers of parts of Arabia, the function of the Sherifate was seldom free from outside influences or from the plottings and intrigues of the Arabs themselves.

But the ascendency of the Sherif over the Vali of Hijaz, of the Arabs, in fact, over the Turks, may be said to have begun in 1881 when Awn ir-Rafik was in power. He was the first Sherif to justify and uphold the claims of his office, exercising almost absolute authority, overruling the Vali, at times and making his influence felt at Stamboul. A man of ability and power, of liberal views, accomplished and well informed, not unfamiliar with the trend of modern thought, he leaned toward Wahabism in his religious beliefs, but indulged nevertheless in the rare luxuries of both the Orient and the Occident. He was the first Sherif, we are told, who rode into the city of Mecca in an automobile; and his gardens were a marvel of Oriental magnificence and splendour much praised by Henry Doughty, who records in his excellent book, *Arabia Felix,* a very interesting conversation he had with him at his home in Taief. The successors of Awn ir-Rafik were imbued with his spirit of independence and his love of power. They chafed under the yoke of the Turks, often clashing with the representative authorities of the High Porte. Soon enough their attitude became irksome, intolerable to the Vali and untenable in a way to themselves. One of

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sula suppressed or curtailed, and it has always been genuine. Abnormal world conditions, as I have remarked, may have helped to produce the new kingdom; but Ibn ir-Rashid of Shomar, Ibn Saoud of Riad, the Sultan of Oman, Sheikh Mobarak of Kweit, Imam Yahia of Yaman, El-Idrisi of Asir—they all have maintained their independence more or less of the Turks and of each other: which is the natural outcome and expression of an irrepressible feeling in the Arabs for freedom and of their unwillingness to acknowledge, even nominally, a foreign master.

There is a saying among them that Allah's blessings upon the Arabs are four; namely, that their turbans shall be their diadems; their tents, their castles; their swords, their fortresses; and their poems, their written laws. This is more than a saying with the Arab; it is a conviction. And in it lies the secret of his weakness and power; in it is an explanation of the fact that he has never accepted a foreign civilisation and that Arabia was never wholly conquered by any one of the great nations of the past. The Assyrian Empire never got a footing among the Arabs; the Persian monarchs, in spite of all their friendly advances, could never make them tributary; Trajan only subdued a part of the North down to Petras and contented himself with striking medals in memory of his expedition; Aelus Gallus, under Augustus Cæsar, after losing a part of his army in the desert, returned to Rome as a Young Turk general might return to Stamboul to-day; and of all the nations that stood in awe of Alexander the Great the Arabs alone did not send ambassadors to him. But the times have changed, it will be observed, and any one of the great powers of Europe to-day might succeed in the future where Rome and Assyria failed. Very likely this, if we are to consider as pyrotechnics of diplomacy the pledge of the Allies to the small nations of the world.

The danger of Arab solidarity, however, to the integrity of an Arab kingdom, would seem at present to be more from within than from without. As it is now, King Hussein rules only over Hijaz, which has a population of about two millions and a half, most of whom, except in Mecca and Jiddah and Medina, are Bedouins; and as King of Hijaz, not of Arabia, has he been recognised by England and France.

But in Yaman, the most fertile district of the Peninsula, Imam Yahia is still supreme; in Asir, the district adjacent to Hijaz, El-Idrisi, while maintaining friendly relations with the Grand Sherif, still maintains his own independence; in Nejd, the birthplace of Wahabism, which has always been proud of its spiritual heritage and can always boast of the greatest religious fanatics and the best fighting Arabs, Ibn ir-Rashid and Ibn Saoud are absolute masters of their own respective spheres; on the eastern littoral of the Peninsula Sultan Teimour ibn Faisal, sovereign of Oman, might at best send an envoy of peace to King Hussein; Abdallah ibn Kasim of El-Katr, might strike out against the Turks or the English, as he best sees fit, but not unlikely on his own account; so might Sheikh Isa of Behrein also and Jaber ibn Sabah of Kweit; while the Syrian desert in the north is inhabited by various tribes that never paid tribute to any master.

As Mohammedans, however, all these independent princes of Arabia have hailed with joy and thanksgiving the victories of the Grand Sherif and his valiant sons; for the victory over the Turks was their own in a way as well as their brothers of Hijaz. Even the Sultan of Morocco and the Bey of Tunis have sent delegations to him, offering their congratulations and their tribute as right Muslems. But as independent rulers it is a question yet whether they will recognise the new King except in matters pertaining to the Haj. And they may go a step further. They may join the majority of Mohammedans in recognising King Hussein as Khalif of Islam. On the other hand, there are those among the independent 5/6

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~~THE REVOLUTION IN ARABIA~~

II. POLITICAL CONSIDERATIONS

~~BY AMEEN RIHANI~~

POLITICALLY considered, Syria is the cradle of the Arab movement; educationally, too, Syria is one of its most vital centres. Not at home, however, but abroad—in Cairo, in Paris, in Geneva, where young Syrian intellectuals, Christians and Mohammedans, were free to work—was the movement first launched.

I said in my preceding article that in Arabia the revolution is principally of a religious nature, while in Syria it is principally political. But under this outward phase there are various educational forces, native and foreign, that have been shaping the Syrian mind for the last fifty years and more and preparing the people for the coming struggle. The school, though under strict surveillance in the old régime, has nevertheless been the fulcrum, so to speak, of the political lever. In an article to follow I shall show how the fulcrum was forged and shaped; how it was used; what there is in it of foreign and native ore; how they were welded together, and at times mysteriously handled. In this, an attempt will be made to describe and analyse the lever, the different bodies and forces that weighed upon it, bending it at times to a breaking point, at others falling under it, but ever as by a magnet drawn to it to be manipulated by the various agents interested in its work.

These agents are three: namely, the Arab nation, the Ottoman Government, and the European Powers. For every movement of the Arabs, especially the Christian Arabs, depended upon, or was instigated by, one or more of the Great Powers of Europe. That is why this Arab question is so complicated, so fraught with conflicting interests, and is of great significance in its final and proper solution to the whole world. It is at bottom a question of whether Islam shall have again a strong empire and whether, in such an event, the hegemony in Islam shall be acquired by the Arabs or the Turks. In either case, where will the Christian Arabs, the Syrians, stand and what part will be allotted to them in this new politico-religious enterprise? In trying to solve this problem Europe will find itself again face to face with that ancient breeder of untold evils, the Oriental Question.

The Oriental Question, indeed, was itself the cause of all the wars between Turkey and the European Powers and the many wars between these Powers themselves. And what botch-works of peace, what ill-designed treaties, what international quackery, what astounding political combinations, what unnatural alliances has it produced in the past. It might be said, too, and with justice, that the Oriental Question is in a great measure the cause of the European War. But this does not enter into the present discussion. What it is with reference to Turkey and the Powers, however, it behooves us to understand.

The Oriental Question has been defined as a struggle between Turkey and her Christian population on the one hand and between her and Christian Europe on the other. It arose from the belief, as ancient as the Crusades, that a Mohammedan Government, no matter how liberal and benevolent, is incapable of administering justice and affording protection to its Christian subjects. And this, for some time, has been the sincere belief of Christian Europe. Hence the intervention of the Great Powers, principally France, Austria and

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and made an attempt long before now to free themselves from Turkish rule. The people of the Balkans, by virtue of their position, were more favoured in this sense than those of Asia. But the Oriental Question was capitalised by Europe—the Oriental Question, which had a religious origin, ultimately became a political issue; for while it arose from the belief that a Mohammedan Government cannot be just to its Christian subjects—a belief which the history of Islam disproves—it developed into a cynical conception of Turkish cupidity and degeneration. And the question, "Who of the Powers shall have the right to protect the Christians of Turkey?" translated into the language of truth would mean, "Who of the Powers shall have the greatest sphere of influence and authority in her dominions?" This is the evolution of the Oriental Question, which, in a word, might be described as the Ottoman Empire in Europe. And the solution of the one seems to depend upon the dissolution of the other.

To be sure, the dismemberment of Turkey has always been contemplated and planned by one Power or the other. The idea is about two hundred years old; and it has always been the *dessous de carte,* so to speak, of all the treaties guaranteeing her integrity. Russia and Austria, combined first, made the attempt in 1718, when Turkey defeated had to evacuate Hungary, Transylvania and part of Serbia. They would have succeeded in partitioning among themselves what remained of her European possessions were it not for France, who espoused the cause of Turkey and was the first among the Powers to insist upon the preservation of her integrity as a nation. In 1770 Turkey was again at the mercy of Russia, who destroyed her navy on the Danube and agreed with Prussia to make Constantinople the capital of a new Greek empire under her own protection. But France again balked her plans. In the Crimean War it was England who came to the aid of the Turks. And only in one instance, in 1781, was France willing that Austria and Russia divide the Balkan possessions of the Sick Man of Europe on condition that she occupy Egypt and Syria. But it was England's turn now to stand for the integrity of the Ottoman Empire.

About fifteen years later, however, Napoleon tried to carry out this traditional policy of France. To him Europe was but a rat-hole and only in the Orient were great empires. Hence the invasion of Egypt and Syria, not the least among his brilliant failures, and hence, too, his agreement with Czar Alexander upon a plan for partitioning Turkey. The plan might have been carried out were it not for Poland and Constantinople, the two bones of contention between them. This is well known to students of history. But what is little known is Napoleon's design upon Arabia, which he would use as a road to India. His scheme for the conquest of the country is interesting to recall in this connection.

Napoleon employed a very able man, a Piedmontese named Lascaris, who was to go to Aleppo,—following his instructions, amusingly minute,—learn Arabic there, especially the dialects of the tribes of the Syrian desert, engage a trustworthy dragoman and go to Palmyra to study the conditions of the Bedouins with the end of gaining their friendship, promoting a common cause among them and getting them to declare their independence of the Osmanli. He was also to study the topographical conditions of the country—to take notes of the watering places, the pasturage, the khans, the various caravan routes as far down as the Indian frontier—and return to Paris. Lascaris, after an adventure of six years in Syria and the desert, overcoming many difficulties and dangers, succeeded in accomplishing his mission, and had the great Chieftain Ibn Chehlan sign a treaty with the Bedouin tribes not only against the Turks but also against the Wahabis of Nejd, who were most fanatical in their hatred and opposition to the Franj, the Euro-

Turn over to page [55] of this book for art. The Revolution in America

always singing | Circulating library of Djeddah."

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THE ORIENT IN A NEW LIGHT

AMEEN RIHANI

MAN has always gone to battle for what he believes to be an ideal, whether tribal or national, political or religious. Even his wars of conquest have in them the inception of a spiritual aspiration; for there is, as in religion itself, a mysticism in war that baffles understanding. The consciousness of the tribe, who vowed vengenance before its totem or invoked his assistance against its "barbarous" neighbor, is not far removed from that of the European nations of to-day who are praying for the victory of their children in arms. The God of Battles is still the God of the Christians; a great sacrifice is still looked upon as a purification, a regeneration. And herein is revealed the faith of man sealed with his own blood. For whether the sacrifice be made in the temple or on the battlefield, it is his faith in the Unknown, the Unseen, the Inscrutable that renders mere life valueless and makes martyrdom possible. Every war, from the point of view of those who wage it, is a holy war. A nation changes, but never destroys, her gods; and when the gods thirst, the nation must bleed. This may be a survival of tribal superstition, a chronic delirium of pious savagery, an outburst of elemental passions long dormant or suppressed; but we must admit that whatsoever ennobles death has in it a potentiality that is unhuman,—and very often it reveals the divine.

The political problems of the Orient, therefore, like the economic problems of Europe and America, might yet have to be solved upon this principle of human sacrifice and regeneration. Impatient of the slow process of evolution, man will leap forth, sword or pike in hand, to give the State a jog or two. And not infrequently he succeeds. Even his mistakes have a positive value—are a source of light and power. To be sure, democracy, or a constitutional form of it at least, will yet triumph in the Orient; and socialism will be given a trial in the Occident; but neither democracy nor socialism

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flight from the quagmires of religious and social cants to the heights of science and reason. India cannot abolish her castes and establish equality among her people by an act of legislation or a revolution. In Japan we have an example of social evolution making its way through a process of elimination and selection. In China the spirit of indiscriminate radicalism has failed.

High-flying, especially in political ideals, is always disastrous. History has emphasized this truth. For while a time-honored tradition may be modified, even violated, it can not be wholly destroyed. It can be pruned, cut down, but not uprooted. This field in the Orient, which is infested with noxious and barren growths, must be weeded and scientifically cultivated—which is the business of all the modern reforms that were instituted before the War and that will be carried out after it. For though tradition in the Orient has a religious, a divine sanction, it is now beginning to be considered in its positive worth; it will be purified of all unrealities that it may have a quickening, vitalizing influence on modern life. Whether the War will have a positive effect upon this particular phase of development, is doubtful. Japan had undergone a substantial change before she tried her strength with Russia. The Ottoman Empire was fast on the decline before the Balkan War. Indeed, *war only hastens the process of either growth or decay.*

There was a time when the European could see nothing but tomfoolery in the religion of the Oriental; and the Oriental could see ~~little except~~ religious spirit in the European. But that time is past. We are now approaching some kind of mutual sympathy and understanding. It is becoming clear to the extremists, I had almost said the fanatics, on either side that Europe is superior in science, but not in philosophy—in those branches of knowledge that require observation and thought, not in those that require imagination and intuitive power. She is superior in military art, but not in the business of fighting. She has better mechanicians, tacticians, engineers, financiers and thinkers. This is a fact which the Oriental now realizes and to which he has sur-

they are always singing

circulating library of Djeddah."

are creating new political conditions—are becoming more involved in the destiny of the United States as a great world power. Indeed, as important perhaps as the commercial, is the political significance of the Canal. And an overland route to Panama is as natural as an overland route to the Pacific—as natural, too, that the cone of land west of the Gulf and the Caribbean should one day come into the sphere of American influence and control. I refer to this only to show how external conditions and new physical developments directly affect and transform the policy of a government, having a positive influence upon its most cherished institutions.

The Spanish-American War has created a new United States, the Russo-Japanese War, a new Asia, and the present War is bound to create a new Europe—is bound to give rise to a new consciousness in all the peoples that have been hitherto subject to European rule. This is a war of emancipation, despite the fact that already it has ruined and disinherited one of the little nations of Europe, conquered another, and is about to crush a third. *But Belgium and Poland and Serbia will recover yet their strength and ultimately reattain their freedom and independence. Liberty has survived greater empires in the past; it has risen triumphant over greater conquerors.*

The Orient, which has turned to Europe for light, will not altogether be disappointed. Already, in the Near-East at least, the effect of the War is evident; *on the wreck and ruin of a criminal Empire, England has laid the corner stone of a new Sultanate.* The Arab-speaking people of Syria, Egypt and Arabia are beginning to have a voice, a nationality, a political unit. They are slowly making themselves felt, slowly coming again to power. But their rise outside of Egypt at present is in proportion to the fall of the Turk. In Egypt, however, the newly established Sultanate has more than a political significance. It is gradually becoming the rallying-point, the center of gravity of Islam. And Islam, freed from the thrall of the Turks, will come under the enlightening and uplifting influence of civilization. It seems, perhaps, almost idle to say this at the present time. But civili-

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itself from the galling yoke of the old Orient. And whether in the Far-East or the Near-East, this will be the hope and the guerdon.

It must be said, however, that Germany at present is enlisting the forces of the old Orient; she is encouraging, perpetuating the iniquitous sway of enslaving despotisms and imbruiting cants. *But if the Turks are with her in this mighty struggle, Islam is not. The forces of progress and enlightenment that are destined to free the Orient and bring it under the sway of the higher spirit of civilization, are on the side of the Allies.* If Europe, therefore, betrays this new Orient after the War, or tries to thwart its higher aspirations, she will find that she has new conditions to overcome, new forces to contend with. For the Oriental troops that are fighting for her bravely, heroically, with her own sons, are doing so, it might be said, for a common cause. And when, afterwards, the resouces of Europe will have been exhausted, her energies depleted, the Oriental people will remain strong enough to pursue their new course of life. But they have reactions, old regimes, forces of ignorance and stolidity and greed to cope with, too; and I can not conceive of a new Europe allying herself with the old Orient to defeat the hopes and aspirations of the young Orient. I am convinced that the spirit that will rise triumphant out of this wreck of nations and empires, will neither be European nor Asiatic—it will be supremely human.

The civilizing, humanizing influences will be more genuine than in the past, more effective, more encompassing. Ever since the Battle of Arbella it has been the aim and purpose of European nations to dominate the Orient and exploit it to their own exclusive good. After this War, it will be the aim and purpose of European nations to co-operate with the Orient in a common cause for the triumph of political and social and economical ideals in both continents,—for the general welfare of the human race. More pernicious than the militarism of Europe are the tyrannies and the castes and the cants of the Orient. The world, therefore, cannot afford to destroy the one and continue to tolerate the other. And we

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know that a people who free themselves from the galling yoke of one despotism will not readily submit to another, whether native or foreign.

On the other hand, no nation can separate herself entirely from her past. France, who tried to do so a century ago, paid dearly for the experiment—which, after all, did not wholly succeed. The First Revolution sapped her spiritual energy, the Napoleonic Wars exhausted her material strength. And she struggled aimlessly after that, floundered without an anchor, without a faith, without a national spiritual entity, until finally she almost lost the initiative in Europe. France drifted for a hundred years from the quickening sources of her genius and traditions, and the drift was mistaken even by some of her great men for progressive movement. But now we have a new France, a united France—united not only in the political sense, but in the historical and philosophical meaning, united, in a word, with her past. *The France of to-day is the France of Jean d'Arc and the First Republic. Indeed, France has found herself again; she has recovered her faith; she has justified her genius. The cleavage of a century is bridged at last, and La Patrie is no longer a Goddess of Reason vaunting the red cap of atheism and revolt, nor a St. Genevieve advancing in her rusty antiquity, but a beautiful blending of the spirit of both, a divine duality of reason and faith.*

And it is this France, not that of the Reign of Terror, which the Orient will take as a model, because its new spirit is better suited to the Oriental nature and is more in harmony with its principles of growth and development.

But this slow, subtle process of elimination and transformation in all social, political and religious reforms, is often misleading to the Occidental mind. The undercurrents are seldom seen or seldom understood. We seem to think that the development of Japan, for instance, is strictly speaking only material—is more political, at least, than spiritual. True, Japan remains a monarchy clinging to her ancient traditions. But the abolition of the daimios and the samurai, the feudal nobility and the fighting caste, the promulgation

differently, under the same circumstances, to different artists, or, esoterically speaking, different suitors. To Elliot Dangerfield, they are on parade or at a social gathering; to Chas. Melville Dewy, they are going to church or to a country fair; to Chas. H. Davis, they are whispering by the roadside the latest village scandal. The trees of Walter Griffin are returning from a ball; those of George Elmer Brown are going to a funeral. In the canvases of Gardner Symons, they are at play; in those of Ben Foster, they are hard at work. To Ernest Lawson, they shed the seventh veil, even in winter; to Edward Adam Kraner, they are God-intoxicated shadows dancing a dervish dance.

And so it goes with the artist and the tree--all for the sake of--er--art?-atmosphere?--individuality? Anything, in fact, but the familiar truth, the workaday reality. And well may it be for our sake, since a tree, even to its best lovers, soon degenerates into a shade. Atmosphere is, therefore, quite legitimate. But many artists come by it through illegitimate means: they imitate, they borrow or steal. Their simian tricks would be entertaining, however, if they were not intended as the rollickings of ~~ixd~~ original genius. True, some artists invent an atmosphere, and a few discover it outside of themselves.

But let us be just. Even discovery does not exclude invention; for, to catch the atmosphere of a tree in its rapid changes at ~~times~~ certain moments, the artist must supply a missing thread, a guiding tint, a shade of color. Much depends, moreover, on how he feels at that time; and not a little on the heritage that guides and controls his feeling. He is not a sincere artist who can eat three square meals a day, for instance, and yet revels in deformations. We deplore the waste of nourishment upon him, when in his work, instead of, at least, an honest effort, we behold a phenomenon of curious cerebration. Into the cause of such cerebral juggling, it is not necessary to inquire. The patron of art in the past was a gentleman--of the court or of the church--who was addressed in a gentlemanly manner. The patron of art to-day is the Public, who can be attracted only by a brass band. Some artists look upon it as a bull and ~~wave~~ are always waving a red rag ~~with their brush~~ in its face. But this Public, which has given us a millionaire caste will live

us, in the course of time, an art caste as well. To create an atmosphere then, or invent a device or a trade mark will no more be essential to a good work of art than the recognition of a Paris Salon or the rejection of a National Academy.

On the other hand, an artist with a deep vision, poetic or orginal, is a discoverer of new realms of color and shade, of atmospheric beauty that need not be of the recognized or the intimate in recorded impression and ~~[illegible]~~ reality. Thus, in the light of his ~~[illegible]~~ discovery, the trees assume a shape that is quite startling at first, because principally they often dominate the canvas. We see them in ~~[illegible]~~ consequence detached from their environment; and we conclude that the artist had ~~[illegible]~~ pruned his trees or twisted their necks to accomodate his canvas, or to suit his own taste, which may be that of an epicure, a dandy, or a decadent. Gradually, however, we become conscious of the fact that there is a reason for the enamelled effect of the bark, ~~[illegible]~~ the spangles in the foliage, or that peculiar droop in an otherwise healthy tree. At rare moments, when the world is busy at its everyday task and nature is going through the alembic that the sun and rain are forever re-making, the artist has seen those effects, or conceived them afterwards —post-impressionism— from what he really had seen. This is what is called describing his own reactions ~~on~~ to things. And these reactions depend upon the quality of his optical and, if I may say, his metaphysical nerves. For, in a way, the artist that does not see things is not worth his salt.

Strictly speaking, the reactions are not real when one paints from memory. Moreover, they are sometimes amusingly inconsistent. The artist remembers, for instance, how the wind on a summer afternoon, when the sun was dancing even in the ruts of the road, swept over the poplars bending them like bamboo twigs in this or that direction and covering the silver of their foliage with dust; but in his effort to catch up with his memory or to drag it out of its impressionist covert, he forgets that the same wind and the same dust had swept over the thornbushes too, which look in the picture as if they had been just washed by the rain!

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Such tricks does memory play the post-impressionists. For no matter how sensitive they may be to sudden effects and how effective is their registering medium, something very essential will sometimes escape, not their eyes perhaps, but their memory. And it is amazing how, nevertheless, they will presume to record its texture and its movement. Suppose it to be a sunbeam flitting through the leaves or lurking in the hollow of a tree or perched upon the crest of a wave, what success will an artist in his studio have in tracing its reflections or ascertaining its varying luminosity? Some of our artists forget that nature is very elusive, and those that don't , sometimes get out of patience with her. They carry the mood,or the mood carries them, to their studios. That is why we have such fantastic effects and such odd looking trees in their landscapes.

By the same token, when the artist has something more than mere technique on his palette, when he can really improvise, either from genuine inspiration or the resourcefulness of a rich and authentic experience, we get now and then a very good example of what may be called reconstructive art,--a grouping, a building up of accumulated impressions. These may be first impressions, and yet be very old and very vital. They may be new, they may have been often repeated under the same conditions, and yet have no value, no vitality, when exteriorized. It depends not only upon the manner of treatment, and all the other means of artistic expression, but upon the artist's esthetic heritage and talent. It depends, in a word, upon genius, creative genius. Concerning which I have no theory of my own. All I know is that it works subconsciously, by flashes, in a manner that is yet to me most baffling and mysterious. Thus a masterpiece in realism is at best a splendid achievement in observation, technique and construction. But a masterpiece in art may be purely imaginative, may come wholly from within. And when it is not, when it is a blending of both impression and feeling,or intuition and intellect, or improvisation and artistry, it is difficult to say how much there is of the one and the other in its ultimate expression of truth and its highest quality of beauty. And this is perhaps the deep secret of a masterpiece of art.

... they are always singing ... circulating library of Djeddah."

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relating briefly the story of the brother and sister.

Henriette was twelve years older than Ernest. Descendants of seamen and peasants, they were dowered with the naïveté and spiritual insight the sea fosters and the health and breadth of vision born of the country expanse—I do not know that the law of heredity always works in harmony with the theory of the scientific biographer. But Henriette was her father's daughter. She was of a melancholic disposition; timid, yet firm; elusive, yet direct. Hence that sentimental rationalism which developed in her. She had an aversion for the noise and *éclat* of the world. Of her mother's wit and gaiety, which were shared by her brother, she had little or nothing. In her, timidity, which is the cradle of thought, was rocked by the hand of melancholy. She could not appreciate the smile of the puzzled soul, or the incensed spirit; the smile of a Voltaire, in which her brother found a certain philosophy. For like Voltaire, Renan, in his early writings, dipped his pen in the inkwell of irony and sarcasm, indulging somewhat in persiflage. But this did not please Henriette; and Ernest, who loved and revered his sister, always studied her wishes. Hence, the sacrifice he made, for her sake, of the spirit he inherited from his mother. Were it not for the witchery of his style, one would almost wish he had not made such a sacrifice. The profound religious sentiments of Henriette was one with the soil and atmosphere of Brittany. The little Episcopal village of Tréguier, her birthplace, with its convents and chateaus, its castles and cathedral, its beautiful gardens and romantic forests, its historic and poetic charm, escaped the ravaging hand of the Revolution. The castle-keep, however, was still in the shadow of the church steeple, and from the hearth-stone rose the convent walls. In one of these convents Henriette received the rudiments of her education, and had she not been given a brother, she might have taken the veil. Of the gift of the nuns, however, she kept only the Psalms, treasured in her heart. And a daughter of one of the noble families that returned to Tréguier after the Emigration,—she was educated in England and distinguished for her taste and manners,—was subsequently her teacher. To her might be traced the influence which ultimately crushed the Catholic faith of Henriette.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF ERNEST RENAN IN TRÉGUIER

The year her brother Ernest was born her father suffered heavy losses at sea. And she, the little girl, already a serious soul, gloomed with grave thoughts, obsessed with heavy presentiments, was alive to the responsibilities of her family and afforded her father much consolation. She was overjoyed at the birth of her

The Renans in Tréguier

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in Germany and in Italy, which, of course, helped to ripen her ideas.

When her brother left St. Sulpice he was twenty-three years of age. His philological studies there had an abrading effect on his theology. The sealing-wax of the seminary of Tréguier was, indeed, melting away. His sister saw this and was pleased. And with her wonted delicacy, now that her Catholic faith was dead, she removed what remained of the theological wax. She was glad to hear of the doubts that tormented her brother. She helped to facilitate the solution of what to him seemed then insolvable.

Meanwhile, he pursued his studies independently, thanks to Henriette, who supplied him with twelve hundred francs a year. Which small sum he calls the corner-stone of his life. Her letters to him, full of counsel and encouragement and animated with the same unwavering affection, are exquisite tokens of her mature spirit. And thus, educating her brother, paying her father's debts, and clearing their little property, which she left free and unencumbered in the hands

From a painting by Henri Scheffer (1860)

ERNEST RENAN

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From a photograph

HENRIETTE RENAN

of her mother, she ultimately triumphed over misfortune. But when in 1850 her brother rejoined her in Berlin, he read in the premature lines of her age in her face the terrible story of her struggle.

With little money and little economy, she furnished a little home for him, whose windows gave on the gardens of the Carmelite monks. And from now until their sojourn in Syria they lived together in a happy seclusion. Strange how brother and sister, with the doubts and questionings of their religious spirit, have almost always found themselves in conventual surroundings, breathing the clerical atmosphere. The memories of the years they passed in Rue L'Enfer close to the Carmelites, were ever dear to them. Their home, which lacked nothing, had a pleasant but severe charm. Henriette's taste always predominated. And under her guiding and inspiring genius, the mind and heart of her brother were finding their way in the dim mazes of philosophy and the enchanted vistas of fable. Not a colour, not a shade in the theories which were developing in him escaped her. She even guided his pen,

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THE HOUSE IN AMSHEET IN WHICH "THE LIFE OF JESUS" WAS WRITTEN

The Renans in Lebanon

tween our Lebanon mountains and such countries in Europe as Brittany. The customs and the dress of the people there, their strange legends, their beautiful superstitions are much alike those of the Lebanonese. We instanced the superstition of the bells. On the eve of the Epiphany in Mt. Lebanon the church bells all kneel in adoration, and the people behold the miracle—with the eye of faith. So, too, the natives of Tréguier, who, on Thursday of Holy Week, gathered on the hilltop around the ruins of the church of St. Michael to witness the bells going to Rome for the blessing of the Pope. And Renan and his sister—this to our host Toubyiah—saw those bells in baptismal robes traversing the limitless spaces even as you see the bells of Lebanon kneeling in adoration. He was struck with wonder. The guests of his father must have been honest Catholics. And the souvenirs—we did not have to mention again. Toubyiah nodded his satisfaction, whispered a word in the ear of the priest and, leaving the room, returned in a trice with a book, some papers and a gun in his hand.

"This," showing the photograph of Renan, presented, *A mon vieux ami Zakhia.* "And this,"—a letter to *Mon tres cher ami,* in which Renan extends the hospitality of his home to Zakhia, if he should ever visit Paris. "And this," showing the gun, a token of gratitude from the philosopher and his sister to their kind host. "And this,"—the most important in his eye,—an official letter from the Foreign Secretary of the Empire, who is commanded by the Emperor to thank Zakhia for the assistance he afforded the Commission and the hospitality and so forth, exhorting him at the close to continue to cherish the love of France,—for sending her savants, we suppose, to—desecrate the graves of our ancestors!

The good Toubyiah then accompanied us to the house in which Henriette died

THE TOMB OF HENRIETTE

"And they laid her in the vault, near the village church, between the shadow of the oak and the shadow of the palm."

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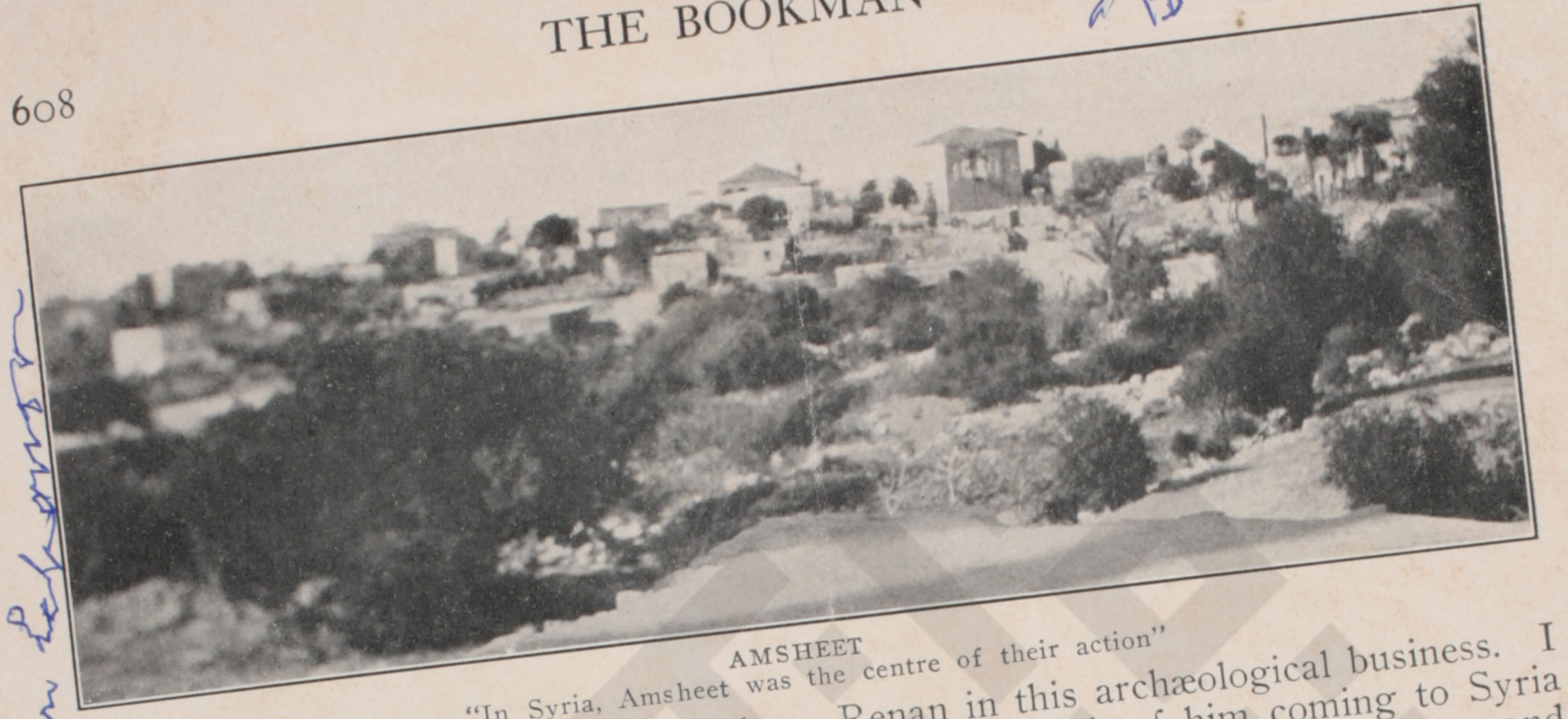

AMSHEET

"In Syria, Amsheet was the centre of their action"

The Renans in Lebanon

She not only coveted Egypt then, but also had her eye on Syria. Meanwhile, blood continued to flow, and France had to change her monœuvres. Now, one might have a slight suspicion about this scientific mission of Renan, especially after seeing in the Louvre the Renan Collection. To be sure, the game was not worth the candle. No; a scientific mission of Napoleon III could not have been altogether so uninterestingly scientific. Palgrave, too, who was commissioned to explore the Nejd country of Arabia, was another one of those scientific instruments of the Emperor's foreign policy. Big with benevolent intentions were the designs of Napoleon le Petit. Indeed, even the Turk Fuad Pasha admitted that that French Sovereign was a wily one. And I, for one, do not like to associate Renan in this archæological business. I prefer to think of him coming to Syria and Palestine to get the proper tone and atmosphere for his *Life of Jesus*. And to be sure, he got this.

His sister accompanied him everywhere. In the valley of the Jordan, on the summits of the Lebanon mountains, along the shores of ancient Phœnicia, through the fastnesses of the Yarmouk, her steps followed his;—she saw what he saw, heard what he heard, felt what he felt. Their sojourn in Syria was the source of unmixed and most vivid joy for her. It was the sole recompense of her life. And without her assistance, Renan tells us, he could not have accomplished in so short a time what he had marked out in his extensive programme. She was indefatigable. She collected his

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"WE ACCOMPANY THEM THROUGH JERUSALEM, SEEING ONLY THE BEAUTIFUL SIDE OF IT"

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materials, copied and revised his writings, kept the account of the expenditures, and jotted down her own notes of the journey. Her views on points of history and art and archæology, he almost always adopted. For she, too, was a mature scholar. Indeed, they journeyed together in every sense of the word. Solid in the saddle, agile of foot, she rode and walked where few women, even few mountain peasants, would. The winding brambled ravine-roads of the Lebanons, the narrow dizzy paths in the escarpments, the hardship and privation which archæological expeditions entail, never for a moment daunted her. But they did work insidiously against her health.

The autumn and the spring of Syria are entrancing. The one suggests Turner, the other Byron. In the one as in the other the mystery and glow of the ethereal and the material cannot reach a deeper reticence, a higher grandeur. Yes, spring is speech, which of course is silver; autumn is silence, which is gold. And we have enough of it in the glow of the autumn sunset, to mention nothing else. With these the Renans were charmed. The simple in the beautiful, which touched Henriette so profoundly, was here languishing in a sainted atmosphere. And the grandeur in the contrasts almost rises to the terrible. The cool waters flowing from the rocks under the burning sun; the mountains plunging here wildly into the sea and gracefully sloping there to the sandy shore;—a most suggestive picture, especially when softened by the haze of the dawn or the mauve of the sundown.

The Renans in Lebanon

Their sojourn was indeed a hymn of joy in their hearts. We accompany them through Jerusalem, seeing only the beautiful side of it; through Nablous, losing in its lovely valley the impression which the fanatical population produces on a stranger; up to Mt. Carmel with its sea of flowers many hundred feet above the sea; down to Galilee, "a devastated terrestrial paradise" upon which Mt. Hermon looks down, ever white with rage; and to the Lake Genezareth where the sacred doves still coo around the empty cradle of Christianity. We concern not ourselves with any particular sacred locality; the holy spots, where the monks and friars build temples to the Divinity of Conjecture, as it were,—where falsehood and fable are consecrated,—do not interest us. We only seek the idea, the spirit, the general impression. That is what Henriette sought, and found, and communicated to her brother. The whisperings of Time, not the clamour of the times, they heard. And wheresoever they went, especially in the Lebanons, they met with a hospitality in which the attention and affection of the people reflected the simple charm of their customs and manners.

They loved the Maronites. And to their Patriarch in his winter seat at Bkirkè, they paid a visit, not of courtesy, to be sure, but of true esteem and admiration. They found the venerable ancient surrounded by his bishops living in rural simplicity. Which rural simplicity, we were told recently, is no longer compatible with the spirit of the age. Beshrew this spirit of the age!

In Syria, Amsheet was their centre of action. But the comfort they enjoyed in Zakhia's home, they did not and could not find in their mountain expeditions. The last of these, I think, proved fatal to Henriette. At Mashnaka, near the river Adonis, they slept for three nights in mud huts; and in the convent of Mar Yakoub, a few days later, she felt the effect of this. At Hilta, after descending from the cold peaks of Tannourin to the burning plains of Toula, she was taken ill. The women of the village, never having seen a European, press round her, and, eager to be of service, add to her suffering. They hurry back to Amsheet, where she rests a few days. But Amsheet, only a hundred feet above the sea, is not agreeable in the summer. They remove, therefore, to Ghazir, riding up the mountains in the moonlight.

And there, after Henriette had somewhat recuperated, there, in the calm and peace of the hills, Renan wrote a Life of Jesus, which he brought down to the great Founder's last journey to Jerusalem. With what zest, with what joy and enthusiasm he worked, only those whose soul has tasted of the divine solitude of the hills can thoroughly appreciate. Delicious but too soon vanishing hours! How often have we, too, echoed

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that is primarily the business of scholars and critics; it concerns authorship only as the study of economics concerns the politician. And that is precisely where our present trouble comes in. Our writers are not taught personally by masters of their art, like our painters and musicians; they are taught only by their own experiments and by books; and the books are written almost exclusively by critics and professors of literature; that is, by men whose province is the study, not the practice, of the art. It is as if painters were trained only by reading Ruskin, or as if there were no one to teach baseball except the reporters.

Now in any craft, it is necessary to know something of what has been done, in order to understand what you have to do. The golfer must know the object and rules of the game, the uses of his several clubs, and the objects of various strokes. So the writer must know something of literature, past and present, of the nature of certain types, and the laws of certain forms. Thus far he is comfortably within the province of scholarship; the models and their critics are there to show him what is demanded of him. He must further become familiar with the general principles of his technique; climax, proportion, and clearness, to stop at the end of a story, to make characters depict themselves, to keep a play visual and a narrative in motion, to suit the style to the idea; just as the golfer must be told to keep his eye on the ball, to stand further forward in approaching, and to play behind a ball lying in sand. There is a great body of this technical doctrine, ranging all the way from general principles, like fixing one main idea, to such detailed counsels as the avoidance of similar vowels in successive rhymes. These also may be found in books, although less readily; for most technical principles from being the proverbs of craftsmen have become the common property of critics. And most of the best books about writing deal with the analysis of materials and methods and the statement of maxims of craftsmanship. But the crux of the whole matter remains: it is one thing to tell a man exactly what to do, and quite another to enable him to do it. "Govern these ventages with your fingers, and it will discourse most excellent music." Yes, but it won't: it makes a noise like the wind in a keyhole. "Make your characters talk naturally." How can I? The more I try the more stilted they sound. "Don't press." The answer to this had better not be printed.

Here is the central problem: not only to tell a man what to do, but to show him how to do it; not only the teaching of technique, but the training of expression; given the full cup of knowledge and the inspired lip of talent, to minimise the many slips that lie between. It will not do to object that this gap is bridged by practice or Genius, or that it cannot be bridged at all. Without stopping to analyse these half-truths, the measure of their application may be seen clearly enough in parallel cases. You cannot learn surgery from books; but no one tries to learn it without them. A natural fighter can and must learn by practice; but he will be the better for being taught to box. In every other craft, serious or trivial, we recognise the importance of this practical apprenticeship; and there is not the shadow of reason for denying it in the case of the craft of writing. Properly, of course, this training is the province of the teacher. He is there to illustrate and to explain, to correct errors and to suggest exercises. Everybody knows how hard it is to carry out the simplest operation from written directions, however full and clear; and how much easier it is when you have somebody to show you how. The tyro's difficulty is always some concrete problem of detail, seemingly not covered by the rules; and only the master can see it from his standpoint, and cut across the tangle of directions with "See here; do it in this way." Everywhere else, in all the other arts, we have the advantage of this personal teaching; and we ought, of course, to have it in Literature. But we have not, and we cannot have it for the asking. For the present, we must get along without authoritative schools of writing, like our schools of painting and music. Young writers must forego the privilege of personal direction by their elders in the craft. So far as authorship is taught

Mr. Rihani

In the DICTATOR'S HAREM

The Sunday World Magazine, Oct 20, 1929

By Ameen Rihani

Author of "Maker of Modern Arabia"

Why Two Christian Girls Are Numbered Among the Many Wives of Ibn Sa'oud, King of the Hedjaz

TWO young Christian women are living to-day in a Near East harem; not as prisoners, but in peace and contentment. They won the right, firstly, in the world's most fateful beauty contest, and secondly, by motherhood. They are proud of it.

To Western ears all this seems incredible. Indeed, whenever on occasion I have mentioned to American friends the truly amazing story of these two young women, I have met with scepticism, not to say derision. None the less, it is true; and, what is more, the great beauty of one is already legend in the land of her adoption.

Their existence was revealed to me—despite the fact that they live in the utmost seclusion—when I was gathering material for my book on King Ibn Sa'oud, called the "Maker of Modern Arabia." I found that the King, whose guest I was, had four wives. They had borne him sons. Their story, till now, has never been told.

The discovery puzzled me. Abdul Aziz Ibn Sa'oud is a strong, gallant man, who regained the lost throne of his fathers by the sword of his youth and in thirty years made himself master of two-thirds of Arabia. He ranks with Mussolini as one of the great dictators of the age. Still, two Christians in a harem! Curiosity disclosed [illegible] me some exceedingly interesting facts. [illegible] learned, for instance, that all the condem[illegible] things they have said about harems are [illegible]e, at least in Arabia; and that to a large part of girlhood in that country—[illegible] the harem of the King is as much a goal and a dream of women as Hollywood seems to be in America.

An Arab ruler's domestic life is, on the whole, screened from the world. We know, for instance, that Ibn Sa'oud is the father of many children and the husband of many wives. We know too that he is a loving father who delights to play with his children. Every week or ten days he takes an outing, as he said to me, principally for their sake. It was my good fortune to accompany him one day when I was his guest at the capital of Najd and to play with four of his children, four youngsters from three to seven years of age, who did not ride with us in the

the famine in Mount Lebanon drove many of its people, among them girls who had been orphaned by the catastrophe, to the interior, and some of these girls were drawn by a common lot to their Armenian sisters. They were, in fact, sold as slaves in Damascus to the merchants of Central Arabia, who in their turn sold them in the principal cities of Najd.

There ensued a great beauty contest. Those the King did not take fell to the lot of poor and mayhap brutal masters. The ruler of the land had, of course,

King, "and he recently took unto himself a gurjiyah (Armenian girl from Georgia)."

Another one of these slave girls he presented to Shalhoub, his Minister of Finance.

One day, when I was sick in the palace, this Shalhoub came to see me, bringing with him a package of tea; and my companion, Saiyed Hashem, who was then looking for a wife, prodded him with questions about women and slave girls. Shalhoub was evidently annoyed; for, to escape the questioning, he told us the story of his experience with a gurjiyah of rare beauty.

"She was presented to me," he said, "by the Sultan Abdul Aziz, Allah lengthen his days. He sent her to my house. And when I went to her room, on the evening of that day, I stood before the door for a moment with my heart in my hand (that is, trembling with fear). I entered. Bismillah! But what I beheld—I swear by Allah and the Prophet that every word I say is true—what I beheld tied my tongue. I could not speak, I even felt as if I had received a blow on the head. I sat down and gazed upon her as upon an image.

"She held down her head after she had seen me. And I—never in my life have I seen or heard of such beauty, such sublime beauty. Her skin? White as alabaster. Her hair? Like cataracts of melted gold. Her lips? Red as pomegranate seeds. Her forehead? Lofty and glowing like the dawn. And those honey-colored eyes, so soft, so demure, so eloquent in their appeal to the honor of man. And as I have nothing, O Long-of-Days, but my honor that is of any worth, I sat before that image of beauty like a child—I tell you, like a child—and felt the flame of shame upon me. I was ashamed to touch her, or to approach her, or even to speak to her. I got up and walked out of the room; and on the following day I sold her to a man from Kuwait for $400. Only four hundred. . . ."

Saiyed Hashem looked at Shalhoub significantly, dubiously. Was she really too good for him, or was he—well, Shalhoub was indignant. He swore by Allah as he rose to leave, and addressed the Saiyed, saying:

"Are you not a Moslem? Fear Allah, then, and doubt not a brother in the faith."

To Western ears all this seems incredible. Indeed, whenever on occasion I have mentioned to American friends the truly amazing story of these two young women, I have met with scepticism, not to say derision. None the less, it is true; and, what is more, the great beauty of one is already legend in the land of her adoption.

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As a Christian traveler I thought naturally of the women, the mothers of these children, and the thought of an imprisoned harem was irresistible and painful. But they have their own outings, I was told, for their own sake as well as the children's, who also accompany them. Otherwise, they are kept in seclusion.

In spite of the wiving propensity of King Ibn Sa'oud, he never exceeds the legal number of four—at a time. He has to divorce as often as he desires a new acquisition, and he has done this a score of times. The opportunity for a change, however, must be confined to the concubines, of whom he has a few, and to one only of the legal wives, since three of them enjoy a permanent position at the palace.

How did these Christian girls get to Central Arabia, and by what stroke of fate did they eventually find themselves in the harem quarters of the King of Najd?

During the first year of the World War, when the Turks expelled the Armenians from their country and drove them southward to Iraq and Syria, some of the refugees found their way to Damascus. Soon after, to the merchants of Central Arabia, who in their turn sold them in the principal cities of Najd.

There ensued a great beauty contest. Those the King did not take fell to the lot of poor and mayhap brutal masters. The ruler of the land had, of course,

Ibn Sa'oud, Dictator and King of the Hedjaz (Central Arabia)

the first choice. A slave girl, whether Christian or otherwise, is first taken into the harem as a concubine, and King Ibn Sa'oud must have chosen more than two. For when I first met him I inquired after the health of his father, who was then about eighty years of age.

"He is in his full strength and vigor," said the Shalhoub came to see me, bringing with him a package of tea; and my companion, Saiyed Hashem, who was then looking for a wife, prodded him with questions about women and slave girls. Shalhoub was evidently annoyed; for, to escape the questioning, he told us the story of his experience with a gurjiyah of rare beauty.

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"Are you not a Moslem? Fear Allah, then, and doubt not a brother in the faith."

A few days later my doubting companion came to me and said:

"Wallah, the story of Shalhoub is true, all true."

But the King had none of the qualms of his Minister of Finance. In his treatment of his Christian slave girls, however, he was a true Moslem as well as a man of generosity and practical wisdom. When a slave girl of another than the Moslem faith is taken into the house of an Arab, she is taught to read and write, if she is intelligent, and then converted to Islam. Furthermore, when she gives her master a boy child she becomes automatically free and is raised to the status of a legal wife. Such has been the destiny of the two Christian wives of King Ibn Sa'oud.

Of the two, however, the Syrian from Mount Lebanon is the more favored and beloved, not only for her beauty and charm but for her intelligence, her devotion, her domestic virtues and her practical sense of economy. She is the Queen of the harem as well as the moving and guiding spirit in the private life of the King. Her two children, Fahd and Mansour, were three and five years old, respectively, when I had the pleasure of seeing them during that excursion outside of Ar-Riyad. Their complexion is white as alabaster, like their mother's, I suppose.

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"The King had the first choice"

Painting by DAN SWEENY

Although a fellow countryman of the mother, it was, of course, impossible for me to see her. But she knew of my presence in the palace as a guest of her royal husband, and out of her invisibility she was once able to convey to me a beautiful thought of tenderness and care. When I was sick with malaria and shivering from the cold—January on the plateau of Central Arabia does not belie its name—the oil stove that was brought by a servant to heat my apartment came from her own quarters.

Every one of the concubines, as well as the legal wives of the King, has a separate apartment, and the whole establishment consists of four big houses connected by bridges. To one of these houses His Majesty was gracious enough to invite me one evening—the mistress of the house was not to be seen—and I learned upon leaving that I had just visited the home of my fellow native Christian girl. It consisted of five rooms—a large sitting room furnished with low divahs and rugs and a punkah of red cloth, a bedroom with a tester bed covered with a mosquito netting, a bathroom with copper utensils, a kitchen and a room for the servants. Even if she comes from one of the best families of Mount Lebanon, which I doubt, there is nothing in the way of domestic comfort, even luxury, that she could have missed. But she certainly must be homesick for the natural beauty of the Lebanon hills—the open spaces, the blue sky, the pine forests, the vineyards, the fields abloom with daisies and anemones and the birds singing in the olive groves.

She has, however, many opportunities for travel in the Arabian Peninsula, for the King always takes her and her Christian sister with him wherever he goes. Their children also accompany them. But they no longer travel in palanquins on camels. Recently they came in motor cars, limousines, with the royal convoy from Ar-Riyad, the capital of Najd, to Mecca, the capital of the Hedjaz. And they must have had the great satisfaction, these two Christian girls, of looking down from their palace upon the Kaaba and of seeing the motley multitudes of pilgrims that come from every corner of the Moslem world to that shrine in the desert.

What a dramatic twentieth century contrast—a veiled bride of the Dictator of modern Arabia, emerging from the legendary harem to motor into modernized Moslem Mecca!

(Copyright, 1929, ... York World)

The first page in p. 13 of this book

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has reduced man to an automaton and civil authority to a cannon.

And behold the world behind the battlefields.--the world that is reflected by Paris. Its councils are the pivots of oratorical thunder; its public tribunes are the last lines of trenches; its theatres and cinema palaces ~~and~~ are ammunition stores; its illustrated weeklies are makers of shells and shrapnel; and everywhere the civil population is transformed into combustibles. No feeling, no sentiment, no passion, no thought, no aim, no action, but that which is born of hate. Hate is the supreme god of the day: hate is the religion of a nation in arms.

ما تركت من هذه القطعة بياض
ولاقت

But Paris is artistic, even gay in the expression of her hate. Paris is in military uniform, but her spirit is in diaphenous silk. Paris is in arms, but her genius nevertheless is in good humor. She decorates her

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weapons with chiffon and point lace; she smiles and lifts her brow; she has the gesture that makes any passion beautiful. Her sacred wrath never conceals her seductive charms. She is to-day a personification of Salome and Jean d'Arc. She has shed her seven veils before the Divinity of Hate: she has drawn the sword in the name of La Patrie. And she will forgo anythi for national defence, but her grace and ardor and good humor. She will sacrifice anything, everything, but her charm. WWith the fire of Delisl in her eyes, the eloquence of Danton in her words, the smile of Voltaire on her lips, she is supremely divine.

سراقب يحسب من الصفحة المتروكة بياضاً

High Priests of the Divinity of the Day, whatever their means of expression. And what versions we get of this. From the cannon at the front to the new recruit blowing his shrill whistle on the Boulevard, the variety is infinite: in doggerels and Alexandrines, in lyrics and epics, in psychological dissertations and rhodomontade, in manuels of economy, in editorials on the coal crisis, in blood-curdling reels at Pathé, in one act plays at the Grand Gignol,--the eternal refrain!

And Paris, never without a grand passion, is always in good humor. Her attitude of mind, which is the quintessence of her strange duality of spirit,--gaiety and grandeur,--is always the same. And whether the House in the Rue de Lille opens again to-morrow or remains closed forever, whether at war or at peace, in victory or in defeat, her vision never narrows, is never dimmed, her attitude of mind seldom changes, her good humor is seldom at an ebb.

مراجع تقريبا من الهيئة ١ الصفحة ١ المتروكة بياض

population, incites it to greater sacrifice, to mightier efforts. And to the cry of hate Paris reverberates with the cry of vengeance.

And the spiders are weaving their own shrouds in the House in the Rue de Lille and the moths are digging trenches in the carpets. And in any of the big cafes, as you take your drink, you behold such **xigktx** scenes as are related only in ancient legends.

يرجى بقاء هذه الصفحة المتروكة بياضا

Boulevard, under the snow and in the dim lights, the cocotte and the poilu, arm in arm, are chattering, chirping, titering in momentary oblivion and joy. The people stop as usual to gaze at xxxxxxxxx attractive art windows; they flow into and out of the cafes; they stand in queues at the cinema palaces as they do in the day time shivering around the coal yards; discussing the events of the day and finding in the orders of the Committee on Economies something to relieve the monotony of the official Communique.

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on the boulevards, rises to-day in orchestral crescendo and grandeur.

C'est la Guerre, indeed. And how often, I mused, as I was crossing the bridge that was built with the stones of the Bastille, how often has she said this before. How often has she gone through this tragic and heroic experience! How often has she destroyed palaces to build monuments to her brave children and then destroyed the monuments to build temples for her new gods.

[illegible]

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And of a sudden, as we turned the corner, the veil of snow that transformed the night into a grey immensity, was lifted , and the darknes to which I had been accustomed at this hour, was transformed into a

المفقود من الصفحة بياض هو الراكب

---Who may I have the pleasure--

Before I had finished my question, he replied,

---I am the Spirit of Eternal Recurrence.

Paris, January 1917

Sent from Paris to a N.Y. Editor

A sample of the Censor's work during the War

THE HOUSE IN THE RUE DE LILLE

Ameen Rihani

[illegible]

Of sombre simplicity and uniform architecture, like all Paris buildings, with only this distinction--a coat of arms and two melancholy eagles over the entrance--it stands wrapt in desert silence. Its gates, its windows, its doors are all closed and no one is ever seen going into or coming out of it. No one passing ever lingers in its shade, no one ever looks in its direction. The sparrows have the freedom of its courtyard, the moss, of its walls, the spiders, of its ceilings, the moths, of its carpets, and over all reigns a tragic silence. No human voice, for the last thirty months, has ever been heard therein, no human hand has unlocked the portals behind which is buried the spirit of international amity and peace.

There is a lamp in front of the door, which is the only one lighted in the street, and in whose flickering beams a hooded policeman is seen pacing the sidewalk, giving the scene a ghostly reality. I wonder every time I pass by it whether the spirit that is buried therein will ever be resuscitated. I wonder whether in the near or the far future the hundred lights that shone in its ball room will shine again with renewed splendor over an assembly of official pomp and cosmoplitan magnificence.

[redacted]--the tomb of its sanity,--the haunt, as it were, of its evil genius. It represents nothing these days but the most elemental and most consuming of human passions, a passion that broke out in central Europe and is overwhelming the whole world. Even Paris is submerged, caught in the rapid and mighty currents. [redacted] instigating, actuating, spurring to Herculean labors the thousand human forces of a city in [redacted]. It is a symbol, this house, of a system that

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has reduced man to an automaton and civil authority to a cannon.

And behold the world behind the battlefields.--the world that is reflected by Paris. Its councils are the pivots of oratorical thunder.

المتروك من البياض هنا هو الزائد

No feeling, no sentiment, no passion, no thought, no aim, no action, but that which is born of hate. Hate is the supreme god of the day: hate is the religion of a nation in arms.

But Paris can make even a religion attractive and, sometimes in a blaspheming humor, amusing. If she is blind to-day to everything else but this, she is in this far-sighted , all-seeing. Her genius, supple, and subtle, varied and infinite, while weaving a wreath for the God of the Day, or forging for him a new armor, can not resist pointing a finger to a patch in his toga or a loose string in his sandles. But she follows the High Priests, whoever they be--the senators, the deputies, the editors, the artists, the humorists, the satirists, the ecomomists,--the gay and the grave,--even the philosophers and the scientists, who are all transcribing and translating the divine commands. The <u>Taisez-vous</u> legend (for instance) is become ~~famous~~ famous. <u>Be silent! Beware! The (Ears of the) enemy ~~is listening and~~ can hear you!</u> is posted everywhere. And in the restaurants the <u>hors d'oeuvre</u> is on the wall: <u>Citizens! Remember what the enemy has done!</u> (The crimes are enumerated) <u>Engrave this on your hearts and let eternal hatred be the chastisement of his crimes!</u> These are samples of the orders that are issued by the Authorities.

But Paris is artistic, even gay in the expression of her hate. Paris is in military uniform, but her spirit is in diaphenous silk. Paris is in arms, but her genius nevertheless is in good humor. She decorates her

weapons with chiffon and point lace; she smiles and lifts her brow; she has the gesture that makes any passion beautiful. Her sacred wrath never conceals her seductive charms. She is to-day a personification of Salome and Jean d'Arc. She has shed her seven veils before the Divinity of Hate: she has drawn the sword in the name of La Patrie. And she will forgo anything for national defence, but her grace and ardor and good humor. She will sacrifice anything, everything, but her charm. ~~W~~With the fire of ~~Emxk~~ Delisle in her eyes, the eloquence of Danton in her words, the smile of Voltaire on her lips, she is supremely divine. But even the gods become at times

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المترجم من هذه الصفحة باقي بحوزة
المراقب

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And responding to the call, obeying the commands, to be sure. A magnificent spectacle of a grand passion at work! But the result, the ghastly reality. Young officers in attractive uniforms you see everywhere. At the Gare de l'Est a sea of (azure) blue is ever flowinginto and out of the station:--the polius on leave, the poilus returning to the front. And not all of them, (only a few of them) can testify to the much vaunted healthfulness of life in the trenches. With haggard , downcast features, tired, empty eyes, stolid expressions, the fire of hate in the breasts of most of them seems [illegible] on the boulevards.

[illegible]

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population, incites it to greater sacrifice, to mightier efforts. And to the cry of hate Paris reverberates with the cry of vengeance.

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Please for the rest of this article turnover to ps 86-87

EMANCIPATION OF MOHAMMEDAN WOMEN.

THE question of woman's emancipation seems to be occupying considerable attention in the Mohammedan world just now. We presented recently, from a Moslem journal, a defense of the Moslem treatment of women (see THE LITERARY DIGEST, January 31); but contrary views are held and vigorously expressed among Moslems of some note. For instance, a new book has been written by Kasem Ameen, a learned Mussulman jurist, which is described as nothing less than "epoch-making."

The author makes a strong and unprecedented plea for the emancipation of the Mohammedan woman, who is still considered a mere chattel. He would raise her to the level of man, and have her declared his equal, both socially and legally; he would give her a fair elementary education, to start with; he would reinvest her with the rights accorded her by Al-Koran; he would protect her by legislation from the widespread evil of divorce; he would check the demoralizing practise of polygamy; he would have her come in contact with the outside world. Seclusion he would do away with, and the veil he would abolish, not at once, but by degrees. And to effect all these important changes, he brings to his support, not only the traditional tenets of the Mohammedan religion, but the Koran and some reported sayings of the Prophet himself. Kasem Ameen, therefore, is not wholly iconoclastic in his ideas. The reform he desires to effect, he admits, is certainly a wide departure, but a departure not from the religion of Al-Islam, but from the customs and habits of the people.

The author denies that the Bible has been the cause of the Christian woman's social and mental development, and observes that if religion really affected the customs of a people, the Mohammedan woman would be to-day the most developed and the most enlightened of her kind. Al-Koran provides for her as no other sacred book does; it declares her equality with man, and affords her sufficient protection; it relieves her of the burden of support: she does not have to contribute to the maintenance of the home. The trouble has been, argues Ameen, that the teachings of Al-Koran have been forgotten, and have been superseded by pernicious Mohammedan customs. These customs were introduced into Al-Islam by the conquered races that embraced the Mohammedan faith, and that brought with them the tissues of their effete civilization. Their conquerors accepted the dross that came with the grain. They did not have time to sift and to purge; they were then only intent upon making conquests.

Speaking of the present relation of the Mohammedan woman to man the author says:

"Man is the absolute master and woman the slave. She is the object of his sensual pleasures, a toy, as it were, with which he plays, whenever and however he pleases. Knowledge is his, ignorance is hers. The firmament and the light are his, darkness and the dungeon are hers. His is to command, hers is to blindly obey. His is everything that is, and she is an insignificant part of that everything."

Ameen's panacea for the evils of the present condition is education. "The girl," he says, "must attend school if we are to have capable, conscientious, and enlightened mothers." Hence the necessity of breaking through the barriers of seclusion and abolishing gradually the use of the veil. These customs, he contends, are not even conducive to domestic happiness:

"Ask those that are ma[illegible] they are loved by their wives, and they will answer in the affirmative. The truth, however, is the reverse. I have personally investigated the conditions of a number of families that are supposed to be living in harmony, [illegible]ce, and love, and I have not found one husband who truly [illegible]ed his wife, or one wife who evinced a sincere affection for [illegible] husband. This outward appearance of peace and harmony [illegible]his thin veneering—only means one of three things, namely, [illegible]ther the husband is made callous and nonchalant by incessant [illegible], and has finally determined to let things take their course; [illegible]he wife allows herself to be utilized as an ordinary chattel, [wi]thout uttering a protest; or both parties are ignorant and do [n]ot appreciate the true value of life. In this last case, the parties are nearer to a sort of happiness than in the former two, altho their happiness is negative in quality and evanescent in [n]ature."

The condition of woman being so degraded, it follows that the children must be wanting in good culture and right breeding. [Th]e ignorance of the mother produces the mentally deformed [chi]ld—the demoralized man. It is to this ignorance that the [wri]ter ascribes the humiliating and degrading condition of the Egyptians. He asks:

"Is it not the result of such conditions that we are all victims [of m]oral paralysis? We are never moved by anything, however [repu]lsive or attractive it may be. If we see a beautiful object, we praise it under our breath, and if we witness a foul deed we disapprove of it with a shake of the head, without being inwardly moved to admire the former and denounce the latter. . . . We have such a low opinion of woman that when we want to denounce a man for his rascality we say: 'He is brought up by a woman.'"

The author points to the American and the European woman as edifying examples of the result of education. He believes that the Mohammedans as well as the Europeans have gone to extremes in different directions: the former in the use, and the latter in the non-use, of the veil. While the Mohammedans have

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From the Arabic of Showki

Translated into English

By Ameen Rihani

When she appears,
The Day her smock refulgent would desire,
To rouse the envy of the Queen of fire
And Light and tears.

When she would rise
To walk, the women around her short and tall
Would wish they had her figure, one and all,
And graceful guise.

And when she smiles,
The garnets thrill with life for that smile's sake
And tiny pearls from their sweet sleep awake,
Ay, when she smiles.

And when she turns,
The cheek that seems the garden to proclaim
Would quick become a fire, a flower of flame,
Ay, when she turns.

Preface to an Old Arabic Manuscript.

Translated for The Book-Lover by Ameen F. Rihani.

(The modesty of the author of the following lines passes all understanding.)

"Thanks be to God, the one and only God, the most merciful and wise God, our redeemer and protector. May his blessings and his mercies be showered on our Lord Mohammed, the seal of all the apostles and prophets, and on his friends and companions, the most righteous and just. Now to come to the point. I have appropriated all my means, and utilized all that God has placed in my hands to place this book on the stage of existence. It was written in the balmy days of youth, and it truly contains the best of everything. It is embellished with jewels of ideas, that edify the soul and delight the eye; it is decked with the sweetest flowers of eloquence; it is pregnant with the rarest of incidents, recounted in the most elegant of styles. Through it runs the great valley of aphorisms, the majesty of which awes and instructs; in it spouts myriad of fountains of thoughts divine, the starry sparks of which dazzle and guide; from it flows the odor sacred, whose sweet and refreshing fragrance brings the dead back to life. Its pages are permeated with rhymes, so sweet, so melodious, so enchanting, that their recitation, at the table, renders wine superfluous; with stories so interesting so thrilling, so absorbing, that they mingle with the soul and ultimately become a part thereof. There, on exhibition, are the beautiful and captivating brides of eloquence; there are the brilliant and beautiful daughters of controverted questions, that deserve to be painted on the cheek of beauty with the refreshing undulations of the zephyr; there are the gems of wit, scattered about, like the stars in the firmament: sayings, the brilliancy of which truly captures; incidents, the description of which truly charms; humor, that dispels all grief and brings joy to the heart; tit-bits, purer and more relishing than the best beverage; reminiscences, that bring back to age the balm and brightness of the prime of life; poems sweeter than the promised milk and honey of Jannat Aden, and more bewitching than the feats of the magician; arguments as strong and as palliative as the remonstrances of an infatuated lover; lectures, that will move the mountains and throw the planets into confusion. All this is arranged in an order, that has been hitherto unknown to writers, and composed in an elegant and unsurpassing style. In these, I am peerless."

New York City.

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